Sir Jojia Prayat 1817
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A NEW

TRANSLATION

OF

TELEMACHUS

IN

ENGLISH VERSE.

By GIBBONS BAGNALL, *A. M.*
VICAR OF HOME-LACY, HEREFORDSHIRE.

Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem, patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.—— HOR. ART. POET.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus *relates to* Mentor *the confidence he reposed in* Protesilas, *and the artifices of that favourite; who concerted with* Timocrates *the ruin of* Philocles, *and to betray* Idomeneus *himself. He confesses, that being prejudiced by these two men against* Philocles, *he gave commission to* Timocrates *to kill him, in an expedition wherein he was appointed Commander of the Fleet. That* Timocrates *having missed his blow,* Philocles *had pardoned him, and retired to the Isle of* Samos; *after giving up the Command of the Fleet to* Polimenes, *agreeably to a written order received from* Idomeneus: *that,*

that, notwithstanding the treacherous behaviour of Protesilas, *he could not come to any determination to discard him.*

SWIFT Fame already had the nations fill'd
With tidings sweet of Government so mild;
From ev'ry side they pour'd in search of bliss,
And left their countries to reside in this.
Those fields which late a different face had worn,
Surcharg'd with deadly weeds, the brier and thorn;
Gave promise now with golden sheaves to crown,
With fruits delicious, till that hour unknown.
Kind earth her bosom to the plough-share bar'd,
And in prolific womb that wealth prepar'd;
Which should ere long the husbandman repay;
Hope beam'd on all a vivifying ray.
On hill, in vale, the sportive lambkins play'd:
In flow'ry lawns the lowing oxen stray'd;
Enriching still the soil, while all around
The mountains echo'd with the pleasing sound.
By *Mentor*'s wisdom had this change been wrought,
Who to *Idomeneus* suggests the thought;
T' exchange whate'er superfluous remain'd
(Things which by law severe forbidden stand)
With the *Peucetes* of th' adjoining coast,
For beauteous herds of kine they wanted most.

Mean

NOTE.

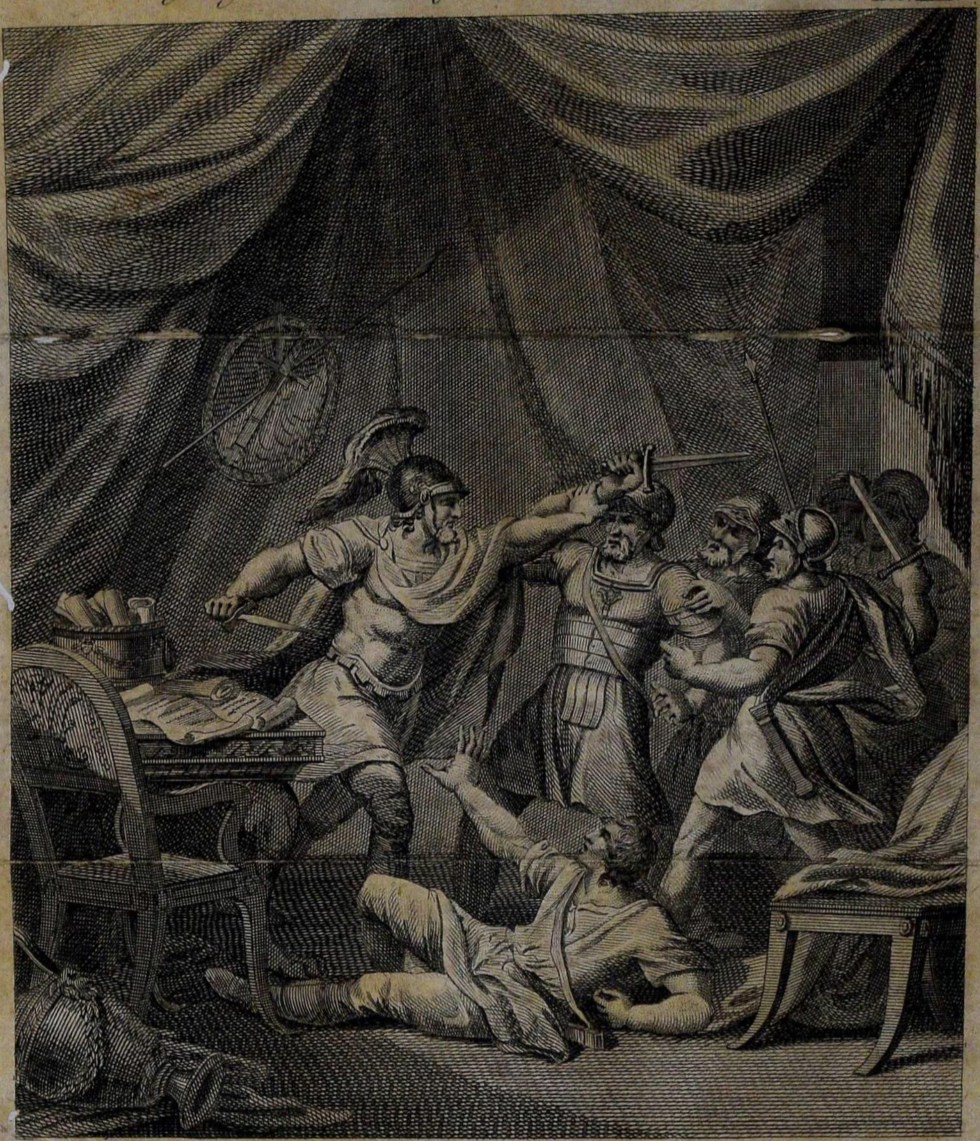
Verse 21, *With the* Peucetes—These were descended from the *Pelasgi*. Their founder was *Peucetius*, who landed at the *Japygia*,

IMITATION.

Verse 12, *Tibull.* lib. 1. *Eleg.* 1.

The Assassination of **PHILOCLES** prevented.

Book XII.



Corbold delin. Barlow sculp.

The Chief, at such an act surpris'd indeed,
But not without due fore thought in his need,
The unguarded villain seiz'd with ready hand,
Ere yet to close him in could rush the band.

Publish'd as the Act directs, by M. A. Meilan Sep.r 24th 1793.

Mean time *Salentum*, and the hamlets fair,
Repleniſh'd all with beauteous youths appear:
Who long impatient mourn'd their ſingle life,
Yet fear'd t' encreaſe their evils by a wife.
Theſe, when the King more tractable they find,
And in the Sov'reign ſee the Parent kind;
No longer fear that famine ſhould attend,
Or other ſcourges which the Gods could ſend.
The happy ſwains well pleas'd their hours employ
In nuptial ſong, feſtivity, and joy:
It ſeem'd as *Pan* in concert ſhould advance
Knit with the Graces, and the Fauns in dance:
Dryads and *Satyrs* that ſecurely play'd
With pipe melodious in the checquer'd ſhade.

All

NOTES.

Japygian Promontory, and made himſelf maſter of *Apulia* and *Calabria.*

Verſe 34, *Knit with the Graces and the Fauns*—The Graces were three Goddeſſes who preſided over mutual kindneſs, affability, and good humour. Their names were *Aglia*, *Thalia*, and *Euphroſyne*, or according to ſome authors, *Paſithea*, *Euphroſyne*, and *Ægiale*. They are generally looked upon as the daughters of *Bacchus* and *Venus*. Others repreſent them as the offspring of *Jupiter* and *Eurynome* the daughter of *Oceanus*. They are commonly painted naked; to denote that whatever is truly graceful has no need of external ornaments. The *Fauni* were rural Deities, and deſcended from the God *Faunus*; who ſeems in all reſpects the ſame with the *Grecian Pan*. They are deſcribed with horns on their heads, ſharp pointed ears, and their bodies like goats.

Verſe 35, Dryads *and* Satyrs—We find a great variety of rural Nymphs who had divine honours paid to them by the ancients.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 33, *Virg. Eclog.* 2.
Verſe 34, *Virg. Georg.* 1.

All now were halcyon days, ſerene and clear;
With no exceſs, no riot in the rear,
Their joys were lively, pure, and form'd to drown
Remembrance of the woes they long had known.
 Then age aſtoniſh'd at the proſpect new,
And charm'd with ſcenes it never hop'd to view,
With tears of joy its wrinkled face bedew'd,
Cold Palſy's hands were rais'd in Gratitude.
" Great *Jove*," they cried, " who ev'ry good diſpenſe
" Show'r down your bleſſings on this virtuous Prince;
" In whom the image of yourſelf you give,
" The greateſt boon that mortals can receive.
" Born for the public good, he lives to bleſs;
" O crown him in return with all ſucceſs!
" Our lateſt offspring ſhall his praiſes ſing,
" Shall owe their very being to their King;
" From him theſe nuptials and theſe comforts flow'd,
" Great ſire of all benevolent, and good.
" The youthful pairs alike with grateful voice
" Extoll'd the bounteous author of their joys:

NOTE.

ancients. Thoſe who inhabited the fields were called *Oreades*, thoſe of the water *Nereides*, thoſe of ſprings and rivers *Naiades*. As to the groves, they were ſuppoſed to be governed by two kinds of Nymphs; the *Dryades*, who preſided over trees and woods in general, and the *Hamadryades* who were attached to one particular tree; with which they were born, and with which they died. The *Satyrs* were an obſcene kind of Demi-gods, in form and appearance not unlike the *Fauni*.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 35, *Hor.* lib. 1. Od. 1.
Verſe 48, *Plin. in Panegyr.*

" All tongues were ready to exalt his name,
" All hearts tranſported with his deathleſs fame.
" 'Twas heav'n to ſee him, and their only fear
" That worth like his ſhould one day diſappear.
" All parties were concern'd to keep a King
" Whoſe loſs to all would deſolation bring."
This heard *Idomeneus*, nor bluſh'd to own,
That he no pleaſure like to this had known.
No glory equal to his people's love,
Whoſe bliſs, and comfort, he could thus improve.
" A thought like this," ſaid he, " ne'er touch'd my breaſt,
" I fancied Kings of terrors once poſſeſt,
" Supremely great; and others of mankind
" By heav'n for them, and them alone deſign'd.
" And all the fair accounts of kingly pow'r,
" Dear to the people who their bleſſings ſhow'r,
" I view'd as idle tales: an empty dream,
" Which now a truth eſtabliſh'd I eſteem.
" But proper is it I ſhould now reveal
" How, from a tender infant, it befell
" My ſoul hath err'd in theſe important things;
" And quite miſtook th' authority of Kings.
" Hence all the mis'ries of my life aroſe.
" Lo here begins the ſeries of my woes.
" *Proteſilas*, a youth whoſe blooming age
" Exceeded mine, could all my love engage:
" His ſprightly fancy, and his daring ſoul
" Eclips'd all others, and poſſeſs'd me whole.
" In all my pleaſures did he bear a part,
" He ſooth'd my paſſions, and engroſs'd my heart.

" His foul aſperſions from my grace remov'd
" Th' unhappy *Philocles* whom once I lov'd.
" This man poſſeſs'd a ſoul ſublime, and grand,
" Could all his appetites with eaſe command,
" Pious, and good, he ſcorn'd an action baſe;
" Nor in ambition would true greatneſs place.
" With honeſt freedom he my failings told,
" And where to check me might appear too bold;
" His very ſilence, and dejected look
" Diſlike ſufficient of my actions ſpoke.
" Well pleas'd, at firſt, I view'd the friend ſincere,
" Proteſting oft I held his perſon dear:
" No ſervice done to him eſteem'd too hard,
" Since he alone could flattery diſcard.
" To *Minos'* fame his wiſdom chalk'd the road
" How beſt to govern for my people's good.
" And, though in parts inferior far to you,
" A beauteous model of a ſtate he drew.
" I now with pleaſure recollect my friend,
" And though I fail'd to imitate, commend.
" *Proteſilas* was ſoon with envy fir'd,
" His tow'ring thought to higheſt poſt aſpir'd:
" And by degrees all arts did he employ
" To gain eſteem, and *Philocles* deſtroy.
" While he, reſolv'd no forward zeal to ſhow,
" Gave all advantage to his reſtleſs foe.
" Content, whene'er I condeſcend to hear,
" All truths of moment freely to declare:
" Had no ambitious project to purſue,
" Had nought but my proſperity in view.

" By ſlow degrees, and meaſures indirect,
" *Proteſilas* gave hints---that to correct
" With magiſterial air ſo oft, and proud,
" Betray'd moroſeneſs not to be allow'd:
" That while he ſought no favours to obtain,
" In this he ſhew'd a diſpoſition vain
" Which ſcorn'd to be oblig'd; in that diſguiſe
" Would have it thought he honours could deſpiſe.
" And added, that a man who ev'n to me
" So bluntly ſpake, would elſewhere be as free.
" For that it now ſufficiently appear'd
" How light he held his Prince, and how rever'd:
" And when he thus my character defam'd
" By ſhow of virtue, at my crown he aim'd.
" At firſt ſmall credit theſe ſuggeſtions found,
" That *Philocles* could wiſh his Prince dethron'd;
" In ſimple virtue is ſuch candour ſeen,
" Such upright honeſty, as nought can feign.
" And if due obſervation we ſhall make,
" Her features ſuch, we cannot well miſtake.
" Yet when he ſtill perſiſted to recite
" My various failings, I abhor'd his ſight.
" But lo! his rival to my wiſhes bent,
" New pleaſures would contrive, new ſports invent:
" Was all humility, and all reſpect:
" Whence I the ſooner *Philocles* reject.
" Mean while *Proteſilas* impatient grown,
" I to his tales ſo ſmall regard had ſhown;
" His method chang'd; reſolv'd his point to force
" By means much more convincing than diſcourſe.

" Mark now the fraud.--- He counſell'd me to ſend
" Suſpected *Philocles*, my injur'd friend,
" Commander of the fleet, which ready lay
" T' attack my foes in the *Carpathian* Sea.
" You know, ſaid he, (to fix me in the choice)
" I praiſe not *Philocles* with partial voice:
" Yet he of courage has no common ſhare,
" And bears a genius excellent for war.
" None half ſo qualified in all your ſtate,
" And my reſentments ſhall give way to that.
" O'erjoy'd to find integrity ſo rare,
" In one entruſted with the public care,
" Fondly t' embrace him I with tranſport ran,
" And bleſs'd the hour I ſingled out a man
" Of ſuch a free diſintereſted mind,
" Which maſter of itſelf all arts declin'd.
" Alas! what object in the world is found
" That merits pity like the wretch that's crown'd?
" My num'rous faults lay open to his view,
" He better than myſelf my foibles knew.
" Moſt Kings he ſaw were jealous and ſupine:
" The firſt, occaſion'd by corrupt deſign
" Of thoſe that hourly in their Courts ſurround,
" Where art and ſubtlety do moſt abound:

NOTE.

Verſe 150, Carpathian *Sea*—So called from *Carpathus*, now *Scarpanto*, an iſland in the *Mediterranean*, twenty miles South-weſt of *Rhodes*. This iſle, according to *Strabo*, is two hundred furlongs in compaſs, and one hundred in length. And had anciently four cities, one of which was named *Poſidium*.

" Slothful

" Slothful he knew by pleaſures they were made,
" Thoſe magic ſpells which conſtantly betray'd.
" While others were employ'd to rack their brain
" For ſtate affairs, and ſave themſelves the pain.
" With eaſe he thought my jealous ſoul to fire
" 'Gainſt one, whoſe virtues all would ſoon admire:
" Whoſe noble acts th' occaſion would prepare,
" Whoſe abſence muſt facilitate the ſnare.
  " At parting *Philocles* foretold his fate,
" What ills would follow from his rival's hate:
" Remember, great *Idomeneus*, your friend
" Can now no more his character defend.
" While thus with hazard of my life I go,
" Your royal ear is open to my foe:
" And nought the dang'rous ſervice ſhall reward,
" When you enrag'd that ſervice diſregard.
" O *Philocles*, ſaid I, you greatly err,
" In diff'rent light your virtues muſt appear;
" The good *Proteſilas* diſdains to ſpeak
" As you of him; or your perdition ſeek:
" He loves, admires you, and your worth commends,
" And thinks you born to compaſs nobleſt ends.
" Accuſing you he forfeits my eſteem,
" Away, be brave, of no misfortunes dream.
" That hour he ſail'd, and left his wretched Prince;
" That ſore diſtreſs his follies might evince.
  " Oh *Mentor*, I perceive, and frankly own
" 'Twas fatal to me to confide in one.

IMITATION.

Verſe 191, *Tacitus*, Hiſt. 1.

"I wanted numbers to adviſe; my fame,
"My fortune ſuffer'd; and I merit blame.
"By ſad experience have I dearly prov'd
"The loſs of wiſdom, in the man I lov'd.
"A thouſand dangers had his care diſpers'd,
"In which this other's haughtineſs immers'd.
"I found in *Philocles* a gen'rous mind,
"With ev'ry virtue ſtor'd of ev'ry kind.
"Not ſo *Protes'las*: who aſſum'd an air
"Deciſive, would no contradiction bear.
"Tir'd, and fatigu'd at length with fruitleſs toil,
"Diſcordant tempers thus to reconcile,
"I weakly choſe, whate'er th' event might be,
"To hazard all, and ſtill continue free.
"Yet in retirement fear'd I to avow
"Or ſuch a principle, for juſt allow.
"But though it fled the light, diſgraceful, foul,
"It gain'd poſſeſſion of my inmoſt ſoul:
"Became the maſter-ſpring, and ſource of all
"The ſore misfortunes, which my reign befall.

"My virtuous *Philocles* his wiſh obtain'd:
"Surpris'd the foe, a glorious conqueſt gain'd.
"Then haſted home, that with prudential care
"He might prevent thoſe ills he had to fear.
"But lo! his rival, who no time could find
"As yet to baffle and eſtrange my mind,
"Commands, by letter, he deſcent ſhould make;
"Improve the vict'ry, and *Carpathia* take.
"In truth that conqueſt eaſy he pretends,
"But yet ſuch ſtores, ſuch poor ſupplies he ſends,

"Such

" Such private orders for the troops to move,
" As made that enterpriſe abortive prove.
" Meanwhile, a ſpy among my royal train
" He plac'd, intelligence of all to gain:
" Altho' together they were ſeldom ſeen,
" And, in appearance, had at variance been.
" This impious wretch, *Timocrates* by name,
" One day in haſte unto my preſence came:
" With well diſſembled looks t' unveil his mind,
" And tell me treaſon of a dang'rous kind.
" Your Admiral, ſaid he, hath meaſures ta'en,
" Arm'd with your force, in *Carpathus* to reign:
" The Chiefs are gain'd, the ſoldiers too are his,
" Won by his bribes; and diſcipline remiſs.
" Succeſs to dream of Royalty hath brought;
" See here a letter on that ſubject wrote,
" And to a truſty friend! No doubt can be
" When proof ſo clear, ſo evident we ſee.
" With great attention I th' epiſtle read,
" It ſeem'd his ſtyle, his very hand indeed:
" And was a forg'ry of moſt perfect kind,
" *Proteſilas*, and he, in concert join'd.
" Surpris'd, amaz'd, I ſtrove the fraud to trace,
" Nor could believe my *Philocles* ſo baſe.
" In troubled mind revolving, calling forth
" What ſigns he gave of honeſty and worth.
" But oh! what could I do, or how defend
" In oppoſition to his hand, my friend?

IMITATION.

Verſe 241, *Tacitus* Hiſt. 2.

" Soon as the traitor found my firmneſs fail,
" And all his arts ſo happily prevail;
" With fault'ring accent and confuſion feign'd
" He ventur'd further ſtill, and audience gain'd.
" Dread Sir, ſaid he, ſhall I preſume to pry
" Into a paſſage here that 'ſcap'd your eye?
" He tells his friend that in *Protes'las'* ear
" He ſafe could ſpeak what ſtands in cypher here.
" *Proteſilas*, no doubt, with him's agreed;
" And lives in hope this project may ſucceed.
" This man, as well your Majeſty muſt know,
" Firſt urg'd you that commiſſion to beſtow:
" In contradiction to his former uſe,
" He now no more doth *Philocles* traduce;
" But praiſe, excuſe, all enmity diſown,
" Of late extreme familiar are they grown.
" Together doubtleſs they concert the way
" To ſhare *Carpathia* and its ſceptre ſway.
" You ſee him too for this deſcent prepare
" Againſt all method, and all rules of war:
" Expoſing thus to loſs your royal fleet
" To feed and gratify ambition ſweet.
" Think you *Proteſilas* would ſtoop ſo low
" To raiſe the fortune of his mortal foe?
" It cannot be. They certainly unite,
" Together do they ſeek a dang'rous height.
" And none can ſay how far their views extend,
" Againſt your crown may their endeavours bend.
" While thus with freedom I diſplay my zeal,
" I know their keen reſentment I ſhall feel:

" And

" And ſhould you ſtill intruſt them with the reins,
" Immediate death may recompence my pains.
" But what of that? may I no longer live
" Than faithful counſel to my King I give.
" This fair concluſion touch'd me to the ſoul,
" No more I doubted, but believ'd the whole.
" I call'd my *Philocles* a traitor baſe,
" And thought *Proteſilas* th' abettor was.
" Meanwhile *Timocrates* would oft repeat,
" If you of *Carpathus* the conqueſt wait;
" You'll ſtrive in vain the traitor to ſurpriſe,
" Haſte then, in time to your defence ariſe.
" Shock'd with the falſhood of the men I tried,
" I knew not well in whom I could confide.
" If worth, like that of *Philocles*, deceiv'd,
" On earth none worthy my affection liv'd.
" Straight I determin'd that his life ſhould pay,
" And yet unable to contrive the way;
" So much I fear'd *Proteſilas* t' accuſe,
" And fear'd ſtill more, he might his pow'r abuſe.
" At length, in great anxiety of heart,
" To him my ſhrewd ſuſpicions I impart;
" Amaz'd he ſeem'd, and labour'd to defend
" The upright conduct of my injur'd friend:
" Extoll'd his ſervices; and in his words
" A proof ſufficient of their love affords.
" On th' other ſide *Timocrates* appear'd,
" To rouſe remembrance of the facts I heard:
" And haſte for *Philocles* the fatal hour,
" While yet I held him ſubject to my pow'r.

" Hence

" Hence, dearest *Mentor*, the reflection springs,
" How strangely wretched is the state of Kings.
" Expos'd as bubbles, and the sport of all
" Ev'n those who trembling at their feet shall fall.
" A noble stroke in politics I aim
" To disconcert *Protes'las*, and his scheme;
" When to the fleet *Timocrates* I send,
" With private orders to dispatch my friend.
" This faithless wretch dissembled to the last,
" His fraud the better on my judgment past;
" For that his nature simple I believ'd,
" And such as might be easily deceiv'd.
" Now sail'd *Timocrates*, and quickly found
" Th' unhappy *Philocles* encompass'd round
" With num'rous wants: for nought did he possess,
" No ammunition to procure success:
" *Protes'las* (doubtful if the means employ'd
" The forg'ry vile, might get his foe destroy'd)
" Had yet a fresh resource for his relief;
" T' excite my rage against this valiant chief,
" Whene'er ill fortune some disgrace had brought;
" Where I the conquest had so easy thought.
" But *Philocles* sustain'd this hopeless war
" By strength of genius, and a courage rare.
" Assisted only by his virtue's pow'r,
" And by th' affection which his soldiers bore.
" Tho' all his troops were perfectly appriz'd,
" They by attempt so rash were sacrific'd;
" All labour'd hard an helping hand to lend,
" As though both life and fortune should depend.

" All

" All were content, with hazard of their blood,
" To aid a chief ſo amiable and good.
" *Timocrates* in truth had all to fear,
" When aiming thus to take a life ſo dear.
" But mad ambition is for ever blind,
" He no impediment too great could find
" If pleas'd *Proteſilas*; with whom indeed
" He hop'd to rule, when *Philocles* was dead.
" *Proteſilas* could now no virtue bear,
" Which might reproach unto himſelf appear:
" No worthy man permitted he to live
" To croſs his ſchemes, his Sov'reign undeceive.
" Two leaders ſoon the vile aſſaſſin gain'd,
" Whom near his perſon *Philocles* retain'd:
" Great gifts he promis'd in my royal name,
" Then told the General, from the King he came
" Charg'd with diſpatches of important kind,
" And theſe in private council muſt be join'd.
" The villain now with *Philocles* apart,
" A poniard drew, and aim'd it at his heart.
" Slight was the wound, nor did it enter far;
" The hero view'd it with intrepid air;
" The weapon ſeiz'd, with this his life defends
" Againſt th' aſſaſſin and his truſty friends.
" Then call'd aloud for aid. Th' attendants hear,
" And burſt the valves to ſet their maſter clear.
" An eaſy taſk---confuſion tied their hands,
" They now were captive priſoners in bands:
" And piece-meal had been torn: ſuch fury roſe,
" None could but *Philocles* the troops compoſe.

" This

“ This done; *Timocrates* aſide he led,
“ And mildly aſk’d his motive for the deed?
“ Foreſeeing death, and trembling for his fate,
“ He ſoon began my orders to relate:
“ (And as no traitors can their fear command,
“ Since cowardice, and fraud, go hand in hand)
“ Had hope, by this, his wretched life to ſave;
“ ’Twas great *Proteſilas* the counſel gave.
“ Unhappy *Philocles*, amaz’d to find
“ Such malice poſſible in human kind,
“ With moderation great reſolv’d to act,
“ And ſtraight proclaim’d him guiltleſs of the fact.
“ Then freed him from his chains, and ſent him back,
“ While *Polimenes* the command ſhould take.
“ Who, as my written mandate had decreed,
“ Was to preſide when *Philocles* was dead.
“ Next to allegiance he the troops commands,
“ And from a ſkiff, by night, at *Samos* lands.
“ There poor and loneſome, but without a pain,
“ By arts of ſculpture doth his life ſuſtain.
“ There no injuſtice and no frauds moleſt,
“ No Kings hereafter can diſturb his reſt:
“ Whom, of the various orders of mankind,
“ He thinks by far moſt wretched and moſt blind.”
Here *Mentor* ſtopp’d the King, and would have learn’d
What time elaps’d ere he the truth diſcern’d?
“ Full ſoon,” return’d he, “ by degrees I found
“ How much th’ iniquities of both abound.
“ For each indeed the other ſerv’d t’ embroil,
“ And knaves by diſcord all their projects ſpoil.

" Their feuds at length to full diſcov'ry brought,
" The fatal ſnare in which I had been caught."
" And after this," ſaid *Mentor*, " were you loth
" To rid you fairly and diſcard them both?"
" Alas!" the Monarch cry'd, " and is it true
" That kingly weakneſs is unknown to you?
" When once to worthleſs men they give the lead
" (Who ſoon diſcover we their ſervice need)
" Adieu to freedom! thoſe whom we deſpiſe
" Are then moſt ſavour'd, and muſt higheſt riſe.
" My great averſion was *Protes'las* grown,
" And yet in him did I confide alone.
" Illuſion ſtrange! I pleas'd me ſtill with this,
" That I was now no ſtranger to his vice:
" But was not maſter of a temper even,
" Nor dar'd reſume the truſt I once had giv'n.
" Beſides, I found him proper for my eaſe,
" Obſequious, mild---by nature form'd to pleaſe;
" Promoting all delights I had in view,
" And, as I fancied, to my int'reſt true.
" In ſhort a ſtronger reaſon could I give,
" T' excuſe my weakneſs, and myſelf deceive;
" It was, that Virtue I no more could know;
" Bad choice had made miſled by tinſel ſhow:
" I thought it no where upon earth was found,
" Deem'd faith a phantom; truth, an empty ſound.
" Of what avail, ſaid I, with buſtle great,
" To change one worthleſs Miniſter of State,
" And chuſe another, who perhaps may be
" As ſelfiſh, faulty, and as falſe as he?

" When

" When *Polimenes* with his hoſt return'd,
" My heart no longer for *Carpathia* burn'd:
" Nor could *Proteſilas* his grief conceal,
" (Which ſhone through all his hypocritic veil)
" That *Philocles* ſtill liv'd, had croſs'd the ſeas,
" And dwelt ſecure at *Samos* at his eaſe."
Here *Mentor* once more interrupting ſpake:
" When thus convinc'd of treachery ſo black,
" Did you continue ſtill to truſt the knave,
" Concerns of moment to his conduct leave?"
" Alas!" ſaid he, " all buſineſs I abhorr'd,
" No ſingle hour to care would I afford;
" To diſengage me was a taſk I found
" Above my reach, and ſtill he kept his ground.
" I then muſt all new-model, muſt have taught
" Some man I little knew; and fled the thought.
" I rather choſe to wink when he abus'd,
" Nor ſee the various artifice he us'd.
" My only comfort was, ſome friends to tell
" In private converſe, that I knew him well:
" By this imagin'd, he but half cajol'd:
" When I ſo plain his treachery behold.
" Oft to himſelf in covert ſpeech I ſpoke,
" Gave hints how hardly I endur'd his yoke:
" Took pleaſure to oppoſe, and flatly blame
" Whene'er his conduct on the carpet came.
" In public council ſhew'd myſelf inclin'd
" To thwart his views, and be of diff'rent mind:
" But well the texture of my mind he knew
" Which ſtill would eaſe and indolence purſue.

" All unconcern'd return'd he to th' attack,
" Which oft in boiſt'rous manner would he make:
" As oft would ſooth, would flatter, and would fawn,
" Till to his purpoſe he at length had drawn.
" In brief, when he perceiv'd me ſwell with rage,
" By ſome new pleaſures would he ſoon aſſwage:
" Which all unking'd me, and debas'd my ſtate,
" Or plung'd me heedleſs in ſome deſp'rate ſtreight;
" Which freſh occaſion for his ſervice gave
" By his addreſs my character to ſave.
" Though on my guard, and for his wiles prepar'd,
" He fed my paſſions, and with eaſe enſnar'd;
" Did all the ſecrets of my ſoul poſſeſs,
" Had always comfort ready in diſtreſs;
" And by the great authority he held
" Struck terror round, made all oppoſers yield.
" In fine, his ruin I could ne'er decree,
" And yet ſupporting him to this degree,
" I ſhut up ev'ry avenue to thoſe
" Whoſe honeſt hearts my danger would diſcloſe.
" From that ſame hour my faithful friends were gone,
" All free advice was baniſh'd from the throne,
" Fair Truth had fled: miſtakes in weightieſt things
" (Thoſe ſure forerunners of the fall of Kings)
" Aveng'd the wrongs my *Philocles* endur'd:
" Whoſe worth no ſafety from his foe procur'd.
" Ev'n thoſe moſt zealous for the public good,
" Who with affection ſtill my perſon view'd,

IMITATION.

Verſe 490, *Racin. Athal.* Act. 1.

" Warn'd by this dire example now believ'd
" Themſelves diſcharg'd: their King muſt be deceiv'd.
" Myſelf too, *Mentor*, was not free from fear
" That truth might venture to approach too near:
" With native ſplendour pierce through all the cloud,
" And break officious through the flatt'ring crowd.
" Alas! no more could I obey her voice,
" Her light but ſerv'd to interrupt my joys:
" Fill me with dire remorſe, and rack my ſoul,
" Not diſengage me, or my will controul.
" Myſelf, my judgment, to that wretch reſign'd:
" Who hourly gain'd th' aſcendant o'er my mind;
" I felt an exquiſite deſpair, and pain,
" No hopes had now my freedom to regain;
" And fear'd a ſtate ſo abject, and ſo mean,
" Should by mine own or any eye be ſeen.
" Well *Mentor* knows, nor need I to deſcribe
" Th' ideas falſe which Princes firſt imbibe:
" What love of empty pomp acquire when young,
" How much they ſcorn to own they have been wrong.
" One fault to palliate will exert their pow'r,
" And gild it over with an hundred more.
" Rather than ſtoop their errors to retrieve,
" Or own that any could their ſenſe deceive;
" They condeſcend in error to remain,
" And ſtretch their follies to their utmoſt reign.
" So weak are Kings when ſloth hath once prevail'd,
" Such my condition when to *Troy* I ſail'd.
" When thus I parted for the *Trojan* war,
" I truſted all things to this traitor's care:

" Whoſe

" Whoſe ſavage nature, and o'erbearing pride,
" Soon ſhew'd him much unworthy to preſide.
" All *Crete* now groan'd beneath his tyrant ſway,
" Yet none thoſe tidings would to me convey:
" All knew too well how much the truth I hate,
" And blaming him would but provoke their fate.
" The more they fear'd ſubmitting to my view
" Their various ills, the ſtronger ſtill they grew.
" In fine, ſuſpicious grown of all I lov'd,
" Of all whoſe worth, whoſe virtue I approv'd,
" He forc'd me valiant *Merion* to diſcard,
" My faithful friend, who ev'ry danger ſhar'd.
" 'Tis fit, my deareſt *Mentor*, I apprize
" And point each ſource whence my misfortunes riſe.
" 'Twas not the fate of my unhappy ſon
" Which rous'd my *Crete* to drive me from the throne;
" But heav'n, whoſe wrath my weakneſſes provoke,
" Join'd with *Protes'lás'* pride, and galling yoke.
" Worn out with ills which ſhe ſo long had felt,
" When I the blood of that dear infant ſpilt;
" My *Crete* with horror of that deed poſſeſt,
" But ſhew'd what long was rankling in her breaſt.
" To *Troy* did vile *Timocrates* purſue,
" T' adviſe *Proteſilas* of all he knew.
" With eaſe I could perceive my captive-ſtate,
" That thought I ſtifled---there was no retreat.

NOTE.

Verſe 535, *Valiant* Merion—He was the charioteer of *Idomeneus*, and a principal Commander at the ſiege of *Troy*. And is compared by *Homer* to *Mars* himſelf.

" At my return when foul revolt appear'd,
" Theſe firſt, by flight, betray'd how much they fear'd.
" With baſe deſertion they my love requite,
" But equal dangers urg'd me too to flight.
" On this, dear *Mentor*, my much honour'd friend,
" As on a certain rule may you depend:
" When fortune ſmiles whom inſolent you find,
" They're alway cowards, when ſhe ſhifts the wind.
" Their brain is turn'd, they fall an eaſy prey,
" When once depriv'd of their deſpotic ſway.
" Abject and mean, as haughty in their pow'r;
" And both extremes experience in an hour."
To him then *Mentor*---" Whence can it ariſe
" That you who ſee their crimes with open eyes,
" About your perſon ſhould theſe ſlaves retain,
" And, as I ſee, permit them in your train?
" I marvel not they ſtill attend on you,
" While they no fairer proſpect have in view.
" I own you gen'rous, and your bounty great,
" Who give them refuge in this new-born ſtate:
" But, thus deceiv'd, that you ſhould truſt them ſtill,
" T' account for this ſurpaſſes all my ſkill."
" Alas!" return'd the King, " you little know
" What ſlender profits from experience flow
" To Princes weak, and indolent of mind,
" Without reflection, to their eaſe conſign'd.
" In truth all trifles can diſturb their bliſs,
" Yet want they ſouls t' amend what is amiſs.
" Long cuſtom as with chains of iron embrac'd,
" They ſtill beſieg'd me, and ſtill held me faſt.

" Since

" Since to *Salentum* firſt theſe ſeas I croſt,
" Have they involv'd me in exceſſive coſt;
" Plung'd in a dang'rous war my riſing ſtate,
" Whoſe ruin, but for you, had been compleat.
" Soon at *Salentum* was I ſure to meet
" The ſame misfortunes I endur'd at *Crete.*
" But you at length have ev'ry miſt diſpell'd,
" Inſpir'd with courage ne'er again to yield;
" Taught me once more to break the ſervile chain,
" My only wiſh was liberty to gain:
" I feel the change, nor know I how it came;
" Since your arrival am no more the ſame."
" Yet ſay," ſaid *Mentor*, " ſince my landing here
" How ſtoops *Proteſilas* this change to bear?"
" No tongue of mine," *Idomeneus* replies,
" Can paint a cunning ſo refin'd as his.
" With caution firſt all methods did he try
" To make me view you with a jealous eye.
" Nought fell from him: from others oft I hear
" That from theſe ſtrangers I had all to fear.
" One owns, ſaid they, *Ulyſſes* for his ſire,
" Whoſe craft and fraud can ſet the world on fire.
" His comrade is a cloſe deſigning man,
" Of counſel deep, and of intriguing brain:
" From ſtate to ſtate, in company they roam,
" Like idle vagrants ever from their home.
" What realm is ſafe then from their foul device,
" Who knows the dangers which may threaten this?
" Themſelves confeſs what troubles they have rais'd
" In ev'ry realm, and country, which they paſs'd.

" Lo! here a puny ſtate, not half ſecur'd,
" By trivial ſhock its ruin were inſur'd.
" Nought dropp'd *Proteſilas*, but aim'd to ſhow
" To what exceſs your reformations go.
" Explain'd what dangers he foreſaw might riſe,
" My private int'reſt plac'd before mine eyes.
" This people, bleſt with plenty thus at will,
" Will toil no more; their morals will be ill;
" Fierce and intractable, they'll ſcorn t' obey,
" At ev'ry turn will they diſpute your ſway.
" 'Tis poverty, and weakneſs, keeps them low:
" From theſe alone obedience ſhall you know.
" Oft aim'd he at the rank where once he ſtood,
" Great zeal pretending for his Sov'reign's good:
" By this indulgence, and unheard-of grace,
" I ſhould my great prerogative debaſe:
" My ſubjects too would prejudice ſuſtain,
" When low their ſtate, the leſs they feel of pain.
  " To this I anſwer'd, that I now had prov'd
" The way to be obey'd, was to be lov'd.
" Could well ſupport the dignity I held,
" Yet ev'ry comfort to my people yield.
" See all delinquents were to juſtice brought,
" That ev'ry child ſhould properly be taught;
" And none ſhould ever from his duty ſwerve,
" But ſtrict ſimplicity of life preſerve.
" Alas! ſaid I, this maxim can I grant,
" To learn ſubjection, men muſt pine for want!
" What brutal policy, what baſeneſs this!
" How many nations in the height of bliſs,

" May we obſerve obedient to their head
" By no indulgence to rebellion led?
" 'Tis vain ambition, and its reſtleſs Peers,
" Which fill a country with revolts, and fears:
" What time their pride, their paſſions overflow;
" And to their Sov'reign they diſdain to bow.
" It is the Commons when licentious grown,
" When due ſubordination they diſown:
" And all that multitude of rich and poor,
" Brought up in eaſe, and indolence ſecure.
" 'Tis the Militia too, if once too great,
" Unſkill'd in arts of peace, that tear a ſtate.
" In fine, 'tis men abus'd, and deſp'rate grown,
" Rul'd by a Prince unequal to the throne:
" Whoſe pride, and ſoftneſs, make him ill attend
" To factious fraud and miſchiefs that impend.
" Lo! here Rebellion's cauſe with eaſe diſcern'd,
" 'Tis not the bread each labourer hath earn'd.
" When thus at length *Proteſilas* believ'd
" My mind was fix'd, and would not be deceiv'd;
" A part he play'd far diff'rent from the paſt,
" And feign'd the truth of all I ſaid to taſte.
" My rules purſu'd, confeſs'd me in the right;
" And grateful own'd that I had giv'n him light.
" In ſhort, he overacted tow'rd the poor,
" Was firſt to tell me hardſhips they endure;
" Of all their ſuff'rings had the tend'reſt ſenſe,
" Exclaim'd at all exorbitant expence.
" You, *Mentor*, know how oft you have been prais'd,
" What confidence in you he feigns to have plac'd;

" How much he ſeems your conduct to approve,
" Omitting nothing to procure your love.
" Mean while *Timocrates* hath loſt his ground,
" At independence aiming was he found:
" This rous'd *Proteſilas*; and by their feud
" The crimes of each in part I underſtood."
Here *Mentor* ſmiling---" Has a King like you
" So long ignobly ſtoop'd to knaves he knew?"
" Alas!" return'd he, " little you perceive
" What infl'ence men thus practic'd to deceive,
" Can o'er a weak and eaſy Prince extend,
" Who all affairs doth to their care commend.
" Beſides *Proteſilas* (I told you now)
" Your ev'ry ſcheme is ready to allow."
To this ſaid *Mentor*, with a brow ſevere,
" The prevalence of vice I ſee too clear,
" And moſt it ſeems in courts can it command:
" Of which a dreadful monument you ſtand.
" You told me now your proſpect I had clear'd,
" When I this traitor's villainy declar'd.
" Yet are you blind enough the reins to give
" To a baſe wretch unworthy ev'n to live.
" Know then, the impious can ſometimes do well,
" In acts of virtue can ſometimes excel.
" In good, in bad, abilities diſplay;
" Nor heed they which, when profit points the way.
" To ill indeed by nature are they prone,
" No conſcience binds; and Virtue they diſown.
" Yet oft a ſemblance ev'n of this they wear;
" And oft for goodneſs ſeemingly declare.

" Whence

“ Whence they ſome fame, ſome credit too may find,
“ And thus with more facility may blind.
“ In ſtrictneſs, they to Virtue then are loſt
“ Ev'n when they ſeem to practice it the moſt:
“ Yet dare to vices which they held at firſt,
“ Add ſtill hypociſy; the laſt, and worſt.
“ Long as the right you ſteadily purſue,
“ So long will he: his int'reſt is in view.
“ But ſhould you in the leaſt that path forſake,
“ Relax, or deviate from theſe ſteps you take;
“ All means will he employ, all methods try
“ Again to plunge you in your miſery.
“ Reſume with freedom his imperious air,
“ And each diſguiſe his canker'd ſoul can wear.
“ Can you then in repoſe, in honour live,
“ Beſet by one thus ready to deceive;
“ Yet know that *Philocles*, that honour'd name,
“ At *Samos* lives in poverty and ſhame?
“ Alas! *Idomeneus* full well perceives
“ How preſent flatt'rers, and deſigning knaves,
“ Can eaſy Princes quickly overawe,
“ Inſnare, intangle; to their purpoſe draw.
“ Another ill, of conſequence as bad,
“ To the preceeding ſhould you likewiſe add:
“ Which is that Kings are ſoon forgetful grown
“ Of faithful counſellors, at diſtance thrown.
“ The tribe of Courtiers which ſurround a throne
“ Is cauſe, that Princes are attach'd to none.

IMITATION.

Verſe 725, *Plautus.*

“ To

" To preſent flatt'ry is their ear reſign'd,
" All abſent friends are blotted from the mind.
" And no impreſſion can fair Virtue make,
" Which ſcorns to cringe, or ought but truth to ſpeak;
" Will freely cenſure, and will freely blame
" Whate'er ſhe ſees repugnant to their fame.
" What wonder then if Monarchs are deſpis'd
" Who pomp alone and empty joys have priz'd?"

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

Mentor *obliges* Idomeneus *to have* Protesilas *and* Timocrates *transported to the Isle of* Samos, *and to recall* Philocles *in order again to reinstate him in his favour.* Hegesippus, *who is intrusted with this commission, executes it with pleasure: he arrives with his two prisoners at* Samos, *where he beholds once more his friend* Philocles *contented to lead there a life of indigence and solitude. He is with much difficulty persuaded to return to his friends, but after having understood that it was the will of the Gods, he embarks with* Hegesippus, *and arrives at* Salentum; *where* Idomeneus, *who is now a very different man, receives him with all the cordiality of friendship.*

SO reason'd *Mentor*. The result of all
Was, that *Idomoneus* should straight recall
Much injur'd *Philocles*, and that same hour
Expel those traitors to some distant shore.
Yet here the Monarch to object began,
How much he fear'd the rigour of the man.
" I love and I esteem his gen'rous soul,
" Yet dread his coming and his harsh controul.

" From

" From early youth accuſtom'd long to feel
" The ſweets of flatt'ry, and officious zeal;
" I tremble at the thought they now muſt ceaſe,
" And know his heart will never ſtoop to theſe.
" His very look ſufficiently hath check'd,
" Whene'er he found me guilty of neglect.
" At hours of ſocial friendſhip have I ſeen
" A cold reſerve, tho' duteous was his mien."
" Alas!" ſaid *Mentor*, " eaſy 'tis to find
" When flatt'ry once perverts a royal mind;
" All then which thwarts invidious will appear;
" The free, the good, ſeem rigid and ſevere:
" A friend who ſcorns low ſervile arts t' embrace,
" Nor will uphold his Prince in actions baſe,
" Is thought with ſmall reſpect that Prince to view,
" And to refuſe him the allegiance due.
" His faithful counſel can no longer charm,
" 'Tis haughty, proud, and wreſted to his harm.
" And Kings at length ſo delicate appear;
" All ſting, and hurt, but what ſhall pleaſe their ear.
" But grant we *Philocles* thus harſh ſhould prove;
" Is ſenſe, like his, leſs worthy of your love
" Than pois'nous flatt'ry which your courtiers give?
" O ſay what mortal free from faults can live?
" Yet free advice is leaſt deſerving blame:
" Leaſt did I ſay? What elſe can e'er reclaim?

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 9, *Tull. Off.* 1.
Verſe 28, *Ter. Andr.*

" The

" The man you want is one fair Truth has fir'd,
" Whoſe ev'ry counſel is by that inſpir'd:
" Whoſe ſteady conduct to the world may ſhew,
" He, better than yourſelf, your int'reſt knew.
" Who all occaſions for that end will ſeize,
" Force you to hear; and ſuch is *Philocles.*
" Know then; whoe'er is deſtin'd to command,
" Is too, too happy, if within his land
" One ſingle ſubject ſo erect ſhall live:
" (The greateſt wealth a Monarch can receive)
" By crimes provok'd, ſhould e'er avenging Heav'n
" In wrath reſume the bleſſings it hath giv'n;
" This ſhould you fear the moſt, this friend to loſe
" Whoſe worth, and parts, you knew not well to uſe.
" The beſt have faults: and theſe ſhould you perceive,
" Yet take advantage of th' advice they give:
" Correct, amend, whate'er amiſs you find;
" And let no partial prejudices blind.
" Hear them with candour, give them honours due,
" And ſhew the world their high deſerts you knew.
" Be cautious ſtill: let none his Prince betray;
" Henceforth, be no man's property, or prey:
" For Kings, abus'd like you, contented ſeem
" Inly to ſcorn whom they unworthy deem;
" Yet fondly truſt them, when they ſee their fault,
" And to the height of affluence exalt.
" Nor act they leſs abſurd, when they beſtow
" Faint praiſe alone, on whom they worthy know:
" But fear to truſt him in affairs of weight,
" Engage his love; and aggrandize his ſtate."

Here

Here blush'd the King that he deferr'd so long,
To save such virtue from oppressive wrong:
That Knaves, like these, the scandal of the times,
Should 'scape the vengeance due to all their crimes.
'Twas easy now for *Mentor* to persuade
The ruin of a wretch, who thus betray'd.
When once a fav'rite is suspected grown,
Whene'er his person's irksome to the throne;
All service is forgot, all friendship o'er:
Kings easy part from what they see no more.
That hour the King in *Hegesippus*' ear
(Chief of those friends that at his side appear)
In private gave it as his strict command,
To seize the traitors, and in *Samos* land:
There leave in exile follies past to mourn,
While in their room should *Philocles* return.
With great amazement heard he their disgrace,
While tears of joy came trickling down his face:
" 'Tis now," he cried, "that you're a Prince compleat,
" These joyful tidings will transport your state:
" All ills your Highness and your realm hath known,
" To these were owing, and to these alone:
" Full twenty tedious years did Virtue sigh
" (And fear'd ev'n that) beneath their tyranny.

NOTE.

Verse 78, *In* Samos—This island, which is in the *Archipelago* at the distance of about ten leagues from *Smyrna*, was sacred to *Juno*. Its inhabitants are said to have been the inventors of the potter's art.

" All

"All avenues they ſtopp'd; permitting none,
"But thro' their int'reſt, to approach the throne."
Here *Hegeſippus* with aſſurance bold,
A thouſand perfidies began t' unfold:
Diſcover'd to his Prince their dang'rous views,
Strange to his ear, ſince none had dar'd t' accuſe.
Engag'd a late conſpiracy to prove,
By death the virtuous *Mentor* to remove.
Amaz'd, confounded with the things he heard
The trembling King as thunder-ſtruck appear'd.
Forth from the preſence now, with eager haſte,
Th' embolden'd Chief to ſeize this fav'rite paſt.
His houſe, a glorious pile, on columns rear'd
Little inferior to the King's appear'd.
Of leſs extent, more pleaſing to the ſight,
Form'd for convenience; and for all delight.
Adorn'd with all magnificence, and ſtate:
The poor had bled to render it compleat.
Amidſt a ſpacious hall of marble rais'd
Adjoining to his baths, ſuperbly grac'd;
Upon a purple couch with gold o'erlaid,
Thoughtleſs of danger, he repos'd his head.
Fatigu'd he ſeem'd with labours of the day,
Dark, gloomy thoughts his ſavage eyes diſplay.
Around on carpets were the Nobles found,
Their features alt'ring, as he ſmil'd, or frown'd.
Intent on him, obſequiouſly they vie
And watch'd the motion of their patron's eye.
Scarce could he aim to ſpeak, when all prepar'd
T' admire that wiſdom, which they had not heard.

A premier Peer in fulſome ſtrain begun,
What for his Prince *Proteſilas* had done.
Another told him that Almighty *Jove*
Deceiv'd his mother, through exceſs of love:
That *Jove*, the ruler of the bleſs'd abodes,
Was ſire to him, and all th' immortal Gods.
A needy poet next in verſe declar'd,
That all the Muſes at his birth appear'd:
And ev'ry grace and ev'ry virtue join'd
To make his, equal to *Apollo*'s mind.
Another bard of ſtill more grov'ling parts,
Stil'd him th' inventor of all uſeful arts;
Call'd him the Parent of all human kind,
In whom alone their happineſs they find.
Then higher ſtill his adulation ſtrain'd,
And plac'd the horn of plenty in his hand.
This increaſe he receiv'd with great diſdain,
As one expecting greater praiſe t' obtain.
As one who thought it condeſcenſion great,
To ſuffer any ſhould his worth repeat.
One ſervile wretch now ventur'd, with a ſneer,
Grave *Mentor*'s rules to whiſper in his ear:
At this he ſmil'd; th' aſſembly grinn'd applauſe,
Yet why he ſmil'd, ſcarce any knew the cauſe.
But ſoon reſum'd he his imperious air,
When all were ſilenc'd by his front ſevere.
Numbers impatient for the time were ſeen
When he their ſuit to hear would gracious deign:

IMITATION.

Verſe 117, *Ecclus.* xiii. verſe 23.

Meanwhile, with anxious diffidence of thought,
The happy moment eagerly they ſought.
Their abject looks ſufficiently explain
The various favours, which they hop'd to gain.
As when a mother doth her cares employ,
To gain recov'ry for her only boy;
And humbly kneels before ſome hallow'd ſhrine,
To beg aſſiſtance of the Pow'r Divine;
Thus fond they ſeem'd, and zealous for his pow'r,
While in their hearts the monſter they abhor.
Juſt then the Chief from preſence of his Lord
Abruptly came, and ſeiz'd the fav'rite's ſword:
Pronounc'd his exile by the King decreed,
And he to *Samos* muſt repair with ſpeed.
As when a fragment of ſome craggy rock,
From height immenſe rolls down with hideous ſhock;
So fell this idol blaſted with a word:
With fault'ring voice he kneel'd, and he implor'd;
And meanly claſp'd, with adulation vain,
Whom juſt before he treated with diſdain.
Thoſe vot'ries vile who late their incenſe brought,
When they his fall inevitable thought,
Betray no pity for his hapleſs fate,
Inſult his ſuff'rings, and proclaim their hate.
  No ſingle hour would *Hegeſippus* give
Th' embrace of wife, or children, to receive:
Or from the dark receſs his papers bring,
Which all were ſeiz'd and carried to the King.

IMITATION.

Verſe 161, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

The ſelf-ſame hour the guards by order ſeize
Th' accomplice of his crimes, *Timocrates.*
Amaz'd at this ſo unforeſeen event,
He thought their diſcord might his fall prevent.
The bark now ready in the port appear'd,
And for the deſtin'd iſle direct they ſteer'd.
Where *Hegeſippus*, to torment them more,
Together left them on the *Samian* ſhore.
There in reproach they ſpend their wretched days,
Revolving all that caus'd their dire diſgrace:
No hope remain'd they ſhould again be free,
Their wives, their children, or their country ſee.
At diſtance plac'd from all they held moſt dear,
Far from their kindred, from *Salentum* far:
Their friends I name not; thoſe long ſince were gone,
None liv'd to pity, or relieve their moan.
Fix'd in a ſtrange uncultivated ſoil,
Their daily food muſt they acquire with toil;
Who long in eaſe had paſt each joyous hour,
High in the zenith of unbridled pow'r.
Like ſavage bears eſtrang'd from ev'ry joy,
And each his fellow threatning to deſtroy.
 This part perform'd, the Chieftain next enquir'd
Where in this iſle liv'd *Philocles* retir'd?
" Far from the town," they ſaid, " his manſion lies,
" Where yon blue mountain reaches to the ſkies.
" Upon its airy top content to dwell,
" Though vaſt his mind, his houſe an humble cell.
" Since firſt to *Samos* iſle this ſtranger came
" No ſingle mortal could his conduct blame:

" His

" His patience charms us; his unruffled mind
" Unbroke by toil, and ills of ev'ry kind:
" And though reduc'd to poverty extreme,
" Still happy, ſtill contented, doth he ſeem.
" Stripp'd of his fortune, from his country far,
" Though here, alas! no office he can bear;
" Yet to the good doth he a father prove,
" A thouſand ways his neighbours feel his love."
Straight to that mountain *Hegeſippus* hied,
His grotto empty found, but open'd wide:
For ſuch his mod'rate, and his ſimple fare,
And ſuch his furniture, he nought could fear.
A mat of ruſh alone t' indulge repoſe,
Rare on his hearth the bick'ring flame aroſe.
For fire was needleſs: when diſpos'd to eat,
He ne'er indulg'd his appetite with meat:
Freſh gather'd fruits in Summer pleas'd his taſte,
Dried figs, and dates, in Winter his repaſt.
A chryſtal limpid ſpring his thirſt allay'd,
Which form'd a fair and elegant caſcade;
In ſheets deſcending from the mountain brow,
To water all the verdant plain below.
His graving tools were all the goods he had,
With ſome few books at leiſure hours to read:
And theſe not authors of a curious kind,
Not for th' improvement of his parts deſign'd;
But to inſtruct him when his toil was o'er,
And make him better for the ills he bore.
His love for ſculpture did no higher riſe,
Than juſt to keep him in due exerciſe:

By this avoiding ſloth, and earning bread;
Without dependence or another's aid.
When *Hegeſippus* firſt admiſſion gain'd,
Amaz'd he ſaw the works there newly plann'd.
And firſt a *Jove* of ſuch majeſtic mien,
So mild, ſo good, of aſpect ſo ſerene;
That ev'ry eye with certainty might know
The Sire of Gods above, and Men below.
Oppos'd to him was *Mars* the God of War,
Who ſternly frown'd in his triumphal car.
But chief of all *Minerva* ſeem'd to ſhine,
Great patroneſs of worth, and arts divine.
Her features ſtrong, yet exquiſitely fair,
Her form erect; and maſculine her air:
So much of life was in her poſture ſeen,
As ſhe already on the march had been.
With high delight theſe ſtatues he ſurvey'd,
When lo! far off, beneath a poplar's ſhade,
Fix'd on his book, and proſtrate on the ground,
The wiſe, the virtuous *Philocles* he found.

NOTES.

Verſe 233, *His love for ſculpture*—The famous *Socrates* is ſaid to have amuſed himſelf in the ſame way. We are told of a *Mercury* and three Graces made by him, the latter of which had all drapery, which was a thing unuſual, and were placed before the citadel at *Athens*.

Verſe 239, *And firſt a* Jove—The author here appears plainly to have had in view that celebrated antique ſtatue made by *Phidias* in ivory: who being aſked by an intimate friend, how he could poſſibly raiſe his ideas to ſo noble a pitch? made anſwer—that he owed his idea of *Jupiter* to the magnificent deſcription given of him by *Homer*.

Straight

Straight he approach'd him---when the ſage perceiv'd,
But all in doubt, and ſcarce his ſenſe believ'd.
" What object this," ſaid he, " I ſeem to view?
" 'Tis *Hegeſippus* whom at *Crete* I knew.
" Yet what ſhould bring him at this diſtance great?
" 'Tis ſome illuſion, and a mere deceit:
" Perhaps his empty ſhade, when life has fled,
" Juſt now emerg'd from regions of the dead."
While thus he mus'd, ſtill nearer on the plain
The Chief advanc'd: no further doubts remain.
His ev'ry feature, and his air, he knew,
And to embrace him in a tranſport flew.
" Is it then you, my friend, my comrade dear?
" What ſtorms what tempeſts can have thrown you here?
" Say why from *Crete* is *Hegeſippus* flown,
" Driv'n by diſgrace, and mis'ry, like mine own?"
" Not ſo," ſaid he. " By no ill fate conſtrain'd:
" Kind Heav'n alone this voyage hath ordain'd."
He now began in order to relate
Th' intrigues of both thoſe traitors to the ſtate,
The various ills *Idomeneus* had ſeen,
Who long an exile from his *Crete* had been;
His new dominion at *Salentum* won,
Mentor's arrival with *Ulyſſes*' Son:
The golden rules this *Mentor* had inſpir'd,
How much the Monarch was with virtue fir'd.
Laſt he the tragic end of thoſe diſplay'd,
Whom he ſo late to *Samos* had convey'd;
Together doom'd in baniſhment to bear
Thoſe griefs, they durſt for *Philocles* prepare.

“ And now,” ſaid he, “ commiſſion'd by the King
“ I ſtand, and you, muſt to *Salentum* bring:
“ For well your worth, your innocence he knows,
“ And wealth, and pow'r, ſhall recompence your woes.”
“ See you,” replied the ſage, “ that humble cell
“ Where ſavage beaſts more properly might dwell?
“ Yet could I there joys more ſubſtantial meet
“ Than e'er in gilded palaces at *Crete*.
“ There live I free from all oppreſſive wrongs,
“ From Syren flatt'ry, and deceitful tongues:
“ No mortal fee, or want; this honeſt hand
“ With eaſe can give what nature ſhall demand.
“ This homely garb, this cov'ring you behold,
“ Thin as it ſeems can keep me from the cold.
“ No more I ſeek while thus in peace profound
“ I feel my freedom, and its joys abound:
“ And from my books receive that beſt of light,
“ To know their value; and to uſe them right.
“ What ſhould I ſearch for more, with endleſs pain,
“ 'Mong men ſuſpicious, mutable, and vain?
“ Ah! no, my deareſt friend, excuſe me this;
“ Nor aim to ſtop the current of my bliſs.
“ The wretch *Proteſilas* who once believ'd
“ To work my fall, when he his Prince deceiv'd;
“ How is he hamper'd in that fatal ſnare!
“ No ill to me his treach'ry could prepare,
“ But greateſt bleſſings: who by his decree
“ From ev'ry ſad anxiety am free.
“ To him this grateful ſolitude I owe,
“ And all the comforts which around me flow.

“ Return,

" Return, return then to your Monarch's Court,
" Aid him his painful grandeur to ſupport;
" And bravely with yourſelf reſolve to be
" The ſame ſtate pack-horſe you would make of me.
" If blind ſo long, your Sov'reign now perceives;
" Recall'd by counſel which this *Mentor* gives:
" O may this *Mentor* ſtill improve his heart,
" And never, never from his ſide depart!
" But as for me, thus 'ſcap'd from dreadful wreck,
" No thought have I of e'er returning back:
" Thus ſafe in port by heav'n's indulgence kind,
" No more I'll truſt me to tempeſtuous wind.
" Ah wretched Kings! how do I wail your fate,
" How pity thoſe your Miniſters of State!
" If bad, what evils muſt the ſubject know?
" What torments wait them in the realms below!
" If juſt and good, what anxious hours they count,
" What riſques, what ſnares; what perils to ſurmount!
" Once more, dear friend, ambition I abjure;
" Here let me live in poverty ſecure."
As thus diſputing earneſtly he ſtood,
Amaz'd, aſtoniſh'd, *Hegeſippus* view'd.
Long ſince he knew him in the iſle of *Crete*,
When high in pow'r he held the reins of State.
His look then languid ſeem'd, and wan, and pale;
Cloſe application made his vigour fail:
His native virtue too ſevere, and nice,
To view without regret triumphant Vice.

IMITATION.

Verſe 325, *Hor.* lib. 1. Od. 5.

In all affairs ſo regular, and plain,
Such order wiſh'd, as we muſt ſeek in vain.
Hence thoſe employments which advanc'd his fame,
Were much too vi'lent for his tender frame.
But here at *Samos*, thriving was he ſeen,
With healthful aſpect; vig'rous, and ſerene.
The bloom of youth his ev'ry feature decks,
And, ſpight of years, ſtill ſmil'd upon his cheeks.
It ſeem'd as temp'rance, exerciſe, and eaſe,
Could here a diff'rent conſtitution raiſe.
Smiling he cried---" Amaz'd my friend appears
" To find me thus alert above my years:
" Joys of retirement ſweet this vigour give,
" From that alone this beauty I receive.
" My foes without deſign have that beſtow'd,
" Which ne'er from height of affluence hath flow'd:
" And can a friend adviſe me to purſue
" Falſe bliſs, falſe glory; and forſake the true?
" Shall I again for Vanity declare,
" Again be plung'd in all that ſea of care?
" *Protes'las* gave me all the joys I find:
" O be not you more cruel and unkind!"
Fruitleſs all arts of *Hegeſippus* prove
To ſhake his firm reſolves, his paſſion move.
" Can you," ſaid he, " with no impatience burn
" Thoſe friends to claſp who wait for your return;
" Relations kind who heave the tender ſigh,
" Whom hope exalts to extaſy of joy?
" And can a ſoul, like yours, devoutly given,
" (Which knows its duty both to earth and heav'n)
" So

" So lightly think of ſervice to your King,
" And all the bliſs you to his ſtate ſhall bring?
" Think you th' Immortal Gods can e'er approve
" A ſavage, baſe, ſelf-intereſted love?
" Or e'er complacence in that wiſdom find,
" Which ſhall itſelf prefer to all mankind?
" Beſides, the world undoubtedly will ſay,
" Urg'd by reſentment you refuſe t' obey:
" Yet knew the King a diff'rent man purſu'd,
" Not faithful *Philocles*, the juſt, the good.
" And now he knows you, freed from his miſtake,
" A thouſand tender ſentiments awake:
" His former love returning, as before,
" Himſelf in perſon waits you on the ſhore.
" Lo! on the beach both arms doth he extend
" Accuſing time that robs him of his friend.
" And can that heart obdurate thus appear,
" Refuſe both nature, and your Prince to hear?"
The virtuous *Philocles* who felt the flame
Of mutual love when *Hegeſippus* came;
Yet ſuffer'd not that ſoftneſs to prevail,
But with contracted brow had heard his tale.
As when a rock deep rooted in the main
Unmov'd is ſeen; while angry winds in vain
And ruffled billows, with a ceaſeleſs roar,
Aſſault his ſides, and would ſubvert his pow'r;
So firmly ſtood the ſage: nor ſuppliant pray'r,
Nor reaſon's force could from his purpoſe tear.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 395, *Hom. Il.* 15. *Virg. Æn.* 7.

But in that inſtant when all hopes were flown
All proſpect of ſucceſs was deſp'rate grown;
To Heav'n's direction *Philocles* applied,
And from the flight of birds thoſe ſigns deſcried;
From the ſlain victim, and his trembling heart,
From ev'ry branch of his divining art;
Th' Immortal Gods had his return decreed,
And he muſt go where *Hegeſippus* led.
No more could he reſiſt---yet ſeem'd to grieve
His long accuſtom'd ſolitude to leave.
" And muſt I go?" he cried. " A long farewel
" To thee fair mountain, and this peaceful cell!
" Where pleaſing ſlumbers, viſions light as air,
" Each night return'd to eaſe me of my care:
" Where pleas'd my humble ſtate the Fates behold,
" And twiſt my thread of life with ſilk and gold."
All bath'd in tears no more erect he ſtood,
Ador'd the *Naiad* of that limpid flood;
Which had ſo long his parching thirſt allay'd:
Ador'd each Nymph of mountain, or of ſhade:
While Echo ſad convey'd the mournful ſound
To all the rural Deities around.
 Straight to the town, and to the ocean's ſide,
With great reluctance he attends his guide.
And thought *Proteſilas* thro' rage, and ſhame,
Would ſure avoid his preſence when he came.
But greatly err'd; for men corrupt of mind
No meanneſs frights, no modeſty can bind.
The ſage with care conceal'd himſelf from ſight,
An interview he judg'd would ſink him quite:

When

When he his foe ſhould ſee with envious eyes
Great by his fall; and on his ruins riſe.
Alas! he eager came, and fondly ſtrove
By various artifice to melt, and move:
Prevail on *Philocles* t' avert his doom,
Appeaſe his injur'd Prince, and call him home.
But too ſincere was *Philocles*, and good,
To mock his mis'ry, or his hopes delude:
And none on earth ſo well his foibles knew,
Should he return, what danger would enſue.
Yet courteous heard, nor anſwer ſcorn'd to give,
Advis'd him all his errors to retrieve;
With reſignation to ſubmit a while,
And angry Heav'n attempt to reconcile.
When told the Monarch had his goods diſtrain'd;
(Thoſe fair poſſeſſions he by rapine gain'd)
Thus far, he promis'd to his ſuit to yield:
(Which promiſe he as punctually fulfill'd)
His children to protect, and hapleſs wife,
Who in *Salentum* dragg'd a wretched life;
Stript of their ſubſtance, and conſtrain'd to bear
The public inſult, and reproach ſevere.
Nay further ſtill engag'd he to befriend,
Of money too, ſome ſmall ſupplies to ſend.
  While thus he ſpake, a favourable gale
Diſtends the canvas and invites to ſail.
When *Hegeſippus* haſten'd him away,
Broke off diſcourſe impatient of delay.
Th' unhappy fav'rite both embarking view'd,
Fix'd on the beach and motionleſs he ſtood:

His envious eyes purſu'd them as they ſweep,
Still leſs'ning to his ſight the level deep;
And when no longer he the bark could find,
Still dwelt its image on his tortur'd mind:
At length diſtracted, victim of deſpair,
He roll'd him in the ſand, and tore his hair:
Ev'n Heav'n itſelf his impious cries invade,
And inſtant death was ſummon'd to his aid.
But Death obey'd not his abſurd command,
Nor could he ſeek it with that coward-hand.
Meanwhile the ſhip by *Neptune*'s friendly pow'r,
And breeze propitious, reach'd *Salentum*'s ſhore.
The joyful tidings ſoon arriv'd at Court,
That virtuous *Philocles* advanc'd to port.
Forth ruſh'd the King with *Mentor* in his train,
A ſight of this much injur'd friend to gain.
Embrac'd him tenderly, confeſs'd his ſhame,
For harb'ring thoughts injurious to his fame.
Th' admiring crowds no weakneſs hence infer,
Nor leſs for this *Idomeneus* revere:
All for the greatneſs of his ſoul contend,
Who own'd his fault with purpoſe to amend.
While tears of gladneſs ev'ry face bedew,
Again this idol of their hearts to view;
To hear their Prince ſuch kind concern expreſs,
And find his heart ſuch wiſdom could poſſeſs.
The modeſt *Philocles* reſpectful bow'd,
But grew impatient of th' applauding crowd.
Abaſh'd, confounded, with their loud acclaim
He with his Sov'reign to the Palace came.

Mentor and he, though ſtrange, ſuch friendſhip taſte
As both their lives together had been paſt.
For righteous heav'n beneficent, and kind,
Which makes the vicious to fair Virtue blind;
Doth on the good thoſe characters beſtow,
That each his like with certainty may know:
And honeſt minds by ſome attractive pow'r
Acquainted grow, cemented in an hour.
Small time had laps'd ere *Philocles* requir'd,
Still, as at *Samos*, he might live retir'd.
There day by day attendant at his gate,
See Great *Idomeneus* with *Mentor* wait!
Together there the wholſome plan they draw
To fix the State, and to enforce the Law.
  Two weighty matters chief their cares engage
How Peace t' improve, how form the riſing age.
" Our youth," ſaid *Mentor*, " doth the ſtate require:
" Hath greater right to claim them, than their ſire.
" The Public juſtly may each child demand,
" The riſing hopes, the ſinews of a land.
" 'Tis all too late their morals to correct
" When once deprav'd, and ruin'd by neglect.
" Too late of poſts, and honours, to deprive,
" When they appear unworthy ev'n to live.
" Far more diſcreet preventive means t' employ,
" Than be compell'd to puniſh, and deſtroy.
" Great Father of his Realm the King appears,
" But chiefly ſo o'er thoſe of tender years.

IMITATION.

Verſe 501, *Hor.* lib. 2, Od. 18.

" The bloſſoms theſe: like op'ning buds they ſhoot,
" And 'tis from bloſſoms we muſt hope for fruit.
" O'er theſe the Monarch muſt himſelf preſide,
" And ſee that others ſhall direct, and guide.
" See *Minos*' laws implicitly obey'd,
" By which robuſt, and valiant they are made:
" Can with contempt the worſt of pain ſurvey,
" Yea death itſelf, when honour points the way.
" By theſe they're taught---from pleaſure to abſtain,
" From ſordid wealth---true honour is to gain.
" That foul Injuſtice, Luxury, and Lies,
" With baſe Ingratitude, is worſt of Vice.
" Hence from their cradles in celeſtial odes,
" They'll learn to praiſe thoſe fav'rites of the Gods,
" Thoſe heroes valiant, who diſdain'd to yield,
" And ſerv'd their country in the ſanguine field.
" The pow'r of harmony their ſouls ſhall ſeize,
" Win them by ſoft inſenſible degrees;
" Shall urge them on to compaſs nobleſt ends,
" Be firm to leagues; and faithful to their friends.
" From theſe ſtrict Juſtice ſhall they learn to all,
" Ev'n thoſe, whom moſt their enemies they call.
" And chuſe the worſt of torture, death, diſgrace,
" Ere wound their conſcience with an action baſe.
" If thus to rule your ſtriplings be confin'd,
" And muſic's charms imprint them on their mind;
" Few ſhall you find whoſe hearts are not on flame
" For virtuous actions; and athirſt for Fame."
Here *Mentor* added---" Great were the neglect
" Should we omit ſome public Schools t' erect,

" Where the young tribe in manly ſports may vie,
" And all their ſtrength in full aſſembly try.
" For this will baniſh Indolence, and Sloth,
" Thoſe ſure corrupters of the beſt of youth.
" In fine, a great variety he choſe
" Of public games, of pageants, and of ſhows,
" With prizes all; t' inflame the giddy throng,
" And make them active, vigorous, and ſtrong.
" What moſt he thought their morals would improve,
" Was early entrance on connubial love:
" He ev'ry parent's free conſent acquir'd,
" His ſon ſhould marry whom he moſt admir'd:
" With no regard to fortune, or to name;
" Since thus would they preſerve a conſtant flame."
While thus all proper methods they purſu'd
That youth be active, innocent, and good;
With love of glory all their breaſts to fire,
And due ſubmiſſion to the laws inſpire;
With love of arms was *Philocles* poſſeſt,
And thus the prudent *Mentor* he addreſt:
" Vain are the public ſports which you contrive,
" If ſtill in peace you ſuffer them to live:

NOTE.

Verſe 549, *Where the young tribe*—Such were the exerciſes inſtituted by *Lycurgus* at *Sparta.* To which it was chiefly owing that the *Lacedemonians* were remarkable for being the beſt Soldiers in the world. For war was a kind of relaxation and reſt to them, not attended with near the hardſhip of their conſtant home diſcipline.

IMITATION.

Verſe 549, *Hor. in Arte Poet.*

" No fit occaſion can their valour ſhew,
" And nought of martial diſcipline they'll know.
" Thus by degrees they feeble grow, and weak,
" Their ſpirits flag; luxurious arts they ſeek:
" Some warlike neighbour finds an eaſy prey,
" And, dreading war, ſome Tyrant they'll obey."
" Alas!" ſaid he, " the miſeries of war
" Exceed what you ſuppoſe, are greater far:
" 'Tis that which weakens and diſſolves a ſtate,
" Since ev'ry hour is pregnant with its fate.
" Ev'n then when moſt triumphant ſhe appear,
" Surcharg'd with ſpoils; with trophies high in air.
" Whate'er advantage you at firſt may gain,
" You're never ſure that profit ſhall remain.
" A ſad concluſion may your ruin ſeal,
" A dire reverſe of fortune may you feel.
" Howe'er ſuperior is the force you lead,
" One trifling overſight, or panic dread,
" Shall wreſt that palm which Fortune ſeem'd to ſhow,
" And grace the brows of your inſulting foe.
" Nay though the Goddeſs Victory you held
" Chain'd to your camp, or fetter'd in the field;
" Yet while your pow'r to ruin you employ,
" You too muſt ſuffer, and yourſelf deſtroy.

NOTE.

Verſe 592, *Chain'd to your camp*—As the *Tyrians*, when beſieged by *Alexander*, chained the ſtatue of *Apollo* to the altar of *Hercules*; for fear he ſhould leave them, and go over to the enemy.

" Then languid Commerce drops her ſickly head,
" The fields are waſte; for Huſbandry has fled:
" And what is worſe, your Laws are uſeleſs grown,
" Religion faints, Morality is gone.
" Your youth to Vice unbridled give the reign,
" Your very troops no more can you reſtrain.
" No more of equity 'twixt man and man;
" Diſorder rules, and civil pow'rs are vain.
" A Prince who thus is prodigal of blood,
" And deals misfortunes like a raging flood,
" T' enlarge his borders, or acquire a name,
" Can no pretenſions form to ſolid fame.
" Who other's goods with hand uſurping ſeize,
" Well merit loſs of all which they poſſeſs.
" But mark the method which I now propoſe,
" To nouriſh valour ev'n amidſt repoſe:
" Already have you heard the ſports deſign'd,
" The fair rewards to influence their mind.
" And all thoſe principles of virtuous fame,
" Which muſt be wove into their very frame:
" While from their cradles they be taught to raiſe
" Their infant voices, in ſome hero's praiſe.
" To all theſe helps this further may we add,
" A life by labour inoffenſive made.
" Nor is this all: when one of your allies,
" Whate'er the cauſe, ſhall to the battle riſe;
" There ſend your faireſt troops; but chiefly thoſe
" Who greateſt genius for the war diſcloſe.
" By this due weight with friends ſhall you maintain,
" All fear your loſs; all ſtrive your love to gain:

"Without a war expenſive at your door,
"Shall you preſerve your military pow'r.
"Thus, though poſſeſt of Peace with all her charms,
"Still may you ſhew a due regard to arms:
"And heap abundant honours on the head
"Of thoſe, you judge beſt qualified to lead.
"Wars to avoid, and cheriſh laſting peace,
"The proper rules to be obſerv'd are theſe:
"Give Valour its reward, fit praiſe beſtow
"On all whoſe martial excellence you know.
"Abroad let youth in foreign wars be train'd,
"By this a juſt experience will be gain'd.
"Hence you their ſtrength, their diſcipline diſcern,
"And all their various evolutions learn.
"Be ne'er ambitious, yet not off your guard:
"But always ready, for th' attack prepar'd.
"Thus arm'd, thus furniſh'd, if occaſion call;
"Th' aſſailants will be few, or none at all.
"And when your friends each other's lands invade,
"Sole Umpire of their ſtrife ſhall you be made:
"By this more ſolid glory ſhall obtain,
"Than conqu'rors borne o'er mountains of the ſlain.
"Far diſtant realms your amity ſhall prize,
"All want your aid; will in your quarrel riſe:
"And you o'er theſe, by confidence, ſhall reign
"As by allegiance in your own domain.

IMITATION.

Verſe 639, *Dion. Hal. de Iſocrat.*

To

" To you all ſecrets freely they'll impart,
" Judge of their treaties; Sov'reign of their heart:
" To regions far remote your fame ſhall fly,
" As choiceſt incenſe grateful to the ſky.
" Thus firmly ſeated, ſhould ſome neighbour-foe
" Againſt all juſtice meditate the blow;
" He'll find your magazines provided well,
" And you with eaſe can force with force repell.
" Still more; he'll find you thoroughly belov'd,
" And that your conduct is by all approv'd:
" For all will take th' alarm when you're attack'd,
" Leſt public ſafety ſhould in yours be wreck'd.
" Lo! here a baſtion ſure! and ſtronger far
" Than firmeſt walls and battlements of war.
" Lo! here a glory which can never fade,
" But oh! how rarely is it thus ſurvey'd!
" Few Kings can find it, few this ſplendour know;
" But on a ſhadow all their cares beſtow."
Here finiſh'd *Mentor*. *Philocles* amaz'd
With what he heard, in great confuſion gaz'd.
Then on the Monarch glanc'd his curious eye,
View'd his attention with a ſecret joy;
While ſtreams of wiſdom to his ſoul deſcend,
So ſweetly utter'd by this unknown friend.
Thus, under *Mentor*'s form, *Minerva* ſtrove
Salentum's luſtre, and her laws t' improve.
Not for *Idom'neus* ſeem'd theſe pains to take,
But for her ward, *Telemachus*, his ſake;

That, as from battle he would ſoon return,
Th' effects of prudent rule he might diſcern;
How it contributes to a nation's bliſs,
And how a Prince to laſting fame may riſe.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XV.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *in the Camp of the Allies, gains the affection of* Philoctetes, *who was at first prejudiced against him on account of* Ulysses *his Father.* Philoctetes *relates to him his own Adventures; in which he makes mention of the particulars of the Death of* Hercules, *occasioned by the poisoned Garment which the* Centaur Nessus *had presented to* Deianira: *he explains to him by what means he obtained from that Hero his fatal Arrows, without which the City of* Troy *could never have been taken; in what manner he was punished for having betrayed the secret intrusted to him, by all the Torments which he underwent in the Island of* Lemnos: *and how* Ulysses *employed* Neoptolemus *to prevail upon him to return to the Siege of* Troy, *where he was cured of his Wounds by the Sons of* Æsculapius.

MEANWHILE *Telemachus*, disdaining fear,
Sustain'd his part in dangers of the war.
When to *Salentum* first he bid adieu,
One certain plan resolv'd he to pursue:
To win the vet'ran Chiefs, their love engage;
Now high in fame, the wonders of their age.

Neſtor, (whom late at *Pylos* he had known)
The conſtant friend of Great *Laertes*' Son,
Receiv'd him as his child; inſtructed, taught,
Examples various to confirm him brought;
Adventures told he formerly had ſeen
In early life, when vigour yet was green.
Important facts, which he alone could know,
Of heroes dead a century ago.
In truth the mem'ry of this wondrous man,
Who thrice the courſe of other mortals ran,
Was like thoſe fair records of ancient days,
On pillars grav'd of marble or of braſs.
  Not with that love the *Pylian* Sage had ſhown,
Could *Philoctetes* view *Ulyſſes*' Son:
That ſtedfaſt hatred he had long poſſeſt
Againſt the Sire, eſtrang'd him from his breaſt.
It ſhock'd him to the ſoul, to think that heav'n
Such ſigns of favour to this youth had giv'n;
And aim'd henceforth to make his praiſe reſound
Like theirs, who *Troy* had levell'd with the ground.
But modeſt merit could at length remove
All ranc'rous hate; nor could he chuſe but love
Virtue ſo fairly ſhewn, and ſo refin'd;
And oft receiv'd him with indulgence kind.
" My ſon," ſaid he, " (for I no more can bear
" To rob ſuch virtue of a name ſo dear)
" *Ulyſſes*, frankly will I own, your ſire,
" Long have I hated, and purſu'd with ire.

IMITATION.

Verſe 14, *Hom. Il.* 1.

" I further will confeſs, that when with joy
" We found ſucceſs had crown'd our arms at *Troy*,
" My ſoul ſtill loath'd, and ſtill abhorr'd the man
" Who ſo deceiv'd, and could his honour ſtain.
" And when you firſt appear'd thus meek, and mild,
" Ev'n Virtue pleas'd not in *Ulyſſes'* child.
" Oft have I to myſelf of this complain'd,
" And find at length---that humble worth's ordain'd
" To conquer all things, and the world command."
Diſcourſe like this did unawares engage
T' explain the firſt occaſion of his rage.
  " To former years," ſaid he, " muſt I return,
" Ere you the whole of my reſentment learn.
" In all his toils his ſure, his conſtant friend,
" Did I *Alcmena*'s valiant ſon attend;
" The Great *Alcides*: deſtin'd from his birth
" To free from various plagues th' infeſted earth.
" Compar'd with whom all other heroes look
" Like humble reeds, by ſome majeſtic oak:
" Of ſmall account as feeble wrens would prove,
" Who dar'd oppoſe th' imperial bird of *Jove*.
" Love, the dire ſource of all afflictions grown,
" Occaſion'd his misfortunes, and my own.
" O'er all things elſe with eaſe could he prevail;
" But here his conduct, and his courage, fail:
" And cruel *Cupid*, though a puny child,
" Baffled his arms, and at his weakneſs ſmil'd.
" He bluſh'd to think, that any eye had ſeen
" A warrior ſpinning with a *Lydian* Queen:

" That e'er his glory could have ſtoop'd ſo low,
" To work at taſks which ſcarce the meaneſt know.
" But ſo could love, and ſlaviſh paſſion tame,
" He own'd it ſullied his immortal fame:
" Did all the luſtre of his deeds efface,
" And oft in ſecret would lament his caſe.
" Yet, O ye Gods, ſo feeble is mankind,
" So frail their make, ſo mutable their mind;
" At all things high pretend they to arrive,
" While ev'ry trifle can their hopes deceive.
" Alas! again entangled in the chain,
" Thoſe pangs he felt, he had abjur'd in vain.
" Fair *Deianira* all his ſoul poſſeſt:
" True to that wife he had indeed been bleſt!

NOTES.

Verſe 63, *A warrior ſpinning with a* Lydian *Queen—Omphale*, the *Lydian* Queen here mentioned, was the daughter of *Jardanes*, a moſt profligate Prince; in whoſe reign all kind of luſt and debauchery prevailed: inſomuch that this his only daughter could not eſcape the effects of it. When ſhe came to the crown, in order to be revenged for the indignities which had been offered her, ſhe cauſed the ſlaves all over the kingdom to be ſhut up with their miſtreſſes. Her beauty made an entire conqueſt of *Hercules:* whom ſhe obliged to lay aſide his club, and take the ſpinning wheel with her women. By him ſhe had a ſon whoſe name was *Alcæus*; the firſt *Lydian* King of the race of *Hercules*.

Verſe 76, *Fair* Deianira—She was the daughter of *Oeneus* King of *Ætolia*. *Hercules*, who had many natural children diſperſed all over *Greece*, was at length married to her for the ſake of having legitimate iſſue. Soon after the wedding, the *Centaur Neſſus* was employed to ferry her over the river *Evenus:* in which paſſage he attempted to raviſh her. And *Hercules* obſerving this from the ſhore immediately let fly an arrow, and mortally wounded him. After the tragical end of *Hercules*, *Deianira* is ſaid to have repented that ſhe ſent him the fatal ſhirt, and in a fit of deſpair to have hanged herſelf.

" But *Iole* ſoon charm'd: whoſe beauteous face,
" And ſmiling youth, reflected ev'ry grace.
" Now fir'd with rage was *Deianira*'s thought,
" That fatal garment inſtantly ſhe ſought;
" Which *Centaur Neſſus*, at his dying hour,
" Had late bequeath'd her; and reveal'd its pow'r.
" Whene'er *Alcides* falſe, ſaid he, ſhall prove,
" This preſent will recall his wand'ring love.
" But oh! this veſt the poiſon did retain
" Of every dart which had the Hydra ſlain.
" (Which darts, you know, at *Lerna* were imbu'd
" With all the venom of that monſter's blood)
" The ſubtle bane could certain death impart,
" And ev'ry wound ſurpaſs'd the pow'r of art.
" Cloath'd in this garb, *Alcides* quickly found
" Devouring flames each tortur'd limb ſurround:
" Pierce through his frame, and eat into his bones;
" Convulſion ſtrange ſhook *Oeta* with his groans.
" Old *Ocean* trembled, and the voice of woe
" Inceſſant ſpread through all the vale below.

NOTES.

Verſe 78, *But* Iole *ſoon charm'd—Iole* was daughter of *Eurytus* King of *Oebalia*, an ancient name of *Lacedæmon*. Her father not much approving of the paſſion of *Hercules*, refuſed to let him ſee her: whereupon that hero attacked him, ſlew him, and his ſons, and carried off the virgin.

Verſe 87, *Of ev'ry dart which had the Hydra ſlain*—The Hydra of *Lerna* in the territory of *Argos*, was a monſtrous ſerpent with fifty heads: one of which being cut off, others immediately ſprung up in its room.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 81, *Ov. Met.* 9.
Verſe 93, Id. ib.

" Leſs fierce and loud two furious bulls appear
" When high in rage they combat for the fair.
" Unhappy *Lichas*, guiltleſs ev'n in thought,
" This fatal gift from *Deianira* brought:
" And, as he ſtrove to miniſter relief,
" Approach'd his Lord tranſported thus with grief;
" The hero ſeiz'd his hand, and nearer drew;
" Then in a moment from the mountain threw.
" Ev'n as a ſlinger whirls aloft in air
" Some pebble ſmooth, he aims to diſtance far.
" Headlong he tumbled to the roaring flood,
" There metamorphos'd as a rock he ſtood:
" Still keeps his form tho' daſhing waves encroach,
" And cautious pilots tremble to approach.
" Shock'd with his fate, and ſhudd'ring with my fear,
" No more I ventur'd to advance ſo near:
" But ſought ſome cavern in the mountain's ſide,
" Where to retreat, and more ſecurely hide.
" There with one hand, I view'd him, and with eaſe
" From their foundations tear th' uprooted trees;
" Vaſt oaks and pines which had for ages paſt
" Withſtood the whirlwind, and tempeſtuous blaſt.

NOTE.

Verſe 95, *Convulſion ſtrange ſhook* Oeta—*Oeta* was a mountain of *Bœotia*, the ſtreights of which are ſo famous in hiſtory by the name of *Thermopylæ*: being no more in breadth than five-and-twenty feet, they were defended by *Leonidas* and three hundred brave *Spartans* againſt the whole army of *Xerxes*, which conſiſted of near two millions.

IMITATION.

Verſe 106, *Ov. Met* 9.

" With t'other hand, but all in vain, he tried
" To rend the deadly cov'ring from his ſide;
" Which cloſe as glue with penetrating flame
" Had claſp'd his ſkin; incorp'rate with his frame.
" Oft as he ſtrove, the dire miſtake he found:
" His ſkin, his fleſh ſoon follow'd in a wound;
" While floods of reeking gore diſtain'd the ground.
" But priſtine valour ſoon return'd again,
" And roſe ſuperior to his load of pain.
" O *Philoctetes*, deareſt friend, ſaid he,
" Juſt are the Gods in all which they decree:
" Well do I merit all the ills I know,
" Who dar'd thus violate my nuptial vow.
" Have I in conqueſt ſtretch'd mine arms ſo far,
" To fall a victim to an unknown fair?
" No more of this---My fatal period's come:
" So Heav'n forgive, content I'll meet my doom.
" But, O my friend, ſay whither do you fly?
" My grief, my pains were more to blame than I.
" True *Lichas* dies; and I abhor the thought:
" He little knew the preſent which he brought.
" Think you I e'er can *Philoctetes* hate,
" Think you *Alcides* e'er can urge his fate?
" Ah! no. I ne'er ſhall ceaſe while I have breath
" To prize his worth, I'll love him ev'n in death.
" In his dear boſom will I pour my ſoul
" Now on the wing to yon etherial pole.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 124, *Ov. Met.* 9, and *Sophoc. Trachin.* 781.

" And

" And when releas'd from all theſe tort'ring pains,
" His friendly hand ſhall gather my remains.
" O *Philoctetes*, whither art thou flown?
" My laſt, beſt hope, why leave me thus alone?
" Rous'd by theſe words, I quit my ſecret place:
" His outſtretch'd arms were eager to embrace,
" But wiſely ſtopp'd; leſt I with him expire
" Catching the flames of that contagious fire.
" Alas! he cried, all comfort's at an end,
" No longer now can I embrace my friend.
" This ſaid; together all the trees he bound,
" Which late he tore in anguiſh from the ground;
" And on the topmoſt ſummit of the hill
" In order plac'd them, for a fun'ral pile.
" On this he mounted with a look benign,
" Beneath him ſpread the tawny lion's ſkin,
" *Nemæan* ſpoils; which he ſo long had worn;
" (While ſtill victorious and in triumph borne,
" He travers'd all the globe from Eaſt to Weſt,
" Subduing monſters, aiding the diſtreſt.)
" Then leaning on his club, he gave command
" I quickly ſhould apply the flaming brand.
" With trembling nerves, in horror, and diſmay,
" Though dire the taſk, I fail'd not to obey.

NOTE.

Verſe 163, Nemæan *ſpoils*—*Nemeus* a city of *Argos*, where were celebrated the *Nemean* Games in memory of this lion which was killed by *Hercules*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 157, *Ov. Met.* 9.

" For

" For what was wretched life forlorn as his?
" No gift divine; no more a ſolid bliſs.
" Beſides, I fear'd extremity of pain
" Might urge him to ſome action baſe, profane;
" To ſoil the virtuous fame he had acquir'd,
" And which th' aſtoniſh'd univerſe admir'd.
" He ſaw the bick'ring flames aſcend with ſpeed,
" 'Tis now, exclaim'd he, you're a friend indeed:
" May all the Gods to your reward ariſe!
" Since more mine honour, than my life you prize.
" To you bequeath I, for your peerleſs worth,
" What moſt I value and eſteem on earth:
" Thoſe fatal ſhafts bedew'd with Hydra's blood.
" Like me henceforth ſhall you be unſubdu'd.
" Henceforth no mortal e'er with you ſhall vie:
" For all you wound inevitably die.
" Thus to the grave you ſee my friendſhip pure,
" Let yours to me as conſtantly endure.
" But if in truth my ſuff'rings you can taſte;
" One favour grant me more, and 'tis the laſt.
" Give me your promiſe you will ſtill conceal
" *Alcides*' death, and ne'er his urn reveal.
" To this I gave aſſent: nay more; I vow'd:
" Alas! my tears too like a torrent flow'd.
" A ray of joy now ſparkled in his eyes,
" When lo! ſo thick the tow'ring flakes ariſe;
" They choak'd his voice: had reach'd their utmoſt height,
" And well nigh hid him from my troubled ſight.
" Still through the trem'lous fires a glimpſe I gain'd,
" With aſpect mild this conflict he ſuſtain'd;

" As

" As he with friends at genial feaſt was found,
" With odours gay, and flow'ry chaplets crown'd.
  " Whate'er *Alcmena* gave him at his birth,
" (His mortal part, thoſe particles of earth)
" Were ſoon reduc'd. But *Jupiter*, his ſire,
" Had giv'n directions that th' etherial fire,
" (That principle of life, his valiant ſoul)
" Gift of himſelf; be uncorrupt, and whole.
" Hence in *Olympus'* golden, bright abodes
" He quaffs immortal nectar with the Gods:
" While to his arms is beauteous *Hebe* giv'n,
" Goddeſs of Youth, and favourite of heav'n:
" Who once for *Jove* the cup nectareous fill'd,
" Though now to royal *Ganymede* ſhe yield.
  " Alas! thoſe fatal ſhafts (which he deſign'd
" Should make me triumph over all mankind)
" To me were ſources of an endleſs woe;
" Hence all my mis'ries, and misfortunes flow.
" Th' aſſociate Kings had now, with reaſon juſt,
" Conſpir'd, to level *Ilium* in the duſt:
" And puniſh *Paris*, who from *Greece* had fled,
" And *Helen* ſtol'n from *Menelaus'* bed.
" When Great *Apollo*'s Oracle declar'd
" No hope, no proſpect of ſucceſs appear'd:

NOTE.

Verſe 211, *Beauteous* Hebe—According to the poets ſhe was daughter of *Juno* without a father.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 201, *Ov. Met.* 9.
Verſe 203, Id. ib.

" Ne'er ſhould they conquer, ne'er compleat their fame,
" Till to the ſiege *Alcides'* arrows came.
" Your father then, whoſe enterprizing heart
" Excell'd all others in deſigning art;
" Convinc'd that I thoſe arms victorious held,
" Engag'd to bring me with them to the field.
" Long time had paſt ſince *Hercules* appear'd,
" No new exploit of his had late been heard:
" Monſters, and thieves, who now forgot their fears,
" Uncheck'd renew'd their rapines, and their wars.
" The *Greeks* in doubt the fruitleſs ſearch gave o'er,
" And ſome averr'd that hero was no more:
" While ſome affirm'd beneath the frozen Bear,
" He wag'd with *Scythia* an offenſive war.
" *Ulyſſes* dead believ'd: propos'd to ſooth,
" And win me over to declare the truth.
" My ſecret haunts he found; where ſunk with grief
" For Great *Alcides*, I refus'd relief.
" Nor eaſy was the taſk acceſs to gain:
" For now all mortals I beheld with pain,
" And none from *Oeta*'s deſarts could remove
" For there expir'd the object of my love.
" I fill'd each place with tears, with ſighs the wind;
" My ſole delight t'imprint him on my mind.
" But lo! your ſire, on whoſe enchanting tongue,
" Mellifluous dews, and ſoft perſuaſion hung;
" Soon o'er my heart inſenſibly prevail'd,
" And with reſiſtleſs eloquence aſſail'd.
" In concert wept to forward his deſign,
" And ſeem'd to mingle his concern with mine.

" My

" My ſoul in ſoft compaſſion melted down
" For thoſe who threaten'd *Troy*'s devoted town:
" Whoſe quarrel juſt, whoſe cauſe was good, he ſaid:
" But ne'er could proſper till I gave my aid.
" Yet conſcious of my oath, with caution great
" I ſtrove to hide the Great *Alcides*' fate.
" Sure of his death, he ſhew'd 'twere vain t' oppoſe,
" And preſs'd me hard his aſhes to diſcloſe.
" Alas! I fear'd by perj'ry to reveal
" What heav'n was witneſs I ne'er ought to tell:
" But to elude that oath I durſt not break,
" Had ſtraight recourſe to this contrivance weak:
" I ſtamp'd my foot upon that hallow'd clay
" Where the dear reliques of my hero lay.
" Th' avenging Gods my breach of faith ſurvey'd,
" And ſoon a dire example was I made.
" Hence to the camp I paſt: each great Ally
" Receiv'd me there with extacy of joy,
" All honours gave; all gratitude declare
" As though *Alcides* had himſelf been there.
" At *Lemnos*' iſle, to win the *Grecians*' hearts,
" I needs muſt prove the virtue of my darts:
" And aiming at a buck which croſs'd the wood,
" Whoſe bounding ſteps too eager I purſu'd;
" Dropp'd on my foot, and, oh! too quickly found
" The killing dart had pinn'd me to the ground.
" Full ſoon the dreadful conſequence I view,
" And all the torture of *Alcides* knew.
" Whole days, and nights, my groans that iſland fill'd;
" The black corrupted gore my wound diſtill'd,
" Bred

“ Bred ſuch contagion in th' infected air,
“ As now the *Grecians* could no longer bear.
“ It ſuffocation threaten'd to them all:
“ Before its ſtench the ſtouteſt warriors fall.
“ The troops aghaſt, Heav'n's awful judgements own;
“ For plagues like theſe proceed from Heav'n alone.
“ Your ſire, though firſt to bring me to the fight,
“ Was firſt to leave me, by a ſhameful flight.
“ Some ſmall excuſe he afterward aſſign'd,
“ That public ſpirit had engroſs'd his mind:
“ When *Greece* was call'd to triumph o'er her foes,
“ No private ties, he thought ſhould interpoſe.
“ The tainted camp no more could room afford
“ Where victims ſhould be ſlain, or heav'n ador'd;
“ For ſuch my cries, ſo dreadful was the ſound,
“ So great the peſt, the terror of my wound.
“ But when to him the *Grecians* gave their ear,
“ And left me thus abandon'd to deſpair,
“ I thought a treachery ſo black, ſo baſe,
“ Reflected ſcandal on all human race.
“ Fool that I was, and blind! nor underſtood
“ How juſt it ſeem'd that all the wiſe, and good,
“ Should join'd th' incenſed Gods, t' oppoſe a man,
“ With whom both oaths, and promiſes, were vain!
“ Here liv'd I helpleſs, ſtrange to ev'ry joy,
“ Till near the grand cataſtrophe of *Troy.*
“ Conſign'd to pain, and in a deſart iſle,
“ Where nature's fruits are never known to ſmile.

IMITATION.

Verſe 297, *Sophocl. Philoctet.*

" Where nought is ſeen but rocks which *Ocean* laves,
" No ſound is heard, but of the daſhing waves.
" Amidſt this ſolitude a cave I ſpied,
" Within a craggy rock's capacious ſide,
" Where two tremendous pikes aſpiring riſe
" Like two fair turrets reaching to the ſkies:
" And from its moſſy foot a limpid ſtream,
" With pureſt rills, its only comfort, came:
" This cave, of ſavage beaſt the dire retreat,
" Expos'd me hourly ſome ſtrange death to meet.
" Some leaves, on which to reſt my limbs, I gain'd:
" A wooden cup of faſhion rude retain'd;
" And ſome few tatter'd robes collected round,
" To ſtaunch the blood; and clean my loathſome wound.
" Deſerted here by heav'n, and earth, I liv'd;
" And with my darts the tedious hours deceiv'd:
" Transfixing doves, frequenters of the rock,
" The foe declar'd of all the feather'd flock.
" Theſe my ſupport: when any chanc'd to fall,
" All prone on earth was I conſtrain'd to crawl:
" Diſtract with pain the wretched prey purſu'd,
" And thus my hands ſtill miniſter'd my food.
  " The *Greeks* indeed ſome ſtores had left behind,
" Which ſeem'd for no continuance deſign'd.
" Fire had I none; but what, with labour great,
" By cloſe attrition of two flints I get.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 317, *Sophocl. Philoctet.*
Verſe 319, Id. ib.
Verſe 325, Id. ib.
Verſe 334, Id. ib.

“ All wild and barb'rous as this ſtate appear'd,
“ Yet while no impious men I ſaw, or heard;
“ Still could I live in peace, and ſtill be bleſt,
“ But thoſe tormenting pains had murder'd reſt:
“ And thus to cruel recollection brought,
“ My ſore diſtreſs ſtill dwelt upon my thought.
“ What! far from home, ſaid I, to drag a friend,
“ And him who could alone their fame extend;
“ Then leave him in his ſleep, with horrid guile,
“ In want, and begg'ry, on a deſart iſle!
“ For I in truth was lock'd in ſlumber ſweet
“ When they in ſilence haſten'd their retreat.
“ O judge of my ſurpriſe, conceive my tears,
“ When to my waking eyes their fleet appears
“ At diſtance great, and traverſing the main:
“ O think how juſtly I might then complain.
“ Alas! where'er I caſt my troubled ſight
“ Dire was the ſcene, and ſtranger to delight.
“ No port, no buſy merchandiſe was here;
“ No ſhip by choice would ever venture near:
“ And not a mariner approach'd the ſhore,
“ But driv'n by wrecks, when winds tempeſtuous roar.
“ Ev'n theſe on board would never dare receive,
“ But ſtill deſpairing on the coaſt would leave:
“ Leſt they reſentment of the *Greeks* ſhould feel,
“ Or anger heav'n by their officious zeal.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 337, *Sophocl. Philoctet.*
Verſe 347, Id. ib.
Verſe 357, Id. ib.

" Ten tedious years in ſad diſtreſs I griev'd,
" And thus in want of all convenience liv'd:
" Cheriſh'd a wound which on my vitals fed,
" While every hope of my deliv'rance fled.
  " One day returning, with accuſtom'd pain,
" From ſeeking plants medicinal to gain,
" A beauteous youth I ſpied within my cave,
" Of mien majeſtic; and of aſpect brave.
" *Achilles'* ſelf, methought, I ſeem'd to ſee,
" So much their gait, their features all agree.
" Yet in their age ſome difference I found,
" For here all ſweets of blooming youth abound:
" But on his face thus fair, majeſtic, bold,
" Confuſion join'd with pity I behold.
" He ſeem'd affected greatly at the view,
" While grov'ling thus on earth my load I drew.
" Thoſe piercing cries, with which I rent the pole,
" Unman'd him quite; and ſoften'd all his ſoul.
  " O ſtranger! I exclaim'd, the cauſe declare;
" What dire misfortunes can have brought you here?
" What ſore diſaſter caſt you on this iſle,
" This barren, waſte, inhoſpitable ſoil?
" That dreſs indeed your country ſhould beſpeak,
" Still muſt I love the very name of *Greek*.
" O let me hear once more that fav'rite tongue
" I learn'd in youth; but have diſus'd ſo long.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 365, *Accius in frag. deperd. Philoct.*
Verſe 370, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*
Verſe 383, Id. ib.

" Fear

“ Fear not a man to theſe diſtreſſes brought:
“ My ſtate to pity ſhould excite your thought.
“ Scarce had he told me he deriv'd from *Greece*,
“ O Gods! I cried, what pleaſing ſounds are theſe!
“ How grateful are they to the raviſh'd ears
“ Of one thus helpleſs for ſo many years!
“ My child, what wrecks, what tempeſts here have driv'n,
“ Or rather, what propitious gales from heav'n?
“ Which you the glorious miniſter hath choſe
“ To end my ſuff'rings, and relieve my woes.
“ He anſwer'd mild---From *Scyros* do I come,
“ *Ægean* iſle, am there returning home.
“ My birth, 'tis ſaid, I from *Achilles* drew;
“ That truth, perhaps, is better known to you.
“ Reply ſo ſhort ill ſatisfied my mind,
“ I wanted more; and eagerly rejoin'd.
“ O Son of him whoſe mem'ry I revere,
“ Entruſted young to *Lycomedes*' care,
“ Say, I adjure you, by that honour'd name,
“ What hither hath convey'd, and whence nou came?

NOTE.

Verſe 401, *From* Scyros—The Goddeſs *Tethys*, being told by the Oracle that her ſon *Achilles* would be ſlain if he went to the *Trojan* war, ſent him privately, in the diſguiſe of women's apparel, to *Lycomedes* King of *Scyros*; an iſland in the *Ægean* Sea, and one of the *Cyclades*. Here he debauched *Deianira* one of the King's daughters, by whom he had this *Pyrrhus*, afterwards King of *Epirus*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 403, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*

" From *Phrygia* laſt, ſaid he, where hated *Troy*
" Th' united force of *Grecians* doth employ.
" From *Troy*? too young, too tender ſure that frame,
" T' attend the *Greeks* when firſt to *Troy* they came.
" Of this, ſaid he, you diffident appear,
" But wherefore? arm'd you in that glorious war?
" Alas! I anſwer'd, little do you know
" The name of *Philoctetes*, or his woe.
" Wretch that I am! my foes inſult my pains:
" While *Greece* of this no information gains.
" Thoſe ills increaſe I to th' *Atrides* owe;
" May heav'n on them fit recompence beſtow!
" In order then recounted I my tale,
" How in my ſleep the *Greeks* had hois'd their ſail.
" Patient he heard till my complaints were done,
" And thus began the ſeries of his own.
" When great *Achilles*, *Troy*'s moſt dreaded foe,
" At length deſcended to the ſhades below;---
" *Achilles* dead? I interrupting cried,
" Forgive th' affliction which I cannot hide:
" Permit me, gen'rous youth, permit me here
" To drop one pious tributary tear.
" Alas! ſaid he, 'tis comfort which you bring,
" Tho' ſorrow thence to *Philoctetes* ſpring.
" When death, I ſay, had crown'd *Achilles*' fame;
" To me *Ulyſſes*, join'd with *Phœnix* came.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 411, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*
Verſe 422, Id. ib.
Verſe 427, Id. ib.
Verſe 436, Id. ib.

“ And ſtraight aſſur'd me I muſt lend them aid;
“ Or elſe no conqueſt could of *Troy* be made.
“ Small eloquence ſuffic'd conſent to gain,
“ I burn'd with anger for a father ſlain;
“ Was all impatient for that glorious ſtrife,
“ Panting for fame, and prodigal of life.
“ I ſoon arriv'd: when in th' imbattled field
“ Each ſwore in me *Achilles* he beheld.
“ But oh! that hero was defunct, and gone:
“ In me they ſaw his unexperienc'd ſon.
“ My youth was fir'd with honours which they gave,
“ And thought whate'er it could demand to have:
“ I begg'd the weapons of the ſire I mourn'd,
“ To which the Kings this anſwer high return'd:
“ Whate'er beſides *Achilles* might poſſeſs,
“ We grant is yours: *Ulyſſes* muſt have theſe.
  “ Enrag'd at this, I from their preſence fled,
“ In ſecret griev'd, and tears abundant ſhed.
“ *Ulyſſes* ſaw what trouble had poſſeſt,
“ But coolly ſmil'd; and briefly thus addreſt:
“ Fond youth, as yet no part have you, or ſhare
“ In all the perils of this tedious war.
“ Your courage ſeems too boiſt'rous to be brave,
“ Ne'er did you earn theſe arms; ſhall ne'er receive.
“ Thus robb'd, with juſt reſentment do I burn:
“ And now to *Scyros* meditate return.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 443, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*
Verſe 450, Id. ib.
Verſe 457, Id. ib.

" Yet leſs of anger tow'rd *Ulyſſes* ſprings,
" Than to thoſe haughty and imperious Kings.
" May all their foes conſpire to blaſt their fame!
" May heav'n too join them, to compleat their ſhame!
" He ended here. When I the cauſe demand,
" Why *Ajax* fail'd th' injuſtice to withſtand?
" *Ajax*, ſaid he, no longer had the pow'r;
" For *Telamonian Ajax* is no more.
" No more? I cried; and yet *Ulyſſes* lives,
" In height of affluence, and glory, thrives.
" I next of brave *Antilochus* enquir'd,
" Grave *Neſtor*'s ſon, whoſe prudence all admir'd:
" And of *Patroclus* Great *Achilles*' friend;
" All, all, return'd he, to their graves deſcend.
" What all extinct, I cried, is't thus you ſay?
" Thus doth *Bellona* on the virtuous prey:
" But ſtill the baſe, the worthleſs doth ſhe ſpare,
" *Ulyſſes* ſtill can draw this vital air.
" *Therſites* too; yet ſtill do we adore
" The partial Gods, and celebrate their pow'r.
" While thus enrag'd againſt your ſire I ſpake,
" The fraud of *Pyrrhus* further'd my miſtake.
" With mournful accent now Adieu! he cried,
" Far from the *Greeks* henceforth will I reſide:
" More pleas'd to dwell in *Scyros*' ſavage land,
" Than where the wicked muſt the good command.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 471, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*
Verſe 481, Id. ib.
Verſe 482, *Pacuv. in fr.*
Verſe 486, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*

" Farewel!

" Farewel; my deſtin'd courſe muſt I purſue;
" May heav'n with ſmiles propitious look on you!
" By all that's dear, by all you value moſt;
" The womb that bare you, and your father's ghoſt;
" I charge, abjure, ſaid I, you'll ſet me free
" From all the wants and miſeries you ſee.
" Well I foreſee the trouble you may find,
" But here to leave, were brutiſhly unkind.
" To prow, to ſtern, permit me to be roll'd,
" Where leaſt I may offend; or ev'n the hold.
" Great ſouls alone the glory can perceive
" Of virtuous actions, and the bliſs they give.
" Oh! leave me not in this deſerted land,
" Where not a ſtep of man imprints the ſand.
" With you to *Scyros*, or *Eubœa*, bear:
" From whence *Trachinia*, *Oeta*, is not far;
" And fair *Theſſalian* plains whoſe beauties ſeem
" Perpetual, waſh'd by *Sperchius'* ſilver ſtream.

NOTE.

Verſe 503, *With you to* Scyros, *or* Eubœa—The iſland of *Eubœa*, now *Negroponte*, was formerly joined, as *Pliny* tells us, by an iſthmus to *Bœotia:* as it is now, by a bridge, over the narroweſt part of the *Euripus*. The *Euripus* is extremely famous in hiſtory for the regularity of its motions: having been obſerved to ebb and flow fourteen times, in the ſpace of a natural day. We are told that *Ariſtotle* died with grief, becauſe he could not account for the cauſe of it.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 492, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*
Verſe 497, Id. ib.
Verſe 503, Id. ib.

" Oh!

"Oh! bear me, bear me to mine aged ſire,
"Alas! perhaps he likewiſe may expire!
"For long ago, by letters, did I pray
"Some bark he'd ſend to waft me far away.
"Or he, poor man, is mingled with the duſt;
"Or thoſe my meſſengers betray'd their truſt.
"Ah, generous youth, on you muſt I depend:
"Oh! think how frail is life, and prove a friend;
"Ev'n thoſe whom fortune crowns with all ſucceſs,
"Should fear t' abuſe it, and ſhould aid diſtreſs.
"To *Pyrrhus* thus unburthen'd I my grief,
"And he as frankly promis'd me relief.
"Thrice happy day! I cried, *Achilles'* heir
"Doth now well worthy of his fame appear.
"Ye dear companions of my future way,
"Permit one laſt adieu, no more I'll ſtay.
"See! where I liv'd, my hopeleſs ſtate conceive:
"No other mortal could ſo long ſurvive.
"But ſad Neceſſity a leſſon gave,
"She gives us knowledge we ne'er elſe ſhould have:
"And thoſe who ne'er acquainted were with woe,
"But ill themſelves, or fellow mortals know.
"Thus having ſaid; in haſte my bow I took,
"And in my hand thoſe deadly arrows ſhook.

NOTE.

Verſe 507, *To mine aged ſire—Philoctetes* was the ſon of *Pæan.*

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 507, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*
Verſe 515, Id. ib.

"In

" In humble guiſe, and with ſubmiſſive charms,
" *Pyrrhus* requeſted to ſalute thoſe arms:
" Which through the world were now ſo famous grown,
" Sacred to Vict'ry, and *Alcmena*'s Son.
" Whate'er is mine, ſaid I, may you command;
" 'Tis you reſtore me to my native land,
" To life, to comfort, to my deareſt friends;
" My father chief who prone to earth deſcends.
" At pleaſure wield them, and an honour boaſt
" None elſe e'er knew of all the *Grecian* hoſt.
" He bow'd obſequious, to my cave retir'd,
" There gaz'd with rapture; and thoſe arms admir'd.
" Meanwhile my tortures had return'd again,
" I grew delirious; and diſtract with pain.
" For ſharpeſt ſwords inceſſantly I cried
" Which from my body might this foot divide.
" O Death! ſo oft invited as a friend,
" Why com'ſt thou not my wretched days to end?
" O *Pyrrhus*, *Pyrrhus*, reach the flaming brand,
" Apply it quickly with a friendly hand,
" As I to *Hercules*, great ſon of *Jove*,
" Whoſe limbs I burn'd to manifeſt my love.
" Receive me, earth, receive a dying man
" Who finds all help, and all aſſiſtance vain.
" While thus tranſported by my pain I weep
" I ſoon, as uſual, was ſurpris'd by ſleep.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 532, *Sophocl in Philoctet.*
Verſe 545, Id. ib.
Verſe 553, Id. ib.

" By

" By ſweat profuſe ſome little comfort found,
" Black fetid blood diſtilling from my wound.
" Thus lock'd in ſlumbers, eaſy was the taſk
" To ſteal thoſe arrows, and no leave to aſk:
" But he, true offspring of *Achilles* ſeen,
" Diſdain'd an act ſo treach'rous, and ſo mean.
" I wak'd, and ſaw diſorder in his face:
" He ſigh'd, as one who ſcorn'd pretenſions baſe;
" Whoſe gen'rous ſoul could never ſtoop to art,
" Or ſpeak a language foreign from his heart.
" And would you then ſurpriſe me, Sir? I cried:
" What means that brow? what cares your ſoul divide?
" The cares, return'd he, which my thoughts employ,
" Are theſe; this hour muſt you embark for *Troy*.
" Ye Gods! what hear I? Am I thus betray'd:
" Reſtore my arms---no more my peace invade.
" To this he nought reply'd, but calmly gaz'd,
" As though mine anger no concern had rais'd.
" Hear me, exclaim'd I, hear ye ſhores around,
" Ye ſavage monſters, and ye rocks profound!
" To you I call, acquainted with my woe,
" None elſe will heed me, or compaſſion ſhew.
" Can great *Achilles'* heir a traitor prove,
" And ſteal the weapons of the ſon of *Jove?*
" Can he betray, and thus inſult my pain?
" Seek praiſe from hence among the *Greeks* to gain?

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 572, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*
Verſe 575, Id. ib.

" Alas!

" Alas! he triumphs o'er a breathleſs trunk,
" An empty ſhade, by ſore misfortune ſunk.
" O! had he thus aſſail'd when blood ran high!
" But now he conquers by his treachery.
" Where ſhall I turn?---Reſtore, reſtore thoſe darts,
" Be like your father, and diſdain theſe arts.
" Be like yourſelf--- What anſwer will you give?
" Alas! he ſpeaks not. Wherefore ſhould I live?
" To you, thou ſavage rock, will I appeal,
" Abandon'd, naked, who no joys can feel.
" Within this cave, in want of all, I die;
" Henceforth no more th' affrighted beaſts ſhall fly;
" No more that bow ſhall fill them with diſmay,
" I fall, no matter when, an eaſy prey.
" And yet, my ſon, you ſeem not ill inclin'd;
" What odious counſel thus perverts your mind?
" O! then relent, bid all theſe troubles ceaſe,
" Return thoſe arrows, and depart in peace.
" At this I found him melt into a tear,
" Tho' low his voice, theſe words diſtinct I hear:
" Would Heav'n I ne'er from *Scyros* had been ta'en,
" Thus to afflict, and aggravate his pain!
" Meanwhile, O Gods, exclaim'd I, in affright,
" Is that *Ulyſſes* who preſents to fight?
" The ſame, he cried; and ah! too well I know
" That hated voice whence all my mis'ries flow.
" Had *Pluto*'s realm before my view been ſpread,
" With all the torments of th' unhappy dead;

IMITATION.

Verſe 603, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*

" Should

" Should black *Cocytus* all his flames unfold,
" Which ev'ry God muſt tremble to behold,
" So great a dread my fancy could not ſeize,
" And all his terrors had been ſmall to theſe.
" O *Lemnos!* ſaid I, and thou God of Day
" Who ſearcheſt all things with thy piercing ray,
" Can you thus proſtitute your pow'r Divine?
" Perceive, and ſuffer ſuch a grief as mine?
" Calmly *Ulyſſes* urg'd:---'twas *Jove*'s decree,
" Himſelf the humble inſtrument muſt be.
" Dar'ſt thou profane, ſaid I, that glorious Name?
" Seeſt thou this youth yet innocent of ſhame;
" Whoſe gen'rous ſoul diſdains to be a ſlave,
" And ſinks beneath that impious taſk you gave?
" 'Tis falſe, he cried: none ſuch I gave in charge,
" Our only aim your freedom is t' enlarge,
" For your deliv'rance, and your cure we came;
" And by the fall of *Troy* t' advance your fame.
" 'Tis *Philoctetes* 'ſelf his foe that proves,
" And not *Ulyſſes*, who eſteems and loves.
" With this a torrent pour'd I on your ſire
" Of all that rage and fury could inſpire.
" Since on this ſhore you deſtitute could leave,
" Why would you rob me of a peaceful grave?
" Go, ſearch renown amid th' impurpled field,
" And all the ſofts delights which life can yield:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 609, *Apul. Met.* 1.
Verſe 615, *Soph.* ibid.

" Unenvied

“ Unenvied crouch th' *Atrides* love to gain,
“ But leave to me my poverty and pain.
“ Wherefore now aim to drag me from the ſhade,
“ A lifeleſs lump, a wretch already dead?
“ How think you now more uſeful I can prove,
“ Than when you judg'd it perilous to move;
“ For that my cries and my infectious wound
“ Would taint your victims, and pollute the ground?
“ O curſed ſource of ills not ſoon forgot,
“ May Heav'n with plagues--Alas! Heav'n hears me not!
“ Deaf is it's ear, averted is it's pow'r,
“ And ſends this foe to perſecute me more.
“ Adieu! dear country which I ne'er muſt ſee,
“ Be ne'er from mis'ry, and misfortune free:
“ Yet, Righteous Gods, if one among you live
“ So juſt, ſo good, he can my wrongs perceive,---
“ Chaſtiſe *Ulyſſes*---Be his fate decreed;
“ I then will own me cur'd and bleſs'd indeed.
“ As thus I rav'd, your father calmly heard,
“ And great compaſſion in his looks appear'd;
“ Like one whoſe virtue could with eaſe excuſe
“ A wretch, provok'd by ſuff'rings to abuſe.
“ As when a ſtedfaſt rock, exalted high,
“ Braves all the fury of th' inclement ſky,
“ And ſtands unmov'd amidſt the bluſt'ring rage,
“ When all the jarrings elements engage;
“ So firm, ſo ſilent did your Sire attend,
“ Till all this tumult of my grief ſhould end.
“ Well knew he, when a ſtorm the paſſions blew,
“ How vain the taſk men's reaſon to ſubdue;

" So wav'd th' attack, and cooler thoughts inſpir'd,
" When half fatigu'd thoſe paſſions had retir'd.
" O *Philoctetes*, *Pæan*'s valiant ſon,
" Say, where, he cried, is all your prudence flown?
" Or where that courage we ſo much admir'd;
" Behold this moment is it all requir'd.
" If you refuſe, and ſtill averſe ſhall prove
" T' obey the mandate of Almighty *Jove*;
" Unworthy are you valiant *Greece* to aid,
" Or the dire ſcourge of *Ilium* to be made.
" Stay you inglorious here, while I purſue
" With theſe ſame arms the fame ſhould wait on you.
" *Pyrrhus*, away! ill ſuits this idle prate
" With public weal, and ſafety of the State.
" Rous'd like a lioneſs, at this I rav'd,
" (When of her tawny young at firſt bereav'd,
" She furious flies the ſpoiler to explore;
" And the wide foreſt trembles at her roar.)
" O cave! I cried, receive me in your womb!
" Be you my comfort! and be you my tomb!
" No more we part; no food can now remain,
" No hopes are left of reſpite from my pain.
" Oh! for a friend that would his aid afford,
" And to my wiſhes bring the pointed ſword!
" Or would yon vultures all my vital tear!
" Alas! no further cauſe have they to fear.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 690, *Sophocl. in Electra.*
Verſe 591, *Soph. in Philoctet.*

" Dear, precious bow! made ſacred by the hand
" Of *Jove*'s immortal ſon, from whom I gain'd!
" O *Hercules!* if ought of earth remain
" Within thy thought, how now canſt thou refrain?
" That bow no more adorns thy faithful friend,
" But vile *Ulyſſes*' glory muſt extend.
" Come ev'ry bird then of rapacious kind,
" Come ev'ry ſavage beaſt to blood inclin'd;
" This cave no more ſhall terrify your hearts,
" Theſe hands no longer ſhall be arm'd with darts:
" Wretch that I am! No more your foe I'll be,
" Come then in turn; your vengeance reek on me:
" Or may the thunder of relentleſs *Jove*,
" With ruin ſwift purſue me from above!
" *Ulyſſes* now all means had tried, and arts,
" So judg'd it proper to reſtore my darts.
" To *Pyrrhus* then the ſignal did he give,
" And in that inſtant I my arms receive.
" Dear Son of Great *Achilles*, I exclaim,
" Well do you ſhew the ſtock from whence you came.
" But let me puniſh my invet'rate foe,
" And ſend him breathleſs to the ſhades below.
" Forth from the quiver then I drew a dart,
" And aim'd directly at your father's heart;
" But *Pyrrhus* ſtay'd: 'tis rage, ſaid he, alone
" Inſpires an act, which you muſt bluſh to own.

IMITATION.

Verſe 705, *Cic. Tuſc.* 2, *ex Philoct. Soph.*

" *Ulyſſes* fearleſs in this ſtraight appear'd,
" Calm, as before, he my reproofs had heard.
" His patient valour touch'd me to the ſoul,
" With ſecret ſhame I view'd that tranſport foul,
" Which thus on him thoſe arrows would have pour'd;
" That he ſo late, in pity, had reſtor'd.
" But as reſentment could not get ſubſide,
" This very obligation hurt my pride.
" Know now, ſaid *Pyrrhus*, that by Heav'n's command
" Hath *Priam*'s ſon futurity explain'd.
" For this did *Helenus* his *Ilium* leave,
" This information to the *Grecians* give:
" Alas! poor *Troy*, ſaid he, ſhall ſurely fall:
" But firſt, that hero muſt approach her wall
" To whom *Alcides*' arrows are devolv'd;
" 'Tis thus in Council of the Gods reſolv'd.
" There *Æſculapius*' ſons his wound ſhall cure,
" Till then, his torture muſt he ſtill endure.

" Then

NOTE.

Verſe 735, *There* Æſculapius' *ſons*—*Æſculapius* was the ſon of *Apollo*, and God of Phyſic; which he is ſaid to have practiſed at *Pergamus*. His chief Temple was at *Epidaurus*, in the kingdom of *Argos*, to which there was great reſort from all parts of *Europe*, and *Aſia*, for the cure of all diſtempers. He had another very magnificent one at *Cos*, enriched with preſents and offerings of great value: being looked upon by the people of that iſland as the tutelary God of their country. The *Romans* brought him from *Epidaurus* in the ſhape of a great ſerpent in order to cure a plague which then raged among them. He took up his habitation in a ſmall iſland in the midſt of the *Tiber*, where they erected a temple to him. He was a native of *Meſſene*, a city of *Peloponeſſus*, and ſtudied under the famous *Chiron*, who taught him Phyſic, and Surgery. *Æſculapius* had

two

" Then firſt my ſoul to fluctuate begun,
" I felt the virtue of *Achilles'* ſon:
" Obſerv'd his plain ſincerity of thought
" Who back thus freely had my weapons brought.
" Yet to *Ulyſſes* I diſdain'd to yield,
" Falſe rules of honour in ſuſpenſion held.
" How will the world my condemnation ſign,
" Should I *Ulyſſes* and th' *Atrides* join?
" Thus doubting; to my ſight, and raviſh'd ears,
" A voice divine, a prodigy appears.
" Amidſt a cloud with rays encircled round
" Aloft in air I Great *Alcides* found;
" His brawny limbs conſpicuous to my view,
" His plain addreſs, and manly features knew.
" His looks majeſtic now, more glorious ſhone
" Than when on earth thoſe victories he won.
" Courage! he ſaid, and baniſh ev'ry fear:
" The Great *Alcides* you both ſee, and hear.
" For this I quit the radiant realms above
" To give you notice of the will of *Jove*.
" You know the toils, the perils I endur'd,
" By which a crown immortal I procur'd:

NOTE.

two ſons *Podalirius* and *Machaon*, both celebrated Phyſicians. At the requeſt of *Diana* he is ſaid to have reſtored *Hippolytus* to life, after he was torn to pieces by his horſes.

IMITATION.

Verſe 746, *Soph. Philoct.*

" The felf-fame race of glory muft you run:
" Away, depart with Great *Achilles'* fon.
" Soon fhall you find a cure; fhall *Paris* kill;
" My darts fhall crufh that fource of fo much ill.
" When captive *Ilium* fhall in heaps be laid;
" The faireft fpoils to *Oeta* be convey'd:
" To honour'd *Pæan* be they ftraight confign'd,
" For ftill he lives; though broken and declin'd.
" With thefe a trophy fhall that hero raife
" High o'er my tomb my conqu'ring arms to praife.
" And you, O *Pyrrhus*, hearken, and attend:
" Be ftrong, be brave; and *Philoctetes'* friend:
" Without him, no fuccefs to you can flow,
" No fame fhall he, without his *Pyrrhus*, know.
" United thus, together hafte away
" Like hungry lions when in queft of prey:
" While I to *Troy* fhall *Æfculapius* fend
" That *Philoctetes'* fuff'rings may have end.
" 'Bove all, my *Greeks*, Religion may you love!
" All elfe will perifh---that eternal prove.
" O happy Day, I cried, O heav'nly Light!
" Thus after darknefs offer'd to my fight!
" I go, your great commands will I purfue;
" Permit me yet to bid one laft adieu!
" Farewel, dear Cave, and thou etherial Maid,
" The Guardian Goddefs of this humid mead!
" Farewel, tremendous Beach, where I no more
" Shall hear thefe billows lafh the founding fhore;
" Where I fo long have been condemn'd to figh,
" Expos'd to inj'ries of th' inclement fky!

" Adieu

" Adieu ye Capes, ye Promontories all,
" Where Echo liſten'd to my mournful call:
" Ye chryſtal limpid Streams, and Fountains fair,
" (Who yet for me could bitter draughts prepare)
" *Lemnos* farewel! O proſp'rous let me go!
" Since friends ordain, and heav'n will have it ſo.
" That inſtant we embark'd and ſail'd with joy,
" And ſoon arriv'd we at the ſiege of *Troy*.
" Where *Podalirius*, and *Machaon*, join
" Their father's ſcience, and his ſkill divine;
" To ſtop my raging pains, my ulcer heal,
" As now you ſee; that I no more ſhould feel.
" My priſtine ſtrength and vigour quickly came,
" Yet ſtill I halt, you ſee, and ſtill am lame.
" Pierc'd by this hand the impious *Paris* found
" A ruin ſwift; and gaſping bit the ground:
" As when a tim'rous fawn by hunters preſt,
" The galling arrow feels within his breaſt.
" Soon tumbling from her height great *Ilium* fell;
" What after follow'd, needleſs 'twere to tell.
" Still of its rage my ſoul was never cur'd,
" Stung by thoſe ills, which I ſo long endur'd.
" *Ulyſſes*, valiant as he was, and wiſe,
" Could ne'er efface the memory of this.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 797, *Prop.* lib. 2, El. 1.
Verſe 807, *Virg.* *Æn.* 3.

" But when his likeneſs in his ſon I view'd,
" So meek, ſo mild, ſo virtuous, and ſo good;
" Such worth uncommon I muſt needs admire,
" And feel affection riſing for the ſire."

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XVI.

BOOK XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *is engaged in a dispute with* Phalantus, *in regard to some Prisoners to which both of them lay claim: he fights, and conquers* Hippias, *who despising his youth, had proudly seized these Prisoners for his brother* Phalantus: *but little pleased with his Victory he in secret bewails his error and his rashness, which he is very desirous if possible to repair. In the mean time* Adrastus, *King of the* Daunians, *being informed the Confederate Princes are wholly employed in making up the quarrel between* Telemachus *and* Hippias, *marches to attack them unawares. Having taken by surprise an hundred Vessels of their Fleet, in order to convey his Troops into their Camp, he first sets that Camp on fire, begins the Assault upon the quarters of* Phalantus; *slays* Hippias *his brother, and* Phalantus *himself is desperately wounded.*

STRUCK with the strange adventures he had heard,
Ulysses' Son as motionless appear'd.
His eyes were fix'd upon the wondrous man,
Recounting thus the series of his pain.
The different passions *Hercules* had shown,
Or *Philoctetes*, or *Achilles'* son:

His father's too were pictur'd in his eyes,
As all the various images arise.
Full oft the current of this tale divine
He interrupted; yet without design:
Oft pensive seem'd, as one whose studious thought
Remotest consequence of all had sought.
When *Pyrrhus'* portrait *Philoctetes* drew,
As *Pyrrhus'* self he stood confest to view.
The same their manners, and the same their hearts;
Both scorn'd alike all base dissembling arts.
 In comely order now advanc'd th' Allies
Adrastus, *Daunian* Monarch, to chastise.
Who hurl'd defiance tow'rd the vault of heav'n,
And all his mind to treachery had giv'n.
Telemachus had need of all his sense,
To act discreetly; and without offence:
Where ev'ry Chief was jealous of his friend,
Where all aspir'd to rule; and none would bend.
His part was, under no dislike to fall,
But gain th' esteem, and friendship, of them all.
His nature was sincere, and just, and good;
But pleasing methods rarely he pursu'd:
No love for riches had engross'd his heart,
Yet what he had, he chose not to impart.
Thus with a soul so noble, and so high,
He seem'd not form'd for amity, or joy,
Too selfish, and too close; without regard
To friends that serv'd, or those he should reward:

IMITATION.

Verse 18, *Virg. Æn.* 7.

Rashly

Raſhly his humour would purſue alone,
Penelope herſelf thoſe ſeeds had ſown:
Who, ſpight of *Mentor*, bred him up in pride
Sufficient all his excellence to hide.
He look'd on others with a ſecret ſcorn,
Fram'd for his will, and for his pleaſure born:
With admiration would himſelf behold,
As Heav'n had form'd him of a diff'rent mould,
With grace divine their rev'rence to attract;
And, as he gave command, to think, and act.
'Twas honour great that he employment gave:
No further profit muſt they hope to have.
Nought for his ſervice muſt too hard appear,
No croſs event his haughty ſoul could bear.
  Whoe'er had ſeen him in his nat'ral ſtate,
Would think he all things but himſelf muſt hate:
That all his views were to ſupport his throne,
And all were centred in himſelf alone.
Yet this moroſe unſociable pride,
This ſtrange indifference to all beſide;
Flow'd from thoſe paſſions which a bridle need,
From mere ungovern'd appetite proceed.
Ev'n, from his cradle, had he thus been taught,
The Queen with flatt'ry poiſon'd all his thought:
And now a dreadful monument he ſtood
Of ills, attendant upon Royal blood.
In early youth, though fortune ſo had frown'd,
Still haughty, fierce, intractable ſhe found:
Expos'd to want, abandon'd to deſpair,
He ſtill retain'd that ſame imperious air:

Which

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWAT

Which like the palm triumphant yet would riſe,
And ev'ry effort to depreſs deſpiſe.
While *Mentor* held the rein, compell'd t' obey
Theſe paſſions fled, and hourly felt decay:
As when a fiery ſteed, with rapid bound,
Friſks o'er the mead in ſome extended ground;
Nor cragged rock, nor precipice can ſtay,
But through the torrent will he force his way;
Yet hears his groom, his voice will underſtand,
And calm ſubmit him to that well known hand;
So did *Telemachus* all rule diſdain:
The hand of *Mentor* could alone reſtrain.
One look from him to virtue could engage,
And ſtop the current of his utmoſt rage.
Not *Neptune*'s ſelf when he his trident heaves,
To ſtill the ſtorm, and huſh the troubled waves;
Can more ſucceſsfully exert his ſway,
Or find them more implicitly obey.
  But now alone, remov'd from *Mentor*'s eye,
Again thoſe paſſions ſwell'd, the tide ran high:
As fierceſt floods with inundation ſtray,
The dyke once broke, which ſhould their fury ſtay.
He could not truckle to the *Spartan* pride,
And to *Phalantus* whom he ſaw preſide.
This *Spartan* Colony, a num'rous hoſt,
(Who built *Tarentum* on th' adjacent coaſt:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 69, *Hom. Il.* 6.
Verſe 79, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

Th'

Th' unpoliſh'd offspring of a lawleſs joy,
Begot by ſlaves whoſe lords were then at *Troy)*
Had ſomething ſavage, barb'rous in their mien,
Plain in their looks their origin was ſeen;
Like fierce banditti did they rather live,
Than valiant heroes, who from *Greece* derive.
On all occaſions would *Phalantus* aim
T' oppoſe *Telemachus*, and blaſt his fame:
In full debate his counſel would diſdain,
As of a child without experience, vain.
Would ſet him up a mark for ridicule,
Deſcribe him as a ſoft effem'nate fool:
Point out his foibles; jealouſies inſpire
How much his raſhneſs would their care require.
It chanc'd one day, by fortune of the field,
Some *Daunian* ſoldiers were conſtrain'd to yield:
Phalantus here perſiſted ſtill to wrong,
And urg'd thoſe captives to himſelf belong;
For that he foremoſt of the line had ſtood,
And with his *Spartans* had the foe ſubdu'd.
He own'd; when all was o'er, when danger fled,
'Twas then *Telemachus* his battle led,
An eaſy taſk, he ſaid, their lives to give,
And in the camp the priſoners to receive.
On th' other ſide *Telemachus* maintain'd
Himſelf in perſon had the vict'ry gain'd:
But for his opportune, his timely aid,
Phalantus' ſelf had been a captive made.
Together paſs'd they on, and both agreed,
Before th' Aſſembled Chiefs their cauſe to plead.

Ulyſſes'

Ulysses' fon fo high in choler rofe,
If not prevented, they had come to blows.
Phalantus' brother to affift him came,
A noted warrior, *Hippias* was his name.
Not mighty *Pollux*, as *Tarentines* fay,
At fight with ceftus could more art difplay:
Nor had ev'n *Caftor* fo renown'd in fame,
Superior fkill th' unruly horfe to tame.
Strong were his limbs, gigantic was his fize,
Herculean frame, fhot terror from his eyes.
No pleafing accents dropp'd he from his tongue,
But aw'd with brutifh rage th' imbattled throng.
Awhile at diftance he the fray furvey'd,
Perceiv'd his brother had a fcorn been made;
Then to *Tarentum* with the captives hied,
Nor ftay'd till Chiefs the conteft fhould decide.
Of this *Telemachus* was foon inform'd:
Forth rufh'd th' intrepid youth, he rag'd, he ftorm'd;
As when a foaming boar perceives the fmart,
And feeks the daring author of the dart.
Diftract with ire he travers'd all the plain,
Here haply of his foe fome glimpfe to gain.
He vow'd deftruction, while aloft in air
Bright as a meteor, blaz'd the glitt'ring fpear.
At length defcried him, when redoubled rage
His breaft dilated, eager to engage.

IMITATIONS.

Verfe 125, *Hor.* lib. 1. Ode 12.
Verfe 139, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

No longer he preſerv'd that ſober thought,
Which *Pallas'* ſelf, in form of *Mentor*, taught;
But ſeem'd a frantic madman unconfin'd,
Or *Libyan* lion of the fierceſt kind.
" Stay, *Hippias*, ſtay thou caitiff baſe," he cried:
" In combat fair this cauſe will we decide.
" And ſee if any ſhall ſo hardly live
" That dares *Ulyſſes'* Son of ſpoils deprive.
" What; ſhall theſe captives to *Tarentum* go?
" Deſcend you firſt into the ſhades below."
He ſpake; and in his hand the jav'lin ſhook:
But thus enrag'd ſo little aim he took;
Aſide the weapon glanc'd, impreſt no wound;
At diſtance fell, and guiltleſs ſtruck the ground.
With this the ſabre from his ſide he drew,
Whoſe hilt was beaten gold ſuperb to view,
Laertes' gift; the pledge of dear regard
When he to ſail from *Ithaca* prepar'd.
Much fame that hero had with this acquir'd,
When ſprightly youth with martial ardour fir'd.
Epirot Chiefs whom he in war ſubdu'd
Had felt its weight, and ſtain'd it with their blood:
No ſooner was it drawn, than *Hippias* ſtrove
His nervous arm's ſuperior ſtrength to prove.
Seiz'd on his hand which aim'd a fatal ſtroke
The brittle blade was in the conflict broke.
Lock'd in each other's arms they now appear,
Like ſavage beaſts each other did they tear;
Their eyes ſhot flame, contracted low they bend,
Then in a moment all their limbs extend:

Now

Now up, now down; each fled upon his foe,
While all around the purple torrents flow.
Foot join'd to foot, and hand to hand was ſeen,
So interwoven as they one had been.
But *Hippias* more advanc'd ſo cloſe aſſail'd
The blooming Prince, that all his vigour fail'd:
His breath was gone; his trembling knees below
Declar'd the palm inclining to his foe.
This *Hippias* ſaw; and all his ſtrength renew'd,
Ulyſſes' Son had ſurely been ſubdu'd:
Had felt th' effects of arrogance, and pride,
(Thoſe fatal paſſions which he could not guide)
But that *Minerva* who thus far allow'd,
For his improvement merely and his good,
Determin'd now to end the horrid fray,
And all the glory to her ward convey.
  Still at *Salentum*'s Court the Goddeſs liv'd;
But beauteous *Iris* her commands receiv'd,
Fair Meſſenger of Heav'n, who from th' abodes
Of bleſt *Olympus*, bears the will of Gods.
Swift thro' the marble air ſhe wing'd her flight
Thro' all th' unmeaſur'd ſpace, and realms of light;
While far behind a radiant train ſhe drew,
Ten thouſand colours beautiful to view:

NOTE.

Verſe 194, *But* Iris—The daughter of *Thaumas* and meſſenger of *Juno* particularly, though here likewiſe of *Minerva:* whoſe commands ſhe executed deſcending on the rainbow.

IMITATION.

Verſe 199, *Virg. Æn.* 4, and *Æn.* 5.

Nor

Nor ſtopp'd till ſhe had reach'd *Heſperia*'s coaſt,
And in their tents eſpied th' imbattled hoſt.
At diſtance firſt ſurvey'd the deadly feud,
And high in rage the combatants ſhe view'd:
Then ſhudder'd at the thought where this might end,
And what the dangers which her charge attend.
Wrapt in a painted cloud of vapours bland,
Then ſwift advanc'd, and interpoſ'd her hand;
What time, with force redoubled to defeat,
Hippias ſuppos'd his victory compleat.
The flaming Ægis ſpread ſhe quick as thought,
Minerva's arms, and for this purpoſe brought:
Ulyſſes' ſon perceiv'd his ſtrength return,
Again his martial rage began to burn:
While in proportion that of *Hippias* fail'd,
Strange panics found he o'er his ſoul prevail'd.
On ev'ry quarter with reſiſtleſs fire
The Prince attack'd, nor ſuffer'd to reſpire.
At length with rapid whirl he ſwung him round,
And fell upon him gaſping to the ground.
So the vaſt oak in *Ida*'s ſacred wood,
By ſtrokes unnumber'd of the ax ſubdu'd;
At length to earth with horrid craſh deſcends,
While echo all aghaſt the ſound attends.
The 'cumber'd ſoil with groans the burthen bore,
And univerſal tremour ſhook the ſhore.
  But ſacred Wiſdom now reſum'd her throne,
Amid the boſom of *Ulyſſes*' ſon.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 221, *Virg. Æn.* 5. *Hom. Il.* 13.

Scarce his opponent on the earth was laid,
When calm reflection had begun t' upbraid:
Could he a brother of the Allies subdue,
Whom to assist had been his only view?
In great anxiety he call'd to mind
All *Mentor*'s counsels, and instructions kind:
Much of his own unworthiness complain'd,
And blush'd to see the conquest he had gain'd.
Meanwhile *Phalantus*, by his rage betray'd,
Had ran transported to his brother's aid:
And straight had pierc'd *Telemachus* his heart,
But fear'd that *Hippias* might receive the dart.
For still beneath him on th' ensanguin'd field
The victor youth his adversary held.
With ease could he have slain, the means possest;
But wrath was now subsiding in his breast.
By moderation wisely did he aim
T' attone for faults, and to retrieve his fame.
Then starting up exclaim'd---" Rise, *Hippias*, rise,
" Enough that you no more my youth despise:
" Your life I freely give; and what is more,
" Admire your courage, and amazing pow'r.
" The Gods have sav'd me: shew them rev'rence due,
" Henceforth, the *Daunians* only we'll pursue."
As thus he spake, with dust, and blood, besmear'd,
Abash'd the hero his vast limbs uprear'd:
Amaz'd *Phalantus* fear'd the life to take
Of one, who frankly gave his brother's back.
The great Allies now hurried to the field,
Together there the combatants beheld.

A part *Ulysses'* son in triumph bear,
A part the brothers take into their care.
While *Hippias* eager strove to veil his face
With down cast eyes concealing his disgrace.
All gaz'd with wonder on a stripling young,
Above his years thus active, and thus strong:
O'erpow'ring one of such gigantic mould,
Whose very form was dreadful to behold.
Like those earth-born *Olympus* Hill had known,
Who threaten'd all th' Immortals to dethrone.
  Alas! from hence no pleasure he acquir'd:
While all with wonder view'd him, and admir'd;
Perplex'd, asham'd, he hasten'd to his tent
In private there his folly to lament.
He saw, and he condemn'd that wanton rage,
Which reason aim'd so vainly to asswage:
In all that pride, and haughtiness of soul,
Discern'd a principle degen'rate, foul.
Perceiv'd true greatness must consistent be
With justice, candour, and humanity.
But oh! what hope these passions to reform
When each returning day renew'd the storm?
O'erwhelm'd with sorrows he himself abhorr'd,
He sigh'd, complain'd; and as a lion roar'd.
  Twice in the Ecliptic had the golden Sun
From East to West his course diurnal run;
While still disconsolate, remote from sight,
He fled all converse; and abhorr'd the light.
" Alas!" he cried, " how now shall I appear
" In *Mentor*'s presence with that front severe?

"Am I the Son of Great *Ulyſſes* ſeen,
"The wiſeſt, patienteſt, and beſt of men;
"And come I here diſſention foul to ſow,
"To be myſelf th' Allies' moſt dang'rous foe?
"Is it their blood for which I ought to thirſt,
"Or ſhould I perſecute the *Daunian* firſt?
"Fool-hardy wretch! thus raſhly to advance
"Though wanting knowledge to direct his lance.
"Expos'd to fall ſuperior force beneath,
"Diſgrace deſerving, and the worſt of death.
"Would heav'n I ſo had fall'n! I then no more
"Such cauſe ſhould find my weakneſs to deplore:
"No more remain that inconſid'rate fool,
"Thus blind to counſel, and averſe to rule.
"O were I certain ne'er again t' offend,
"How kind would heav'n appear, how much my friend!
"Perhaps ere yet the preſent day ſhall cloſe
"Shall recent faults, to infamy expoſe.
"Inglorious conqueſt! ev'ry praiſe I hear
"Is foul reproach; and ſhocking to mine ear."
As thus retir'd he ſat, o'erwhelm'd with ſhame,
Lo! *Neſtor* wiſe with *Philoctetes* came:
The firſt, with purpoſe amply to upbraid
And ſhew how much of raſhneſs he betray'd.
But quickly ſaw his ſtate: applied relief,
And kindly ſtrove to mitigate his grief.
The Chiefs their march retarded found the while,
Till firſt all parties they could reconcile.
Each hour they fear'd th' enrag'd *Tarentine* hoſt,
To thoughts pacific would be wholly loſt:

And 'gainſt the *Cretans* hoſtile arms prepare
Who follow'd young *Telemachus* to war.
All were at ſtand, and all diſorder'd grown:
Such miſchief follow'd from the fault of one.
Telemachus who ſaw their preſent fear,
And ev'ry danger threat'ning from afar,
Was now abandon'd to a deep deſpair.
They durſt not march; leſt haply in the way
Theſe fierce *Tarentines* ſhould commence a fray:
For hard the taſk to quiet them was found
Ev'n now in camp, with guards encompaſs'd round.
From tent to tent did *Philoctetes* haſte,
Grave *Neſtor* too as mediator paſt;
And brought propoſals from *Ulyſſes*' heir
T' appeaſe *Phalantus*, who diſdain'd to hear.
Nor *Neſtor*'s eloquence could now controul,
Nor *Philoctetes* melt his ſtubborn ſoul:
" Vengeance," he cried, "'tis vengeance I require;"
And *Hippias* added fuel to the fire.
More meek, and mild, *Telemachus* appear'd
Depreſt with grief, and dangers which he fear'd.
While thus the Princes all their arts diſplay,
And ev'ry ſquadron witneſs'd its diſmay;
The camp ſeem'd all with panic dread poſſeſt,
Reſembling much that family diſtreſt,
When firſt relentleſs death has ſeiz'd the friend
On whom relations, children, all depend.
Such conſternation ſtrange the ſquadrons held,
When lo! a ſound perceiv'd they from the field

Of neighing courſers, and the rattling car,
The clang of arms, and all the din of war.
Triumphant ſhouts of victors rend the ſkies,
Who fluſh'd with conqueſt to the ſlaughter riſe:
With ſhrieks o' th' vanquiſh'd, and the dreadful cry
Of bleeding warriors, that expiring lie.
The whirling duſt ſtraight intercepts the light,
Their very camp was vaniſh'd from their ſight:
Vaſt clouds of ſmoak which ſuffocating roll,
Obſcure the air; and darken all the pole.
At diſtance too they hear a rumbling ſound,
As groan the mountains, and as rocks the ground,
When mighty *Ætna* her ſulphureous ſhow'rs
O'er all the plain from fuel'd entrails pours,
What time great *Vulcan* leaves the realms above,
To forge new thunders for Almighty *Jove*.
Fear ſeiz'd on all, all trembled for their doom,
Uncertain whence theſe dire alarms could come.
Adraſtus ever vigilant, and brave,
All unexpected this diſturbance gave.
He knew the march, th' intention of th' Allies,
But kept them wholly ignorant of his:
With wondrous diligence had compaſs'd round
A hill, where ſcarce the leaſt acceſs was found,
Whoſe paſſes, chiefly by themſelves poſſeſt,
With great ſecurity had fill'd their breaſt.
They hop'd, when once th' expected aids arrive,
Thence to deſcend, and ſure defeat to give:

IMITATION.

Verſe 360, *Virg. Æn.* 3.

The

The *Daunian* Prince who ſpar'd no coſt, or pain,
Of all their ſchemes intelligence to gain;
Had fathom'd this; for *Neſtor*, *Pylian* ſage,
And *Philoctetes*, wonders of their age,
Who both to fame by long experience roſe;
Were both too prone their counſels to diſcloſe.
Neſtor in verge of life was ne'er ſo pleas'd,
As telling ought which admiration rais'd.
And *Philoctetes* though more cautious made,
Yet ſtill was ſanguine, and his thoughts betray'd.
Once rouſe that furious lion in his heart,
He ev'ry ſecret freely would impart;
Some artful ſpies, conducted by this clue,
From bottom of his ſoul his counſels drew.
'Twas but to vex; Diſcretion then was loſt:
Straight would he vaunt, would ſwagger, and would boaſt;
Pretend the means already in his hand,
To compaſs all things which himſelf ordain'd.
Then ſeem to doubt, and he would ſoon explain
His ſecret purpoſe, your belief to gain.
As when ſome precious vaſe, of curious mould,
If crack'd, no more the choice perfume can hold;
So did a crevice in his ſoul appear,
Whence iſſu'd all intruſted to his care.

NOTE.

Verſe 382, Neſtor *in verge of life*, &c.—This character of *Neſtor* ſeems to be taken from the 23d *Iliad*, where *Ajax* upbraids him with this very failing.

IMITATION.

Verſe 398, *Ter. Eun.* Act. 2, Sc. 2.

These ſpies by money of *Adraſtus* ſway'd,
Of both their foibles great advantage made:
They flattered *Neſtor*, gave him endleſs praiſe,
Recall'd the mem'ry of his younger days;
Admir'd his prudence, and his vict'ries paſt,
With infinite applauſe indulg'd his taſte.
For *Philoctetes* diff'rent ſnares they laid,
Perceiv'd th' impatience which ſo oft betray'd,
And talk'd of dangers, hardſhips of the war,
Errors, and faults, no prudence could repair.
When once inflam'd, his wiſdom was no more,
Nor he that leader you admir'd before.

With all his failings, yet without a pain
Ulyſſes' ſon his ſecret could retain;
To this long habit had inur'd him well,
And ſore misfortunes under which he fell.
Ev'n from his cradle had he learn'd to ſcreen
His private thoughts, from ſuitors of the Queen.
Without a falſehood could he well conceal
Whate'er in prudence he ſhould not reveal:
Had no important, or myſterious air,
Like thoſe who proud of confidence appear:
His manner eaſy, free; and ſuch his art
He ſeem'd to ſpeak the dictates of his heart.
In trivial matters unreſerv'd to view,
But where to ſtop, he moſt preciſely knew.
Yet no affected ſilence you detect,
And nought conceal'd at bottom could ſuſpect.
Thus was his heart impenetrably cloſe,
For nought to deareſt friends would he expoſe;

Save what he needful and expedient thought
When he their counſel and aſſiſtance ſought.
To *Mentor* only would he truſt the whole,
And pour forth all the burthen of his ſoul.
All others truſted only in degree,
As he their friendſhip and good ſenſe ſhould ſee.
Oft had he mark'd how ſoon their private views,
In council fix'd, became the public news;
To *Philoctetes*, and to *Neſtor* ſhew'd
How great the miſchiefs which from hence had flow'd;
And yet thoſe chiefs, experienc'd as they were,
With ſmall attention this advice would hear:
Old age is ſtubborn, and not quickly gain'd;
By ſtrength of habit, as it were, enchain'd.
No longer due correction will it bear,
No longer ſtrive its follies to repair;
As aged trees when firm, and knotty grown,
All arts to ſtraighten, or amend, diſown;
So men in years too harden'd prove at length,
To curb that vice which ſtrengthen'd with their ſtrength,
Grew with their growth; and though it merit blame,
Is now incorp'rate with their very frame.
Oft they in anguiſh its effects perceive,
But all too late, and fruitleſsly they grieve.
'Tis youth, that ſpring of life, our faults muſt mend,
We then with eaſe, like tender oſiers bend.
  To join the hoſt a young *Dolopian* came,
A flatt'rer ſmooth; *Eurymachus* by name:

IMITATION.

Verſe 454, *Hor.* lib. 1. Ep. 2.

 His

His ſupple wit conformable to all,
Each leader found him ready at his call;
Their beſt affection he obtain'd with eaſe,
Had ſtill ſome new contrivances to pleaſe.
You would imagine when you heard him ſpeak,
No taſk he deem'd too hard to undertake:
And when conſulted that advice would give,
Which he who aſk'd, moſt gladly would receive.
A pleaſant droll, would ridicule with art,
Yet ne'er from def'rence to the Chiefs depart.
The praiſe he gave ſo delicate appear'd,
That ev'n the modeſt with complacence heard.
Grave with the grave, and jovial with the gay,
All forms he took, all charms could he diſplay.
Sincere good men a certain ſameneſs have,
Strict rules of Virtue will they never leave:
Hence is their preſence irkſome to the great,
Who all, but thoſe that ſooth their paſſions, hate.
This man poſſeſs'd a genius for the wars,
Was form'd for bus'neſs, and for great affairs:
Soldier of fortune, *Neſtor*'s love had gain'd,
Stil'd him his Patron; and his truſt obtain'd:
Who fond of praiſe, and not ſuſpecting art,
Diſcover'd all the feelings of his heart.
  Brave *Philoctetes* held him not ſo dear,
To no degree of truſt would he prefer.
Yet his own paſſions which ſo bore the ſway,
Could him with *Neſtor* equally betray.
Eurymachus, who well his failing knew,
By contradicting, could his end purſue.

Vaſt ſums from baſe *Adraſtus* would he draw,
To ſend intelligence of all he ſaw.
Deſerters num'rous in the camp abound,
Who from the *Daunian* Prince indulgence found;
And one by one, would oft forſake th' Allies:
Would quit their quarters, and return to his.
Whene'er *Adraſtus* ought of weight ſhould know,
Theſe would *Eurymachus* permit to go:
And hard the taſk the treach'ry to explore,
No charge of letters thoſe deſerters bore,
That if ſurpris'd, no circumſtance appear'd
To make *Eurymachus* the leſs rever'd.
  Meanwhile *Adraſtus* in all parts prevail'd,
Of due ſucceſs their enterprizes fail'd:
Scarce in one ſentence could the Princes meet;
The *Daunian* King took meaſures to defeat.
Hence in *Telemachus* ſuſpicion grew,
Who burn'd impatient till the cauſe he knew:
Th' alarm to *Neſtor*, *Philoctetes*, gave.
But all in vain; they nothing could perceive.
  Th' Allies in Council had decreed of late
To ſtay for ſuccours, and their force compleat:
An hundred barks, by cover of the night,
In private ſend thoſe troops to expedite:
Which ſhould convey them from the rugged coaſt
In more ſecurity to join the hoſt.
Meanwhile themſelves were free from ev'ry fear:
The ſtraights poſſeſs'd they of the mountain near,

The

The tow'ring *Apennine*; whose steepy side
All possible access, they thought, denied.
On flow'ry banks, by fair *Galesus'* head,
Adjoining to the sea their tents were spread:
The sweet champain with verdant pastures crown'd,
With all things needful amply seem'd t' abound.
Behind this mountain great *Adrastus* lay,
And vain th' attempt they judg'd, to force his way.
But when their present weakness he perceiv'd,
And knew how shortly they would be reliev'd;
What num'rous forces now were marching on,
The naval strength for their protection gone;
The private quarrels which the camp divide,
Through indiscretion, and *Phalantus'* pride;
Forthwith advanc'd he, took a circuit wide:
March'd night, and day, to reach the ocean-side;
And pass'd through ways impracticable deem'd,
So fully bent upon that point he seem'd.
Thus valiant souls by peril, and by pain,
Through all obstructions will their purpose gain:
And nought impossible to those appears
Who dare attempt, and can discard their fears:

NOTE.

Verse 518, *On flow'ry banks, by fair* Galesus—A river of *Calabria* near *Tarentum.*

IMITATIONS.

Verse 518, *Hor.* lib. 2, Od. 6.
Verse 534, *Hor.* lib. 2, Od. 3. and *Virg. Geo.* 1.

While

While thoſe to eaſe conſign'd, in whoſe account
All hardy taſks to contradictions 'mount;
Their fatal error, when too late, may know,
Surpris'd, and cruſh'd, by ſome advent'rous foe.
Scarce had *Aurora* ſtreak'd with gold the Eaſt,
When all theſe barks *Adraſtus* had poſſeſt.
Ill were they guarded as no foe was near,
Without reſiſtance vanquiſh'd by their fear.
In theſe embarking, inſtantly he ſtood
With ſails expanded for *Galeſus*' flood:
There up the ſilver ſtream, in bright array,
All unſuſpected he purſues his way.
The guards who poſted by the river ſide,
This formidable fleet had firſt eſpied;
With ſhouts of gladneſs welcom'd them to ſhore
As an expected, and a friendly pow'r:
And ere the ſad miſtake they underſtand;
Adraſtus and his troops were ſafe on land.
With furious onſet they th' Allies invade,
Who all amaz'd no danger had ſurvey'd:
Were unprepar'd for theſe ſo dire alarms,
Without or Chief, or diſcipline, or arms.
The quarter firſt attack'd *Phalantus* held,
And thence confuſion ſpread through all the field.
His *Spartan* youth unable to ſuſtain
The furious ſhock, diſpers'd along the plain:
And while in ſearch of arms confus'd they run;
The conflagration in the tents begun.

On

On ev'ry ſide the crackling flames ariſe,
While wreaths of ſmoak invellop'd all the ſkies.
Great was the terror, dreadful was the ſound,
As when a torrent waſtes the country round;
When oaks enormous from their roots are torn,
Corn, barns, and bleating flocks adown the ſtream are borne.
From tent to tent, aſſiſted by the wind,
Devouring fires a ſpeedy paſſage find:
The camp a face like arid woods diſplays
Which one ſmall ſpark hath kindled to a blaze.
Phalantus near obſerv'd this hoſtile rage,
But wanted pow'r its fury to aſſwage.
He ſaw his troops muſt periſh in the flame,
Or quit their tents, with infamy, and ſhame:
And knew what foul diſorders hence would flow,
Retiring thus before a conqu'ring foe.
Half arm'd he ſtrove to form his ſquadron brave,
But oh! no leiſure time *Adraſtus* gave:
Experteſt archers here with miſſile darts
In front his numbers thinn'd, and pierc'd their hearts;
There from the ſlingers, like the patt'ring hail,
Thick ſhow'rs deſcending o'er his flank prevail:
While brave *Adraſtus* with a choſen band
Brandiſh'd his ſword, and foremoſt gave command.
Inſatiate, fierce, and wading deep in blood,
By light of flames the fugitives purſu'd.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 569, *Virg. Æn.* 2. *Hom. Il.* 11.
Verſe 574, *Virg. Georg.* 2. *Hom. Il.* 11.

Whole

Whole ranks he mow'd, whate'er eſcap'd the fire;
No tiger's rage was equal to his ire,
Or hungry lion's; who at once ſhall tear
The trembling ſhepherd, with his fleecy care.
No more *Phalantus*' efforts now avail'd,
His troops grew languid, and their courage fail'd.
Pale Death led on by ſome infernal fiend
Who crown'd with ſerpents ſeem'd their ſteps t' attend;
Froze up the blood which flow'd in ev'ry vein,
No more of ſtrength their ſtiffen'd limbs retain:
Their feeble knees with tremor knock'd the ground,
Not ev'n a proſpect of eſcape was found.
Shame, and deſpair, *Phalantus*' rage renew'd
With hands, and eyes, to heav'n uprais'd he ſtood:
While at his feet his brother bit the ſtrand,
Struck by the thunder of *Adraſtus*' hand.
Low in the duſt, and grov'ling on the ground,
The valiant *Hippias* lay: and from his wound
(Where late the griding ſword had cleft his ſide)
A deluge follow'd, and a purple tide.
His eyes no longer could the light purſue,
To *Stygian* ſhades his ſoul indignant flew.
Phalantus' ſelf from head to foot bedew'd,
Unable yet t' avenge his brother's blood;
Hemm'd in by circling foes, a num'rous throng,
While thouſand darts upon his buckler hung,

IMITATION.

Verſe 613, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

Breathleſs,

Breathleſs, and faint, with ſears all cover'd o'er,
In vain recall'd his diſſipated pow'r;
While all the Gods that view'd him from above,
Still to his pray'rs inexorable prove.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XVII.

BOOK XVII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *having put on his divine Armour, haſtens to the aſſiſtance of* Phalantus: *lays proſtrate in the firſt place* Iphicles *the Son of* Adraſtus, *repels the victorious foe, and would have compleatly vanquiſhed him, had not a ſudden tempeſt coming on put an end to the Engagement. After which, he gives orders to have the wounded carried off, pays great attention to them, and chiefly to* Phalantus; *performs with great honour the funeral Obſequies of his Brother* Hippias, *with whoſe Aſhes he preſents* Phalantus *collected in a golden Urn.*

IMPERIAL *Jove* in Synod of the Gods,
Beheld this ſlaughter from the bleſt abodes;
Revolving all the fix'd decrees of Fate,
Obſerv'd what Heroes ſhould their courſe compleat;
Whoſe thread to cut the Siſters had decreed,
And who the Warriors doom'd that day to bleed.
Around the great Divinities above,
In ſilence gaz'd, to learn the will of *Jove*,

IMITATION.

Verſe 1, *Virg. Æn.* 11.

Who, with harmonious voice, attention won,
And thus with awful Majesty begun:
" You see th' Allies, to what extremes they're driv'n;
" You see the vict'ry to *Adrastus* giv'n:
" But 'tis a fleeting transitory scene,
" Short are the triumphs of unworthy men.
" His breach of faith, and profanations great
" Are cause, his conquest shall be incompleat.
" Nor had th' Allies this sore distress endur'd,
" But with the view their folly should be cur'd;
" And they this wisdom from experience gain,
" Their deep designs more closely to retain.
" From hence fresh glory *Pallas* shall impart
" T' *Ulysses*' son, that darling of her heart."
He ended here. They tacitly beheld
The conflict rude, and fortune of the field.
To *Philoctetes* now the tidings came,
And *Nestor* wise,---" the camp was all on flame;
" That nought avail'd its fury to restrain,
" The troops no more due order could maintain;
" And that *Phalantus* could no more perform
" To stop the foe; but yielded to the storm."
This dreadful message scarcely had they heard;
To arms they cried, their battle they prepar'd:
The Chiefs were summon'd and their charge receive,
Their safety to secure, their camp to leave.
Ulysses' son, dejected where he sat,
Alarm'd at this, his former griefs forgat.
Those arms divine attempted now to wield,
Which *Pallas*' self, by *Mentor*'s form conceal'd,

Had as a prefent from *Salentum* brought,
And feign'd 'em there by fkilful artift wrought:
In fact, great *Vulcan* was himfelf the flave,
While flaming *Ætna* groan'd through ev'ry cave.
Like polifh'd glafs the mail refulgent fhone,
Bright as the Sun in his meridian throne:
In fair relievo here, the wondring eyes
Saw *Pallas* ftrive with *Neptune* for the prize.
Each feem'd intent, and eager feem'd for fame;
A rifing town to honour with their name.
With pow'rful Trident *Neptune* ftrikes the ground,
When lo! a courfer burfting from the wound!
His foaming noftrils, fiery eyes you find,
And flowing mane that wanton'd in the wind.

NOTES.

Verfe 43, *Like polifh'd glafs*—This defcription of *Telemachus*'s arms is an imitation of, and perhaps little inferior to, that of *Achilles* in *Homer*, and *Æneas* in *Virgil*.

Verfe 48, *A rifing town to honour with their name*—When *Cecrops*, the founder and firft King of *Athens*, had completed his new city, we are told that he was at a lofs what name to call it by. Upon this occafion there appeared to him an olive tree and a horfe: and the Oracle, being confulted, made anfwer; that *Neptune* and *Minerva* were contending for the honour of giving a name to his city, that the olive was the gift of *Minerva*, and the horfe of *Neptune*. And that the people fhould chufe which they thought the moft beneficial. The tribes being affembled to give their opinion, all the men were unanimous in giving the prize to *Neptune*: but the women, who were the majority, gave it for the Goddefs. The city was likewife called *Athenæ*, which was one of the names of *Minerva*. In revenge for this affront, *Neptune* laid their territories under water. And the men, in order to appeafe him, paffed three votes againft the women. The firft, that they fhould not be called *Athenians*, but *Atticans*; the fecond, that they fhould have no fhare in the Government; and the third, that no children fhould bear the mother's name. See *Plutarch*'s life of *Themiftocles*.

The pliant limbs, the nervous joints appear
Active, and ſtrong; and fleeter than the air.
Diſdaining walk, and bounding o'er the plains,
So great the ſtrength, and vigour of his reins:
While yet ſo light his footſtep you perceive,
As on the ſand no printed mark to leave.
Such wondrous art too, *Vulcan* could diſplay,
That all who view'd, would think they heard him neigh.
 Hard by ſee *Pallas* with an olive ſtand!
A fruit firſt planted by her heav'nly hand:
The fertile branch an emblem was of peace,
Whence plenty flows and ſciences increaſe.
Far more delightful this, than war and blood;
Of which the mettled horſe a ſymbol ſtood.
Plain uſeful gifts her victory proclaim,
And ſtately *Athens* bears the Goddeſs' name.
 Not far from hence was *Pallas* view'd again,
The lib'ral arts attending in her train:
About her theſe like tender infants play,
And ſpread their plumage in the face of day.
Here find they ſhelter from the dire alarms
Of brutal *Mars*, and his all-conqu'ring arms:
So bleating lambs, to manifeſt their fear,
Crowd round their dam, when prowling wolves are near:
Whoſe op'ning jaws now ready to devour,
And throat inflam'd; point out the dang'rous hour.
 Again *Minerva* with diſdainful air,
And diff'rent attitude, with brow of care

IMITATION.

Verſe 62, *Virg. Georg.* 2.

Indignant

Indignant frown'd; *Arachne* ſhould preſume
To vie with her, in labours of the loom.
But ſoon her excellence ſuperior roſe,
Th' unhappy maid too late her error knows;
When ev'ry wither'd limb diſtorted grew,
And ſhe a ſpider ſtood confeſt to view.
  You next beheld her where the giant brood,
Olympus' ſelf with impious war purſu'd.
Here ev'n to *Jove* advice doth ſhe ſuggeſt,
And animate each God with fear oppreſt.
Next this; on *Xanthus*, and on *Simóis'* ſtream;
You ſaw her potent lance, her Ægis beam
What time *Ulyſſes* by the hand ſhe led,
And rallied all the coward-*Greeks* that fled.
To ev'ry hero there ſuperior far,
Ev'n *Hector*'s ſelf; that thunderbolt of war.

NOTES.

Verſe 81, *Indignant frown'd;* Arachne—The daughter of *Idmon* of *Colophon.*

Verſe 91, *Next this; on* Xanthus, *and on* Simóis' *ſtream*—The *Xanthus* was a river of the leſſer *Phrygia*, which took its riſe from Mount *Ida*; and together with the *Simois* fell into the *Ægean* Sea over againſt the iſland of *Tenedos*. *Homer* informs us in the twentieth *Iliad*, that it was called *Scamander* by the Gods, and *Xanthus* by men; *Heſiod* ſtiles it the *Divine Scamander*, and *Herodotus* ſays it was drunk up by the numerous army of *Xerxes*. It was the cuſtom of the *Phrygian* maids, to bathe before marriage in the river *Xanthus*; when they made uſe of theſe words—Receive, O *Scamander*, my virginity. However famous theſe two rivers were in former ages, at preſent they are ſaid to be no better than brooks.

IMITATION.

Verſe 86, *Ov. Met.* 6.

Last, with *Ulysses* was the Goddess seen;
Him introducing to that dire machine
In one short night alone sufficient found,
All *Priam*'s realm to level with the ground.
  The heav'nly artist next took greater scope,
Lo! fruitful *Ceres* there imbrowns the slope!
A glorious subject worthy all his pains,
To paint fair *Enna* and *Sicilian* plains:
Here *Ceres* gathers all the scatter'd race,
Whose food was acorns, or who liv'd by chace;
And puts a period to their savage toil:
By tillage teaching to improve the soil.
Her hand presents them with the crooked share,
The stubborn oxen shews them how to pair.
See genial Earth her furrow'd bosom show
Now deep intrench'd, and wounded by the plow!
In wavy prospect see the golden ear,
Luxuriant rise to beautify the year!
The sturdy reaper with his sickle stands,
With Nature's gifts rejoicing fills his hands;
And iron, elsewhere us'd but to destroy,
Is here the cause of plenty, and of joy.
  The jocund Nymphs with flow'rs and chaplets green
By shady grove, or river's brink are seen.

NOTE.

Verse 104. *To paint fair* Enna—The birth place of *Ceres.* It was called the Navel of *Sicily*, because it stood on an eminence in the midst of it: and was by much the most fruitful part of the whole island.

Satyrs

Satyrs and Fauns in corner of the plain,
Frisk to the music of melodious *Pan.*
There *Bacchus* too with ivy wreath confest
Upon his thyrsus seem'd one hand to rest:
His other held a fragment of the vine,
Which foliage green, and clust'ring grapes entwine.
Majestic, soft, and languishing his air;
As first beheld by *Ariadne* fair.
What time th' abandon'd maid indulg'd her moan,
Stretch'd on the borders of a stream unknown.
To crown the whole; unnumber'd tribes appear'd
Where venerable seers first fruits prepar'd;
With hoary locks the sages cross'd the plain,
To pay their off'rings in the hallow'd Fane.
The youthful bands all homeward bent their way,
Spent with the toil, and labour of the day:
Their females all impatient seem to burn,
And forward came to welcome their return.
Their smiling infants in their arms embrace,
Impressing thousand kisses as they pass:
To this the clowns with rustic song succeed,
Or dance uncouthly to the oaten reed.
The whole a scene most ravishing to sight,
Of peace, of affl'ence, and of all delight.

NOTE.

Verse 128, *By* Ariadne—She was the daughter of *Minos* King of *Crete*, and married, against her father's consent, to *Theseus*: whom she assisted with a clue to get out of the famous labyrinth. But he ungratefully left her afterwards in the island of *Naxos*, where *Bacchus* fell in love with her and took her to himself.

Diſporting there upon th' embroider'd mead
The harmleſs wolves with bleating lambkins feed;
No more by lions were the herds diſmay'd,
The ſpotted tigers innocently play'd:
While beardleſs ſhepherds with their crook in hand,
Obſequious found them, to their mild command.
In ſhort, this landſcape beauteous to behold
Recall'd the mem'ry of that Age of Gold.

Thus heav'nly arm'd, and glorious to the view,
The Royal youth acroſs his ſhoulder threw
His uſual buckler, as in fact he thought,
In truth, that Ægis which fair *Iris* brought.
Unknown to him, that meſſenger of heav'n
In lieu of his, *Minerva*'s ſhield had giv'n.
(Which ev'n th' Immortal Gods ſurvey with dread)
And to a diſtance had his own convey'd,

Forth from the camp in haſte the warrior came,
To ſhun th' effects of that devouring flame:
Aloud by name each Chieftain did he call,
Sunk in deſpair that voice reviv'd them all.
Etherial fervour ſparkled in his eyes,
His aſpect grave, yet affable and wiſe:
At all times ready orders juſt to give,
Courteous, and free, to thoſe who ſhould receive:
As when ſome tender ſire his care employs,
To rule his houſe; and form his blooming boys.
No ſcheme he laid, no project fram'd in vain:
Was eager, ſwift, to execute his plan.

NOTE.

Verſe 145, *Iſaiah* xi, 6.

So

So rapid rivers, with impetuous courſe,
Adown the ſtream the foaming billows force;
Nor thus alone their violence diſplay,
But heavi'ſt barks with equal eaſe convey.
  Brave *Philoctetes*, and the *Pylian* ſage,
With all thoſe Chiefs that in the war engage,
Beheld *Ulyſſes'* ſon command the field,
With pow'rs inveſted to which all muſt yield.
No more experience gain'd by length of years,
As erſt, their juſt pre-eminence declares;
All wondring gaz'd on his ſuperior parts,
While Envy ſeem'd a ſtranger to their hearts.
Him, as accuſtom'd ſo, they all obey'd:
No taſk refus'd, no hard reflections made.
And now advancing to the mountain's brow,
He view'd the ſtrength, and order of the foe:
When ſudden thoughts within his breaſt ariſe,
That he the *Daunians* could in turn ſurpriſe.
He ſaw their troops were ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
While eager thus to fire the tents they ran:
With ſwifteſt march he compaſs'd all the hill,
Each vet'ran Chief attendant on his will,
And while they judg'd him ſtruggling with the flame,
Fierce as a torrent on their rear he came.
Surpris'd, amaz'd, unable to retreat;
They fell by thouſands gaſping at his feet.
Thick as autumnal leaves beſtrew the ground,
When crackling foreſts yield the diſmal ſound;

IMITATION.

Verſe 199, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

When aged trunks no more the ſhock withſtand,
And the bleak North leads Winter by the hand.
Here firſt at *Iphicles* he aim'd a dart,
Adraſtus' youngeſt hope, and pierc'd his heart.
Unhappy youth! who dar'd the fight require,
T' avert the danger of his threaten'd ſire.
In youth, in bloom, and thirſt of high renown;
Reſemblance bore he to *Ulyſſes*' ſon:
The ſame their ſtature, and the ſame their age,
With equal ſweetneſs could they both engage.
Alike in conduct, ſtrangers both to fear;
And both to parents equally were dear.
But oh! too ſoon Death's iron hand ſubdu'd,
As the rough mower crops the op'ning bud.
Next o'er the brave *Euphorion* he prevail'd,
Chief *Lydian* he that to *Etruria* ſail'd.
Next *Cleomenes* with his ſword he clave,
Ill-fated youth! who other promiſe gave;
With faireſt ſpoils his beauteous bride to ſtore,
Alas! that bride muſt he behold no more!
All rage and fury, ſtern *Adraſtus* frown'd:
His valiant offspring breathleſs on the ground,
The field with blood of other leaders ſtain'd;
And vict'ry now juſt ſlipping from his hand.
Low fainting at his feet *Phalantus* lay,
Like ſome poor bleeding victim in diſmay;
Which half diſpatch'd hath yet eſcap'd with life,
But flies the altar, and the ſacred knife.

IMITATION.

Verſe 226, *Virg. Æn.* 2.

One

One moment more; the *Spartans* had been loſt,
Cruſh'd by *Adraſtus* and his conqu'ring hoſt.
  The brave *Phalantus* drooping in the flood
Both of his own, and of his people's blood;
The ſhouts triumphant could at length perceive,
And ſaw the Prince approaching to relieve:
Reviv'd by this, thoſe deadly ſhades of night
At once diſpers'd which hung upon his ſight.
The *Daunian* troops (who long had victors been,
And who this fierce attack had ne'er foreſeen)
At leiſure left his forces to renew,
While they a foe more dang'rous ſhould purſue.
As when a tiger by ſome ſturdy ſwain
Is ſtript of prey, which he but late hath ſlain;
So rag'd *Adraſtus:* while *Ulyſſes'* ſon
Search'd all th' imbattled hoſt for him alone.
One blow, he judg'd, would finiſh all the war,
And rid th' Allies of all they had to fear.
  But *Jove* refus'd his glory to compleat,
Or give him vict'ry at ſo cheap a rate:
Minerva's ſelf deſir'd he more ſhould feel,
Be thence inſtructed how to govern well.
Heav'n interpos'd the *Daunian* King to ſave,
That young *Telemachus* more fame might have.
At *Jove*'s command th' obſequious clouds appear,
His bolts terrific hov'ring hung in air;
Preſerv'd the *Daunians* from the death they fear'd,
And loud to all the will of fate declar'd.
It ſeem'd in truth, ſo dreadful was the crack,
As heav'n's great arch on feeble men would break.

From pole to pole red lightnings rent the ſky
With blaze tremendous dazzling ev'ry eye.
Then in a moment were they vaniſh'd quite,
And all was buried in the gloom of night:
The pouring rains in cataracts deſcend,
The hoſts diſſever; and the conflict end.
  The *Daunian* Monarch ſtraight th' advantage took,
Although to heaven he diſdain'd to look:
Thus by ingratitude, the fouleſt crime,
Deſerving vengeance at ſome future time.
Full in his way a deep moraſs he ſpied,
In length extending to *Galeſus'* ſide.
'Twixt that, and all the flaming tents he paſt,
Retiring with his troops in utmoſt haſte.
This ſhew'd th' amazing preſence of his mind,
Shew'd what reſources he ev'n yet could find:
Th' Allies encourag'd by *Ulyſſes'* ſon,
Impatient ſeem'd to have the chace begun:
He, favour'd by the ſtorm, had nought to fear,
And fled like birds which 'ſcape the fowler's ſnare.
Back to the camp the bands victorious came
To ſtop the rage of that devouring flame.
A thouſand objects here demand their care:
Miſfortunes various of deſtructive war.
Here bleeding ſquadrons half conſum'd they found,
Yet wanting ſtrength to raiſe them from the ground:
No way to 'ſcape the fires. But mournful cries,
And lamentations loud invade the ſkies.

IMITATION.

Verſe 278, *Pſal.* cxii, 7.

Pierc'd

Pierc'd to the ſoul *Telemachus* appears,
By ſoft compaſſion melted into tears:
Oft turn'd aſide with horror, and diſmay,
Nor could diſtreſs ſo exquiſite ſurvey.
He ſhudder'd with the thought they ſtill had breath,
Thus doom'd to mis'ry, and a ling'ring death.
Their fleſh like victims half conſum'd he found,
Whoſe fumes aſcending fill'd the country round.
"Alas!" he cried, "behold the train of woes
"Which war, and foul contention, can diſcloſe!
"What fury this, infatuation blind,
"Makes wretched mortals thus deſtroy their kind?
"Short are our fleeting hours, our life a ſpan;
"And this too chequer'd with the worſt of pain:
"Why then ſo haſty ſhould we all appear,
"And why precipitate a fate ſo near!
"Why all theſe bitter potions mingle up,
"When Heav'n itſelf ſo largely daſh'd the cup?
"For man to man ſhould as a brother be,
"And yet no ſavage brute ſo fierce as he.
"The ſpotted tigers, and the lions too,
"A diff'rent ſpecies, not their own, purſue:
"While wretched man, whoſe reaſon is his pride,
"Adventures crimes their inſtinct would forbid.
"Yet why theſe ſtrifes? Is this terreſtrial ball
"For cultivation, and for uſe too ſmall?
"What ſpacious tracts now deſart may we find,
"As yet quite ſtrangers to all humankind!

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 307, *Hor. Epod.* 7. *Boil. Sat.* 8.

"Shall

" Shall then falſe glory, and the thirſt of fame,
" In one proud conqu'ror ſet the whole on flame?
" One impious ſcourge ſhall heav'n in anger raiſe,
" To murder millions for his empty praiſe?
" All muſt to rack, be in confuſion hurl'd,
" And blood and fire, for him muſt fill the world.
" Whate'er his ſword, his conflagrations ſpare,
" Muſt fall by dearth, more dreadful ſtill than war:
" That one who ſports with Nature, and her laws,
" By gen'ral ruin may obtain applauſe.
" How monſtrous this! who terms too hard can find
" To brand theſe foes profeſs'd of all mankind?
" Alas! ſo far from heroes are they ſeen,
" They're all unworthy to be rank'd as men.
" Should be th' abhorrence, curſe of ev'ry age,
" Whoſe admiration they had hop'd t' engage.
" Oh! how ſhould Monarchs due reflection make,
" Ere war, however juſt, they undertake!
" 'Tis not enough it is with right purſu'd
" It ſhould be needful for the public good.
" No wounds or ſlaughter ſhould the ſubject feel,
" Unleſs conſtrain'd, to ſave the public weal.
" But flatt'ring counſels, and falſe thoughts of fame,
" Suſpicions baſe, and avarice extreme;
" (Which thouſand reaſons plauſible pretends
" T' indulge its rapines, and obtain its ends)
" Engagements various, unperceiv'd inſnare
" Unthinking Sov'reigns, in the guilt of war.
" Hence riſquing all, incurring needleſs woes
" With equal prejudice to friends and foes."

Thus

Thus reaſon'd well *Ulyſſes'* virtuous ſon
On all thoſe evils he ſo late had known,
Yet not contented ſeem'd he to diſplay,
But labour'd hard thoſe mis'ries to allay.
From tent to tent he paſs'd with anxious care
The weak to aid, the languiſhing to chear.
With lib'ral hand his bounties did he ſhow'r,
And gave them proper med'cines to reſtore.
Spake words of comfort in their deep diſtreſs,
Encourag'd, ſtrengthen'd, by his mild addreſs;
And where in perſon he could not befriend,
Commiſſion gave that others ſhould attend.
  Among the *Cretans* of ſuperior fame
Two rev'rend ſages from *Salentum* came:
The one, *Traumaphilus*, diſcreet of mind,
With whom the good *Nozophugus* was join'd.
The firſt, with brave *Idomeneus* at *Troy*,
Us'd in that ſiege his efforts to employ:
From *Æſculapius'* ſons the art had found,
That heav'nly art of curing ev'ry wound.
Soon as its depth, its rancour he explor'd,
A precious unguent inſtantly he pour'd,
Which of a pow'r ſo ſalutif'rous prov'd,
All putrefaction it, with eaſe, remov'd.
Without inciſion would it heal the ſore,
Inducing fleſh more wholſome than before.
Nozophugus no light from theſe had gain'd,
But yet, by *Merion*'s means, a book obtain'd,

IMITATION.

Verſe 349, *Tacit. Annal.* 1.

Myſterious

Myſterious volume; fill'd with truths from heav'n,
Which *Æſculapius* to his ſons had giv'n.
The favour too of ev'ry God had won,
Had hymns compos'd in honour of the Sun;
And fair *Diana*, Goddeſs of the Grove,
Dear pledges both of great *Latona*'s love.
Each morn, the faireſt of his milk-white flock
Did on *Apollo*'s ſacred altar ſmoak:
Hence he th' affection of that God acquir'd,
Hence by *Apollo* was he oft inſpir'd.
The ſick no ſooner in his preſence ſtood,
Than ev'ry ſymptom in their eyes he view'd:
Their breath, their make, and colour of their ſkin,
Betray'd the lurking malady within.
Oft ſudorific med'cines would he give,
And by ſucceſs which he could thence perceive;
Would ſhew how great was perſpiration's aid,
How dire a change the want of that had made.
In chronic caſes, diet-drinks he gave
Which by degrees the noble parts would ſave:
Correct each juice which acrimonious flow'd,
Reſtore the ſtrength; and ſweeten all the blood.

NOTE.

Verſe 378, *Dear pledges both of great* Latona'*s love*—*Latona* was the daughter of the giant *Cæus*, by his ſiſter *Phœbe*. When *Latona* became pregnant by *Jupiter*, *Juno* was ſo enraged that ſhe baniſhed her from the earth; and ſent the ſerpent *Python* in purſuit of her. This moved the compaſſion of *Neptune*, who thereupon fixed the iſland of *Delos* for her; where ſhe was brought to bed of twins, *Apollo* and *Diana*. *Apollo* ſoon after deſtroyed the *Python*. And three moſt magnificent temples were erected at *Delos*, for *Latona* and her two children.

His

His ſentence was---Diſeaſes hence arrive
That men as cowards without virtue live:
Shame is it, would he ſay, to human race
Diſeaſe in ſuch variety takes place.
A temp'rate life will certain health produce;
Exceſs, all Nature's bounties doth abuſe.
And change to poiſon of the rankeſt kind,
What ſhe as wholſome nouriſhment deſign'd.
But feeble med'cine little can avail
To lengthen life, which folly ſhall curtail.
The poor are healthier far, the diff'rence ſuch,
Theſe have too little; and the rich too much:
Their appetite's provok'd by dainty food,
And that exceſs is poiſon to their blood.
All med'cine in itſelf pernicious ſeems,
Ne'er ſhould we uſe it, but in great extremes:
The ſov'reign remedy for all our ails,
Which ſafe and harmleſs, at all times prevails,
Is humble temp'rance, abſtinence from vice;
A mind compos'd, and conſtant exerciſe.
Who theſe purſues no peccant humours knows,
In channels pure his blood untainted flows.
Thus did *Nozophugus* his ſenſe reveal:
Nor leſs in prudence, than in art excel.
Would pain prevent by regimen alone,
From whence all med'cine would be uſeleſs grown.
  Such were the men *Telemachus* had ſent,
The wounded to relieve in ev'ry tent:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 401, *Hor.* l. 2. Sat. 7. and l. 2. Sat. 2.

And ſoon by med'cine numbers they reſtore,
By conſtant regular attendance more.
To keep them neat, and cleanly was their care:
Thus unpolluted to preſerve the air.
Confin'd them to a plain, and temp'rate food;
Nought but a ſtrict ſobriety allow'd.
The grateful troops to heav'n in rapture pray'd,
Which brought this youthful hero to their aid.
"No mortal this," they cried, "ſome pow'r divine
"In human ſhape hath form'd this good deſign;
"Or if a mortal, he reſembles heav'n:
"To none of earth ſuch excellence is giv'n.
"He only lives to bleſs. His friendly care
"Surpaſſes all his courage in the war.
"Oh! could we call this virtuous Prince our own,
"And, as he merits, lift him to the throne!
"Alas! ſome happier empire ſhall he hold,
"Where heav'n ordains another Age of Gold."
Ulyſſes' ſon (as nightly he purſu'd
His uſual courſe, and all the camp review'd,
Leſt unawares *Adraſtus* ſhould invade,)
Had all theſe praiſes to his ear convey'd.
Yet clear of flatt'ry ſuch as courts afford
Which to his face will mock their Sov'reign Lord,
And think no Monarchs modeſty retain,
'Tis but to praiſe them, and their favour gain.
A ſoul too great poſſeſs'd the Royal youth,
To reliſh ought inferior to the truth:

IMITATION.

Verſe 441, *Tacit. Annal.* 1.

No

No praiſe but what he merited could bear,
And that in ſecret; when they thought him far.
Yet not inſenſible appear'd to this;
Praiſe ſo unſullied was a ſource of bliſs,
Such as the Gods to virtue only give,
The bad ne'er have it; nor can e'er conceive.
Nor would he joys like theſe too far purſue,
A thouſand failings ſoon recurr'd to view
His native fierceneſs, and his haughty mind,
His ſtrange indifference to all mankind:
And conſcious bluſh'd that he ſuch faults could hide,
That men for meekneſs ſhould miſconſtrue pride:
To wiſe *Minerva* all the glory gave,
Himſelf unworthy thought the leaſt to have.
"'Tis you, great Goddeſs, you alone," he cried,
"That ſent me virtuous *Mentor* for a guide;
"'Tis you that monitor continue ſtill,
"Affections to controul ſo prone to ill.
"You give me ſenſe my failings to correct,
"Your friendly aid hath ev'ry paſſion check'd:
"That gives me joy in miniſtring relief
"To wretches in diſtreſs, and ſunk with grief.
"You, Goddeſs, you from worſt of crimes reſtrain,
"Should you forſake, no praiſe could I obtain.
"And, as an infant yet too weak to ſtand,
"That raſhly ventures from its mother's hand,
"So helpleſs, weak, *Telemachus* were found,
"And the firſt ſtep, would bring him to the ground."
Brave *Philoctetes*, and the *Pylian* Chief,
This change obſerv'd ſurpaſſing all belief:

Remark'd how gentle, gen'rous, was his mind;
How ſwift t' engage in ev'ry office kind.
How ready to prevent all further pain,
And quite transform'd into a diff'rent man.
His deep concern at *Hippias*' obſequies
Still more amaz'd, and fill'd them with ſurpriſe;
Himſelf thoſe mountains of the ſlain reviews,
With pious tears the mangled corpſe bedews:
"Alas! illuſtrious ſhade! you now perceive
"The love I bore, by honours which I give;
"'Tis true your haughtineſs provok'd my rage,
"But 'twas the fault of inexperienc'd age.
"Too oft th' effect of youth's impetuous fires,
"And well I know th' indulgence it requires.
"Henceforth in ſocial friendſhip could we join,
"Alas! I fear the blame was wholly mine.
"Good heav'n! why thus a worthy man remove,
"Ere I had leiſure to acquire his love?"
In precious odours now command he gave,
The breathleſs trunk they inſtantly ſhould lave:
A fun'ral pile majeſtic ſhould prepare
Of choiceſt wood, and high advanc'd in air.
The lofty pine-trees groan'd beneath the blow,
And roll'd in ruins from the mountain's brow:
Th' aſpiring oaks, coæval with the earth,
Now left their ancient ſeat, and place of birth;
Poplars, and elms adorn'd with foliage green,
In heaps promiſcuous on the plain were ſeen.

IMITATIONS.

503, *Virg. Æn.* 6, and 11. *Hom. Il.* 23.

The beech, which pride of all the grove had ſtood,
Headlong deſcended to *Galeſus'* flood:
Of theſe a pile, like ſome great fort, they raiſe,
The crackling fires at once began to blaze:
From row to row the lambent flames ariſe,
While curling ſmoak invelop'd all the ſkies.
The *Spartan* troops with ſlow, and ſolemn pace,
With ſtreaming eyes, in ſad proceſſion paſs:
Their pikes revers'd, and gazing on the ground;
Surcharg'd with bitt'reſt grief they ſternly frown'd.
Next *Pherecydes* bending with his years,
Leſs ſunk by age, than by his grief appears:
His *Hippias* to ſurvive, his darling ſon
That, from a child, beneath his eye had grown.
All bath'd in tears, and to diſtraction driv'n
He lifts his aged hands, and eyes to heav'n.
Since firſt he heard, all nouriſhment forbore:
Sweet ſleep his eye-lids could compoſe no more,
With trembling ſtep he follow'd in the crowd,
But where, or how; he ſcarcely underſtood.
No ſingle accent dropt he from his tongue,
Alas! his pungent grief too weighty hung.
It ſeem'd a ſilence of moſt dreadful kind,
Caus'd by dejection; and deſpair of mind.
But when he view'd the flames impetuous roll,
He rav'd aloud, and pour'd forth all his ſoul.
" O *Hippias, Hippias!* ſhall I ne'er behold
" My deareſt child, and ne'er again infold?
" Shall I ignobly thus his fate ſurvive?
" Ah! deareſt boy, from me did you receive

" That cruel counſel; to renounce your fear,
" And bid defiance to the threats of war.
" Thoſe hands, I thought, ſhould cloſe mine eyes in death,
" That boſom ſhould receive my lateſt breath;
" O cruel Gods! that could prolong my days
" Thus on the ruin of my child to gaze!
" Thou deareſt youth! have I with care, and pain,
" Matur'd thy worth; and nouriſh'd up to man:
" And muſt no more the pleaſing joy poſſeſs,
" To ſee thoſe virtues bloom, thyſelf careſs?
" Yet ſtill thy tender mother muſt I view,
" Whoſe dire reproaches ſhall my grief renew;
" Who ſoon with thee ſhall in the grave be laid,
" But curſe me firſt; and dying ſhall upbraid.
" Muſt view thy blooming bride in deep deſpair,
" Beat on her lovely breaſt; and rend her hair:
" While I alas! unhappy cauſe of all,
" Alone muſt anſwer your untimely fall.
" Hail! valiant ſhade! O could you call me hence!
" The light is odious now, and gives offence.
" For you, dear *Hippias*, and for you alone
" I ſearch around, my worthieſt, braveſt ſon,
" Ne'er would I hope again this light to view
" But to your ghoſt to give the honours due."
Meanwhile extended on a purple bier
With gold and ſilver grac'd, the corpſe drew near.
The tyrant death which had his eye-lids clos'd
Still left his beauteous features all compos'd.
The ſmiling graces ev'n in death prevail,
Half bluſh'd his cheeks though mix'd with deadly pale.

Around

Around his ſnowy neck which ſeem'd reclin'd,
Black ſhining treſſes wanton'd in the wind;
More beauteous far than *Atys*' ſelf could boaſt,
Or *Trojan Ganymede* on *Ida* loſt:
Alas! no longer muſt thoſe beauties ſmile,
But ſink to aſhes on the fun'ral pile!
Deep in his ſide appear'd the ghaſtly wound,
Whence all his blood ſo quick a paſſage found;
Whence, writhing to and fro with horrid pain,
He wing'd his flight to *Pluto*'s dark domain.
 Ulyſſes' ſon did grief unfeign'd betray,
Cloſe follow'd ſad; and ſtrew'd with flow'rs the way.
And when at length before the pile arriv'd,
The bick'ring flame aſcending he perceiv'd
To ſeize the cov'ring of the mighty dead,
Freſh griefs aroſe; freſh ſhow'rs of tears he ſhed.
" *Hippias* farewell! I dare not call you friend:
" But yet your virtues will to heav'n commend.

NOTES.

Verſe 571, *More beauteous far than* Atys—A young *Phrygian* remarkably handſome, and beloved by the Goddeſs *Cybele*; who made him her prieſt on condition he preſerved his chaſtity. Upon breaking that vow, he immediately run mad: and laid violent hands upon himſelf. The Goddeſs taking pity on him changed him into a pine-tree.

Verſe 572, *Or* Trojan Ganymede—The ſon of *Tros*, one of the Kings of *Phrygia*, and the moſt beautiful boy in the world. *Jupiter* was ſo paſſionately fond of him, that he ſent his eagle to take him away from Mount *Ida* where he was hunting; and preferred him to the office of his cup-bearer in the room of *Hebe*.

IMITATION.

580, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

" May peace eternal all your labours crown,
" And joys proportion'd to your high renown!
" I love, eſteem, and reverence your name;
" Elſe could I envy your immortal fame;
" Who now are free from all the ills we know,
" And thus to bliſs, through paths of glory, go.
" Alas! dear youth, would heav'n attend my call,
" With equal honour ſhould I wiſh to fall!
" May no obſtruction from the *Stygian* flood,
" Delay the paſſage of a ſoul ſo good!
" But fair *Elyſium* open to your ſight
" Her ev'ry ſcene, of raviſhing delight.
" Through endleſs ages be your praiſe confeſt,
" None move your aſhes; or diſturb your reſt!"
Scarce could he end through interrupting ſighs,
The univerſal camp return'd their cries:
All pitied, and deplor'd his hapleſs fate,
Recall'd the mem'ry of his actions great;
And the ſame death which lamentations drew,
Preſented all his virtues to their view.
No more his faults of youth excite their rage,
Or vice which flow'd from uninſtructed age.
But moſt *Telemachus* their boſoms warm'd,
His tender ſentiments the hoſt had charm'd:
" Is this," they cried, " that fierce, that haughty *Greek*
" Whoſe ev'ry geſture did the tyrant ſpeak?
" Behold him now! how gentle, and humane,
" How form'd th' eſteem of ev'ry heart to gain!

IMITATION.

Verſe 600, *Virg. Ecl.* 10.

" Doubtleſs *Minerva* who the father lov'd,
" With like affection hath the ſon approv'd:
" And hath enrich'd with greateſt gifts of heav'n
" A mind to wiſdom, and to friendſhip giv'n."
  Meanwhile, devouring flames the corpſe conſume.
The Royal youth with ev'ry choice perfume
The ſmoaking duſt bedew'd, then bade return:
Which done, he plac'd it in a golden urn,
Compaſs'd with wreaths of ev'ry fragrant flow'r;
And thus in perſon to *Phalantus* bore.
Pierc'd through with wounds he ſcarce retain'd his breath,
Approaching nearly to the ſhades of death.
  The Prince his orders to the *Cretans* gave,
Nought unattempted for his cure to leave.
They by degrees his wand'ring ſoul reclaim,
And give new vigour to his vital frame;
In ev'ry vein he felt their healing art,
The balm of life diſtilling to his heart.
A kindly warmth his ev'ry member eas'd,
And from the icy hand of death releas'd.
But from the moment when he ceas'd to faint,
Began he to indulge his dire complaint.
His brother's fate untimely would deplore,
To which he ſeem'd inſenſible before.
" Alas!" he cried, " why all this fruitleſs care
" A wretched life like this of mine to ſpare?
" Far better were it, I at once ſhould go
" With deareſt *Hippias* to the ſhades below.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 620, *Virg. Æn.* 6. *Hom. Il.* 23.

" I ſaw the beauteous youth beſide me fall,
" O *Hippias*, my delight, my love, my all;
" My deareſt brother, you no more ſurvive,
" No more ſhall I in your embraces live.
" Or ſee, or hear; relieve when you complain,
" Or in that boſom pour forth all my pain.
" O envious Gods! is *Hippias* then no more!
" Muſt I his loſs eternally deplore!
" Or dream I thus? Ah! no. Too plain I view'd
" The valiant youth when welt'ring in his blood:
" And juſt it is I ſtill ſhould life endure,
" A fit revenge for *Hippias* to procure.
" Yes, to your *Manes* I'll *Adraſtus* ſend,
" Beſmear'd with blood of my unhappy friend."
He ſpake; thoſe heav'nly artiſts ſtrove in vain
To eaſe his mind, and mitigate his pain:
Such grief they fear'd each ſymptom would augment,
Make med'cine uſeleſs; and his care prevent.
When lo! *Telemachus* that grief renew'd,
Who all unlook'd for in his preſence ſtood.
Two diff'rent paſſions now his boſom tore:
He burn'd for wrongs his brother *Hippias* bore,
Whoſe death an edge to his reſentment gave;
Since he no more could reparation have.
On th' other ſide; he gratefully muſt own
His life he held from Great *Ulyſſes'* ſon:
Who in the gap between *Adraſtus* ſtood
And him, expiring in a ſea of blood.

IMITATION.

Verſe 653, *Plaut. Pſeud.* 5, 2.

But

But when the golden urn his eyes ſurvey'd,
Where lay the precious reliques of the dead;
Diſſolv'd in tears t' embrace the Prince he ſtrove,
Expreſſion fail'd to teſtify his love.
At length with languid voice his ſilence brake,
And intermix'd with ſighs theſe words he ſpake.
"Thou worthy offspring of the wiſeſt man,
" By force your virtues my eſteem will gain.
" To you I owe the little life I have,
" Though prone, alas! it haſtens to the grave.
" But other debts remain, and greater far,
" For this regard to what I hold ſo dear.
" Without your kind concern, with other ſlain
" A prey to vultures had my *Hippias* lain,
" His ghoſt depriv'd of ev'ry fun'ral rite;
" Unbleſs'd had wander'd in the ſhades of night.
" While angry *Charon* with a brow ſevere
" His plaint rejected, and refus'd his pray'r.
" Theſe obligations is it then my fate
" To owe a man, whom I ſo long could hate?
" Reward him heav'n, and every pow'r above;
" And me at length from miſery remove!
" O render me, thou deareſt, worthieſt friend,
" The ſelf-ſame honours at my latter end!
" Repeat theſe glorious acts, extend your name,
" Let nought be wanting to compleat your fame!"
With this, his ſorrows were too pow'rful grown,
O'ercame his ſtrength; back fell he in a ſwoon.
Silent and ſad *Telemachus* remain'd
Cloſe at his ſide 'till ſpirits he regain'd.

He

He ſoon recov'ring found his ſtrength return,
And from the Prince's hand receiv'd the urn.
A thouſand tender kiſſes he impreſs'd,
And in a flood of melting grief addreſs'd.
" O precious aſhes of the worthieſt man!
" O! when ſhall mine a like interment gain?
" I come, I follow thee; thou deareſt youth!
" *Ulyſſes'* ſon ſhall vengeance take for both."
  Each day the *Cretans* did his ſtrength renew,
Who ſkill divine from *Æſculapius* drew:
The Prince himſelf was his attendant ſure
The more to forward and advance the cure.
The Allies enamour'd with a ſoul ſo great,
That could its foe with ſuch indulgence treat,
With leſs ſurpriſe that martial ſkill beheld,
Which had ſo late preſerv'd them in the field.
Meanwhile the Prince would voluntary bear
The worſt fatigues, and labours of the war.
Small the refreſhment he from ſleep receiv'd,
For day and night intelligence arriv'd;
Or he would viſit the remoteſt poſt,
And paſs through ev'ry quarter of the hoſt.
Yet ne'er at ſtated periods would he roam,
But unawares upon the ſluggards come.
Oft in his tent with ſweat, and duſt o'erſpread
Quite ſpent with toil, he lean'd his languid head:
Coarſe was his diet, ſimple was his fare;
The meaneſt ſoldier had an equal ſhare.

IMITATION.

Verſe 702, *Sophocl. Electra.*

Thus to ſobriety he ſtrove t' inure,
And teach with patience hardſhips to endure.
Of ſhort proviſions all the camp complain'd,
The riſing murmurs he with eaſe reſtrain'd;
By condeſcending, of his own accord,
To ſuffer all things which themſelves deplor'd.
From life ſo hard no ill effects he knew,
Each day he ſeem'd robuſter to the view.
No more indeed that graceful bloom appears,
Which waits on beauty in its early years;
His features all leſs delicate were ſeen,
His aſpect rough; and maſculine his mien.
His limbs no longer could that ſoftneſs boaſt,
But nervous ſtrength compenſates all he loſt.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *convinced by various dreams that his father* Ulyſſes *was no longer alive upon the earth, puts in execution his deſign to go in ſearch of him to the Infernal regions. He quits privately the Camp, with two* Cretan *attendants, as far as a certain Temple near the famous cavern of* Acherontia: *forces his way through the darkneſs, arrives on the banks of the river* Styx, *and* Charon *receives him aboard his veſſel: he proceeds to preſent himſelf before* Pluto, *whom he finds prepared to conſent that he may ſearch thoſe realms for his father. He traverſes all* Tartarus, *where he beholds the torments which the ungrateful undergo, the perjured perſons, the profane, the ſpecious Hypocrites, and above all unworthy Monarchs.*

THE *Daunian* Monarch (whoſe defeated hoſt
Enfeebled ſeem'd by numbers he had loſt)
To back of *Aulon* ſounded his retreat,
At leiſure there auxiliaries to wait.

NOTE.

Verſe 3, *To back of* Aulon—A mountain of *Calabria* now called *Caulo*, upon which was a town of the ſame name.

And

And there, if poſſible, ſome means deviſe,
His foes afreſh to harraſs and ſurpriſe.
So when a lion (whom the village-ſwains
Have bravely put to flight) his wood regains;
There couching cloſe each claw doth he ſurvey,
And whet each fang againſt a future fray;
Impatient burning 'till occaſion fair
Shall offer, piece-meal all the herd to tear.
Telemachus, who now, with care and pain,
Had caus'd a diſcipline exact to reign,
Reſolv'd a ſcheme to execute, conceal'd
From ev'ry chief and leader in the field:
Long had he liv'd a ſtranger to delight,
Had ſeen his ſire in viſions of the night;
The lovely phantom conſtantly appear'd,
Ere roſy-finger'd morn her ſtandard rear'd
To chace the twinkling ſtars with orient beams,
And baniſh ſleep, with his illuſive dreams.
Sometimes he thought *Ulyſſes* naked ſtood
On ſome bleſt Iſle beſide a ſilver flood,
In verdant meads where flow'rs abundant ſpring,
While beauteous nymphs his covering would bring.
Oftimes he ſeem'd that hero to behold,
In ſtately rooms of ivory and gold;
While laurel'd heroes with attention gaz'd,
His ſenſe admir'd; his elocution prais'd.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 7, *Hom. Il.* 17.
Verſe 18, *Virg. Æn.* 4.
Verſe 21, *Ovid. Met.* 15.

Next at a genial feaſt he met his ſight,
Where ev'ry gueſt felt raviſhing delight;
Where heav'nly voices, warbling ſweet, conſpire
With notes harmonious of the ſounding lyre.
More ſweet than *Phœbus* when, with harp divine,
He joins in concert with the Sacred Nine.
   Waking alas! in vain thoſe joys he ſought,
Which ſerv'd but to perplex his troubled thought.
" *Ulyſſes!* deareſt father!" he exclaims,
" To theſe would I prefer the worſt of dreams.
" Theſe heav'nly viſions but convince me more
" You now are ſubject to th' infernal pow'r;
" Conſign'd by Heav'n to everlaſting reſt,
" Where Virtue's vot'ries are ſupremely bleſt.
" Methinks I ſee thoſe fair *Elyſian* plains,
" O cruel ſtate, where hope no more remains!
" Muſt I no more behold *Ulyſſes'* face?
" No more my ſire, my deareſt friend embrace?
" Whoſe kind affection I ſo fain would prove,
" Whom eager ſeek, to manifeſt my love?
" No more in rapture ſhall I hear that tongue,
" Inſpir'd by wiſdom, with perſuaſion hung;
" Nor kiſs that much-lov'd hand, with vict'ry crown'd,
" That hand which triumph'd o'er his foes around!
" Nor ſhall he vindicate his injur'd Queen,
" Or by his reſcu'd *Ithaca* be ſeen!
" Oh Gods! the foes of great *Ulyſſes'* fame,
" From you deſcends each terrifying dream;
" All hopes to baniſh from my tortur'd breaſt,
" Ev'n take my life too, which on Him muſt reſt.

" Uncertain

" Uncertain thus, I cannot, will not live.
" Alas! too plainly I his death perceive!
" Uncertain did I ſay? I'll inſtant go,
" And ſearch him out through all the realms below.
" *Theſeus* in ſafety could proceed as far,
" Th' abandon'd *Theſeus*, who could force prepare
" Againſt thoſe *Stygian* pow'rs: why then not I,
" Whoſe only view is filial piety?
" As ſafely paſs'd *Alcmena*'s valiant ſon,
" Inferior far my virtues muſt I own:
" Yet to no common glory ſhall I riſe,
" By imitation of a worth like his.
" That God, whom we inexorable paint,
" *Orpheus* could touch with his melodious plaint;
" Obtain releaſe of his beloved wife,
" Reſtore his loſt *Eurydice* to life:
" Still more compaſſion ſhall my ſuit obtain,
" Who of a loſs more exquiſite complain.
" For who a nymph (however fair ſhe be,
" When thouſand others are as fair as ſhe)
" With wiſe *Ulyſſes* ſhall preſume to place;
" Whom univerſal *Greece* conſpires to praiſe?
" Haſte then away! if death this act attend;
" Why, welcome death! I'll meet him as a friend.
" What harm in death; or wherefore ſhould I fear,
" Condemn'd in life ſuch miſery to bear?

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 65, *Virg. Æn.* 6.
Verſe 85, *Racin. Phed.* 3, 3.

" Hail

" Hail gloomy *Dis!* hail *Proſerpine* the bleſt!
" I come to put your pity to the teſt;
" By land, by ſea, at mercy of the wind,
" Thus long in vain I've aim'd my ſire to find:
" And now to horrid *Tartarus* deſcend
" To ſearch his dreary regions for my friend.
" Tho' Heav'n above refuſe you to my ſight,
" And diſappoint me in the realms of light;
" In Hell, perhaps, 'twill hear my ſuppliant pray'r,
" And bring your ſhade my troubled ſoul to chear."
He ſaid, and roſe, his tears the couch bedew'd;
Some comfort hop'd he when the light he view'd,
Some reſpite from the grief theſe dreams had giv'n;
But all in vain---too home the ſhaft was driv'n,
Pierc'd through his ſoul; no way for flight remain'd,
Still bled the wound, and healing arts diſdain'd.
Thus ſorely preſs'd; to favour his deſcent
He to a paſſage near adjoining went.
A dreadful cavern, not unknown to fame,
And *Acherontia* was its boaſted name.
Direct from hence a way tremendous led
To gloomy *Ach'ron*, river of the dead;
Which all the Deities of Heav'n revere,
Nor venture raſhly by that ſtream to ſwear.

Upon

NOTES.

Verſe 108, *To gloomy* Ach'ron — This river according to *Servius* was not far from *Baiæ* in *Italy*, and ſo ſurrounded with mountains that the Sun never approached it but in the middle of the day.

Verſe 110, *Nor venture raſhly*—The name of this river was ſo ſacred,

Upon a craggy rock the town was plac'd,
There like a nest by lofty boughs embrac'd;
Low at its foot this cave excited fear,
No step of mortals would approach too near;
The wary shepherd turn'd his flocks aside
From horrid clefts, which the parch'd earth divide;
For dreadful *Styx* would vapours dank exhale
T' infect the air, and poison ev'ry gale.
No verdant herb, no flow'r would near it grow,
The kindly zephyrs here refus'd to blow;
The vernal Graces all disdain'd to smile,
No golden harvests recompenc'd the toil.
Burnt was the soil, some leafless shrubs alone
And baleful cypress, would the region own.
Around for miles had *Ceres* fled the land,
Her precious sheaves ne'er fill'd the lab'rer's hand;
Nor would a spot so wild gay *Bacchus* suit,
The germins wither'd ere they came to fruit.
The beauteous *Naiads* all dejected seem,
Unable to produce the lucid stream:
Forth from their urns in filthy channels past
The troubled waters, bitter to the taste.

NOTE.

sacred, that if any of the Gods broke his oath when he had once sworn by it, he was to be deprived of his divinity, and to drink no nectar for a hundred years. To account for this, we must have recourse to the opinion of the most ancient philosophers: who looked upon water, or rather the fluid state of the chaos, as the original and first principle of all created nature.

IMITATION.

Verse 117, *Petron.*

Briars and thorns the circuit round beſpread;
No feather'd ſongſters to frequent the ſhade;
No ſhelt'ring wood: to happier climes they rove
In purer air to warble out their love.
Hoarſe ravens croak'd, and mournful birds of night;
Th' embitter'd graſs was horrid to the ſight:
The lowing herds diſconſolately ſtray,
Strange to thoſe joys which make them ſkip and play.
The luſty bull his beauteous heifer fled,
And ruſtic ſwains forgot the tuneful reed.
  From time to time, in duſky clouds the ſmoke
With frightful tempeſt from the cavern broke:
And interpos'd between *Apollo*'s ray,
Inducing darkneſs in the midſt of day.
The neighb'ring hinds would then libations pour,
T'appeaſe the wrath of each Infernal pow'r;
But oft the faireſt youths, in bloom of age,
Alone ſuffic'd their fury to aſſwage:
Well pleas'd they ſeem'd thoſe tender lives to take,
By cruel plagues which iſſu'd from the lake.
  Thro' paths like theſe, *Telemachus* decreed
To ſeek his paſſage to the dreary dead.
Minerva ſtill with watchful eye beheld,
And o'er his limbs had ſpread th' immortal ſhield;
In ev'ry danger deign'd his ſteps t' attend,
And made th' Infernal Deity his friend;
At her petition too, the King of Heav'n
To *Hermes* ſwift his high beheſt had giv'n:

IMITATION.

Verſe 143, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

(Who

(Who day by day deſcending on the wind,
Departed ſouls to *Charon*'s charge conſign'd)
That *Pluto* ſhould permit *Ulyſſes*' ſon
To ſearch his empire, and approach his throne.
 The Prince his tent in dead of night forſook,
By *Cynthia*'s ſilver light his journey took;
Fair ſtar of heav'n, on earth *Diana* nam'd;
In hell, tremendous *Hecate* proclaim'd.
To her high mounted on her carr in air,
With humble rev'rence he addreſs'd his pray'r.
The Goddeſs heard him with indulgence kind;
For pure and uncorrupted was his mind:
By filial love conducted ſeem'd alone,
Affection worthy of a duteous ſon.
 Scarce in the entrance of the cave he ſtood,
When ſubterranean groans, and murmurs loud
Aſſail'd his frighted ears. Beneath, the ground
Rock'd to and fro, and trembled at the ſound.

NOTES.

Verſe 160, *To* Hermes *ſwift—Hermes* or *Mercury* was the ſon of *Jupiter* and *Maia;* and is deſcribed with wings on his feet, and a caduceus in his hand. He was the God of Eloquence and Trade, and was likewiſe worſhipped as one of the infernal deities; having the charge of conducting departed ſouls into hell.

Verſe 166, *By* Cynthia'*s ſilver light—Cynthia* or the *Moon*, the daughter of *Jupiter* and *Latona*, was particularly worſhipped at *Epheſus* under the title of *Diana*. Her temple was one of the ſeven wonders of the world, and was burnt down on the day that *Alexander* the Great was born.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 162, *Hor.* lib. 1. Od. 10.
Verſe 168, *Virg. Æn.* 6.
Verſe 178, Id. ib.

Red lightnings arm'd the ſkies, and livid flame
In ſhow'rs portentous, ſhook all Nature's frame.
Aghaſt he ſtood in conſternation great,
His limbs all cover'd with a clammy ſweat;
But courage ſtill preſerv'd his temper ev'n,
And with uplifted hands he look'd to heav'n.
" Dread Gods!" he cried, " I gratefully receive
" The proſp'rous omens you are pleas'd to give:
" Henceforth, no threat'ning danger will I fear,
" Compleat your work, and ſtrengthen me to bear."
He ended thus, and with redoubled force
All undiſmay'd purſu'd his deſtin'd courſe.
Thoſe clouds of ſtench, and ſmoke, which fatal were
To ev'ry creature which approach'd too near,
Had now abated, and diſpers'd in air.
Alone advanc'd he: for what heart beſide
Would dare to follow this advent'rous guide?
Two truſty *Cretans* had his march purſu'd,
But now at diſtance from the cavern ſtood.
Half dead with fear, and trembling were they ſeen
Where roſe a temple on the hallow'd green:
His ſure deſtruction they already mourn,
Yet vows preſented for his ſafe return.
   Meanwhile with ſword in hand *Ulyſſes'* ſon
Through darkneſs palpable his paſſage won:
And ſoon a glimm'ring light attention drew,
Like that which nightly upon earth we view;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 202, *Virg. Æn.* 6.
Verſe 205, Id. ib.

The

The flitting airy ghoſts around him move,
Which ſtill before him with his ſword he drove.
At length the melancholy banks he 'ſpied
Of miry *Styx*, that roll'd a ſluggiſh tide:
Whoſe ſleeping waves no motion e'er diſcloſe,
But what from whirlpools infinite aroſe.
Unnumber'd ſouls, of fun'ral rites depriv'd,
Throng'd all the ſhore, and at the boat arriv'd;
Alas! their tears were fruitleſs all, and vain,
From *Charon* ſtern no paſſage could they gain.
This griſly God no pleaſures could engage,
Vig'rous and ſtrong, but furrow'd o'er with age.
Anguiſh and care were in his features ſhown,
His rigid front had one eternal frown.
With threats repell'd he ſhadows that implor'd,
But freely took the *Grecian* youth on board.

NOTE.

Verſe 215, *From* Charon *ſtern*—The word *Charon*, we are told, in the *Egyptian* language ſignifies a ferryman. And hence perhaps aroſe the fable that *Charon* was the ferryman of hell: for the preſent inhabitants near the lake *Mæris* in *Egypt*, call that lake the lake of *Charon*, and ſay, that a certain perſon of mean extraction took up his reſidence by that lake ſide, and acquired immenſe riches by exacting a tribute for every corpſe which was ferried over for interment.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 207, *Virg. Æn.* 6.
Verſe 213, Id. ib.
Verſe 216, Id. ib.
Verſe 220, Id. ib.

And ſcarce embark'd he when a groan was heard,
From one that inconſolable appear'd.
"O ſhade!" exclaim'd the Prince, "reveal your pain,
"Alive what character might you ſuſtain?"
"From lofty *Babylon*," ſaid he, "I came,
"And *Nabopharzan* is my royal name:
"The fartheſt Eaſt that glorious name rever'd.
"A marble edifice my ſubjects rear'd
"In which with ſolemn pray'rs was I addreſs'd;
"A golden image there my face expreſs'd.
"While day and night they burn'd the rich perfumes,
"All *Ethiopia*'s aromatic gums.
"None e'er preſum'd my pleaſure to withſtand,
"But felt the weight of my chaſtiſing hand.
"Each day of pleaſures they increas'd my ſtore,
"And made my life more happy than before.
"The prime of youth as yet I ſcarce had paſt,
"Robuſt, and ſtrong; and vig'rous to the laſt:
"Good heav'n! what proſp'rous hours might I have known
"What joys perceiv'd on that exalted throne!
"But lo! a nymph whom tenderly I lov'd,
"And who, it ſeems, my paſſion diſapprov'd;
"Convinc'd me ſoon in error's path I trod,
"And was by far inferior to a God.
"A poiſon'd cup ſhe gave---I fool obey'd,
"And now am nothing but an empty ſhade.
"Laſt ſetting Sun mine aſhes did behold
"With ſplendour laid within an urn of gold.
"Abundant tears were at my fun'ral ſhed,
"Each tore in grief the honours of his head:

"And,

" And, in pretence, was eager for the fire,
" Would with his ſov'reign readily expire.
" Thence paſs'd they to my tomb ſuperbly grac'd,
" In midſt of which my poor remains they plac'd:
" And at its foot loud lamentation raiſe,
" The hallow'd vault reſounded with my praiſe.
" In fact, no living ſoul, my fate deplor'd;
" My mem'ry juſtly is by all abhorr'd:
" My neareſt kindred as exulting ſeem,
" And here already, know I woes extreme."
Touch'd with a ſight ſo moving and ſo ſad,
Ulyſſes' offspring thus addreſs'd the ſhade.
" Were you indeed ſuperlatively bleſt
" When thus of pow'r and Royalty poſſeſt?
" Had you that inward peace, that calm of mind,
" In want of which the ſoul is ſtill confin'd;
" And ſtill diſhonour infinite muſt know,
" Though ev'ry joy in vaſt abundance flow?"
" Alas!" he cried, " I nought of this have ſeen,
" Nor underſtand I rightly what you mean.
" Oft did our ſage Philoſophers declare,
" This inward peace was only worth our care;
" Ne'er could I taſte it: my effem'nate ſoul
" Found hopes, and fears, and new deſires controul.
" Myſelf ſtill aim'd to ſtupify my brain,
" That ev'ry paſſion undiſturb'd might reign.
" All arts t' indulge this phrenzy I employ,
" And fear'd to loſe th' intoxicating joy.
" No intermiſſion of delights could bear
" Each dawn of reaſon was a ſource of care.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI

" Such was the peace I fondly could eſteem,
" Thought all but this a fable, and a dream.
" Lo! here the pleaſure I alone could know,
" The want of which exaggerates my woe."
The *Babylonian* when he thus had ſaid,
O'ercome with grief, of tears a torrent ſhed:
Like one whoſe coward-ſoul by proſp'rous ſtate
Too ſoft was grown to ſtruggle with his fate.
A crowd of ſlaves attended in his train,
Who for his honour at the pile were ſlain.
All theſe did *Maia*'s ſon together bring,
To *Charon*'s charge deliv'ring, with their King.
And now inveſted with a boundleſs pow'r,
T' inſult the tyrant they had ſerv'd before.
No longer trembling in his ſight they ſtand,
But like a ſavage monſter held him chain'd:
And, in ſarcaſtic vein, releas'd from fear
Inflicted pains moſt horrible to bear.
" Ah wretch!" ſaid one, who Monarchy diſgrace;
" Deriv'd not we our birth from human race?
" What madneſs ſtrange with folly could combine
" That lump of vanity to think divine?
" And could a truth like this eſcape your eye,
" Like others born you muſt like others die?"
The next inſulting cried---" you reaſon'd right,
" When you no mortal would appear to fight:
" In truth, I ne'er eſteem'd you half ſo good:
" But ſome unheard of monſter from the wood."
A third exclaim'd---" Where now thy flatt'rers, ſay,
" Who buzz'd around in ſun-ſhine of thy day?
" Poor

" Poor wretch! you now have nothing more to give:
" And harder ſtill, no ſubjects to aggrieve:
" A Slave of ſlaves. Thus Providence, tho' ſlow,
" Will yet at laſt fit recompence beſtow."
  Stung to the quick with this he proſtrate fell,
And hop'd his ſad confuſion to conceal:
Oppreſs'd with grief, with anger, and deſpair,
He roll'd him in the keel, and tore his hair.
" Rouſe him," ſaid *Charon*, " ſhake him by his chain,
" Spight of his heart ſhall he endure his pain:
" Concealment were a comfort much too great;
" No.---Ev'ry ſubject of th' Infernal ſtate
" Shall view his anguiſh :---thus acquitting heav'n
" That to the wretch ſo long a reign hath giv'n.
" Yet know that here your ſorrows but commence,
" Prepare your ſoul when you depart from hence;
" At *Minos*' dread tribunal to appear,
" Great Judge of all inflexibly ſevere."
He ſaid. The bark was now advanc'd to ſhore,
And touch'd the borders of the *Stygian* pow'r.
And crowding ghoſts, in great amaze, perceive
A mortal man could thither come, and live.
Amidſt a group of ſhades beheld him ſtand,
And in their company approach to land.
But in a moment, when he touch'd the ground,
With ſpeed they fled; and vaniſh'd all around

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 314, *Euripid. Hecub. Hor.* l. 3. Od. 2.
Verſe 332, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Swiſt as diſperſe the fleeting ſhades of night,
When ruddy morn unbars the doors of light.
Here dreadful *Charon* ſmooth'd his wrinkled brow,
Began leſs fierceneſs in his eyes to ſhow;
Each look of rage and fury he ſuppreſs'd,
And mildly thus *Telemachus* addreſs'd:
" O Mortal favour'd by th' Eternal Gods,
" Who licence give to viſit theſe abodes,
" (A grace which you and you alone obtain:
" None elſe with life can ſuch a proſpect gain)
" Haſte where your fate directs.---This gloomy path
" Leads to the palace of the God of Death:
" There ſhall you find him on his throne ſublime,
" Conſent he'll give you ſome convenient time,
" This nether World's vaſt empire to behold,
" And canvaſs ſecrets I muſt ne'er unfold."
The Prince with ſpeed advanc'd; on either ſide
Forms immaterial without number glide,
Unnumber'd ſeem'd they as the boundleſs ſand
On ocean's brink, which covers all the ſtrand.
The ſight of theſe, the horrors of the place
So vaſt, ſo ſilent, all his nerves unbrace:
His hair erected ſtood with wild affright,
When he approach'd theſe ſable realms of night,
Stern *Pluto*'s Court. His voice no more he found,
His feeble knees with trembling knock'd the ground.
At length, with pain extreme, he ſilence brake,
And thus the dire Divinity beſpake:

IMITATION.

Verſe 360, *Virg. Æn.* 2.

" Dread Sir, you ſee amidſt a world unknown,
" Th' unhappy offspring of *Laertes*' Son:
" Oh! tell me if *Ulyſſes* here deſcends,
" Or yet on earth his deſtiny attends?"
High on an ebon throne in regal ſtate,
With pallid looks ſevere, the Godhead ſat.
His eyes were flames, his forehead wrinkled o'er,
An air of threatning and defiance wore:
A living object odious was to him,
As light to animals of optics dim;
Who ſhun its rays unable to endure,
Nor leave their manſions but in night obſcure.
Cloſe at his ſide fair *Proſerpine* was plac'd,
Whom oft admiring fondly he embrac'd:
She his affection could alone engage,
Could ſooth his breaſt; and mitigate his rage.
Her youth and charms perpetual ſeem'd, and new,
Yet beauteous thus, and lovely to the view;
Her brow contracting ſeem'd moroſeneſs ſour,
From this her fierce and cruel paramour.
Devouring Death beneath him took his ſtand,
With meagre pallid face, and ſcythe in hand;
Which ever and anon more keen he made,
And with a whetſtone ſharpen'd all the blade.
Near him Diſtruſt, and black corroding Care,
And Vengeance all athirſt for blood and war.
From head to foot disfigur'd was ſhe found,
With trickling gore, and many a bleeding wound.

IMITATION.

Verſe 386, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Next Hatred, Av'rice, which itſelf deſtroys,
Deſpair, ſelf-murd'rer, ſtill averſe to joys,
With mad Ambition, greedy thirſt of fame,
That plunders all, and ſets the world on flame.
Dark Treaſon next, which eager ſeem'd for blood,
Yet for itſelf could thence extract no good:
And pining Envy darting poiſons round,
Diſtract with rage, if ſhe inflicts no wound.
Impiety ſtood next with deſp'rate ſpade,
And headlong jump'd into the pit ſhe made,
All hideous ſpectres, phantoms that appear,---
Like men departed, and the living ſcare;
All dreadful dreams that interrupt repoſe,
And waking thoughts more horrid ſtill than thoſe.
All pains and plagues, of terrifying ſort,
Encompaſs'd *Pluto* round, and fill'd his Court.
At length with hollow voice the tyrant ſpoke;
While Hell aſtoniſh'd to its centre ſhook:
" By Fate's decree, young Mortal, are you led
" To force the dark receſſes of the Dead:
" Purſue your fate. But think not I'll unfold
" The ſecret, if theſe realms your father hold;
" Let it ſuffice that you have leave to go,
" And ſearch him out among the ſhades below.
" But ſince on earth a Monarch he hath reign'd,
" With greater eaſe your wiſh may be attain'd:
" For firſt that ſide of *Tart'rus* muſt you trace,
" Where impious Kings for puniſhment we place:
" On th' other ſide th' *Elyſian* fields ariſe,
" Where virtuous Sov'reigns are conſign'd to bliſs.

" Hence to *Elyſium* will no path convey,
" 'Till firſt thro' gloomy *Tartarus* you ſtray.
" Away, be gone, and to your ſearch proceed;
" And of your preſence rid my realms with ſpeed."
Swift through the ſpacious void he ran, he flew,
Fir'd with the hopes his much-lov'd ſire to view;
And quit a preſence which, with utmoſt dread,
Could fill alike the living and the dead.
His horrors ſoon did *Tartarus* diſcloſe,
From whence a ſable cloud ſulphureous roſe;
Whoſe ſtench contagious would all life remove,
If once permitted in the realms above.
A fiery flood this vapour cover'd o'er,
Where whirling flames in furious torrents pour:
Its noiſe, like waves, which from ſome mountain's brow,
Impetuous fall into th' abyſs below.
All ears were ſtunn'd, and deafen'd with the ſound;
Nought here diſtinct, articulate was found.
The youth, who felt *Minerva*'s ſecret aid,
With dauntleſs heart this raging gulph ſurvey'd;
Forward advanc'd, and firſt of all perceiv'd
Vaſt tribes who once in abject ſtate had liv'd;
But now were ſentenc'd to eternal pain,
For frauds they practic'd riches to obtain;
For treach'rous wiles, and baſe diſſembling arts,
And chief, the ſettled hardneſs of their hearts.
A croud of hypocrites next met his eyes,
That us'd Religion as a cloak for vice;
Pretending zeal, Ambition they purſu'd,
And thus ſhort-ſighted mortals could delude.

Theſe

These who could Virtue use for private ends,
(The greatest blessing which from Heav'n descends)
Were doom'd a suff'ring most severe to find;
As most abandon'd of all human kind.
The parricides profane, degen'rate brood,
Who dipp'd their impious hands in parent's blood;
Unnat'ral wives, who their rebellious swords
Presum'd to plunge in bosoms of their lords;
Traitors, who breaking ev'ry solemn vow,
To servile yoke had made their country bow;---
All these a punishment less harsh requites,
Than that reserv'd for odious hypocrites.
For so decreed these judges of mankind,
And this substantial reason they assign'd;
" Such slaves," said they, " not satisfy'd with crimes,
" Which others practic'd from the earli'st times,
" As good and virtuous would appear to view;
" And thus, by virtue false, despise the true.
" Th' affronted Gods their utmost pow'r exert
" In plagues proportion'd to their vile desert."
 Next after these vast multitudes appear,
Whom vulgar minds from all offences clear.
But heav'n beholds them in a diff'rent light,
And all the Gods to punish them unite.
Ungrateful authors of ill grounded lies,
And flatterers that smooth the paths of Vice;
Malicious critics, who with tongues profane
Unsullied Virtue dar'd asperse, and stain:

IMITATION.

Verse 45 , *Virg. Æn.* 6.

With

With judges raſh of things not underſtood;
That blaſt the credit of the juſt, and good.
Among th' ungrateful, thoſe were tortur'd moſt
Who all reſpect for righteous heav'n had loſt.
" That man," ſaid *Minos*, " we a monſter name,
" Who dares deſpiſe the ſtock from whence he came:
" That ſlights his father, or his earthly friend;
" Although but ſmall the ſuccours theſe can lend.
" Shall he then boaſt Ingratitude to heav'n,
" Which life itſelf and ev'ry good hath giv'n!
" From earthly parents did his being flow,
" Or did the Gods that benefit beſtow?
" On earth unpuniſh'd may the ſinner live,
" And each to other may indulgence give;
" But none can e'er eſcape the Pow'rs below,
" The greateſt plagues hereafter ſhall they know."
Th' Infernal Court now ſat. The Judges three
Againſt a wretch had iſſu'd their decree:
Telemachus beheld th' unhappy man,
And meekly begg'd they would his fault explain.
The culprit catch'd at this; and now aloud
His harmleſs life, his innocence avow'd.
" My ſole delight," ſaid he, " in virtuous deeds,
" The poor I pitied; and ſupplied their needs:
" Was gen'rous, juſt, and free from treach'rous art;
" Who then as impious ſhall arraign my heart?"
Here *Minos* interpos'd---" We name not wrongs,
" Nor charge neglect in what to men belongs:
" But could the Gods no eſtimation ſhare,
" Did theſe than mortals, leſs deſerve your care?

" Where now the Juſtice you ſo loudly boaſt,
" The trifle man hath all your ſoul engroſs'd.
" Virtue you had; but for yourſelf alone:
" No debt to heav'n, which gave that virtue, own.
" Of all its fruits would be yourſelf poſſeſt,
" And make all centre in your proper breaſt.
" Self-worſhipp'd Saint! but know, thoſe Gods rever'd
" That all this glorious frame of Nature rear'd,
" Have rais'd it for themſelves: and ne'er will quit
" Their juſt pretenſions, and undoubted right.
" Forgetting them, in turn are you forgot:
" All paſt remembrance of your name they blot;
" Who dar'd by that neglect provoke your doom,
" And fondly hope for happineſs at home.
" Go, ſearch for comfort in that tortur'd mind,
" Seek there for peace, if haply you can find.
" At diſtance now from all whoſe praiſe you ſought,
" Converſe at leiſure with that idol-thought:
" And learn that none true Virtue can purſue,
" Who love not Heav'n; and give it honours due.
" That phantom Virtue by the crowd believ'd,
" Whoſe dazzled eyes are eaſily deceiv'd,
" Is now no more. Weak mortals Vice deteſt
" And Virtue praiſe, as ſuits their purpoſe beſt:
" Are abſolutely blind to bad, and good,
" Of which is neither rightly underſtood.
" Here, emanations of a light divine
" Make ev'ry deed in proper colours ſhine:
" What rais'd our wonder once, we now abhor
" And often praiſe what we condemn'd before."

The

The wiſe Philoſopher this ſentence heard,
And now as one that's thunderſtruck appear'd.
No more that ſweet complacency could find,
That wonted courage, and ſupport of mind;
His gen'rous maxims vaniſh'd all in air,
He ſunk at once in infinite deſpair.
That impious heart which had the Gods defied,
Was now become the ſcourge of all his pride.
The dreadful image gave him endleſs pain,
Still did it haunt him; and to fly was vain.
He ſaw the vanity of human thought,
From which alone he commendation ſought.
His ev'ry principle was overthrown,
His very bowels ſeem'd turn'd upſide down:
No ſmall reſemblance of himſelf remain'd,
No ſingle prop his drooping ſoul ſuſtain'd.
Conſcience, the friend which he before could truſt,
Was now his foe; and his accuſer juſt:
With keen reproach it aggravates his ſhame,
Shews how illuſive were his dreams of fame;
Who to Religion could ſo ill attend,
Where only wiſdom ſhould begin, and end.
In conſternation great, remorſe, and grief;
His anguiſh found no proſpect of relief.
Yet did the Furies unmoleſted leave,
His heart, they knew, would pangs ſufficient give;
Of ev'ry cutting care increaſe the load,
And vengeance take for each offended God.
Forthwith to thickeſt ſhades diſtract he fled,
To ſhun the preſence of his fellow dead.

Alas! no darkneſs could his horrors veil,
Or from himſelf his hated form conceal!
Still was he follow'd by the light of day,
And ſacred Truth with penetrating ray
All places fill'd, and haunted him in all
T'avenge his folly, that had mock'd her call.
All former joys and pleaſures now offend,
Source of misfortunes which ſhall ne'er have end.
"Oh ſenſeleſs wretch!" he cried, "who blind of ſight,
"Nor heav'n, nor earth, have underſtood aright!
"Strange to thyſelf! nought right have you purſu'd,
"But fled the only true ſubſtantial good.
"Your footſteps all in error's path have ſtray'd,
"A dupe to folly by your wiſdom made.
"Your breaſt with pride, inſtead of virtue ſtor'd,
"Yourſelf the idol by yourſelf ador'd."
And now *Telemachus* a proſpect gain'd
Of wretched Kings, that once with ſplendour reign'd:
But uſing power to ſubvert the law,
Were now condemn'd the ſervile chain to draw.
Lo! here a Fury at their elbow ſtand!
Who lifts a mirror in her vengeful hand,
In horrid forms preſenting to their view
All vices, faults, and follies which they knew:
Here, tho' unwilling, are they forc'd to gaze
On all their vanity, and empty praiſe;
Their want of pity, and concern humane
For thoſe, whoſe bliſs depended on their reign.

IMITATION.

Verſe 689, *Xenoph. in Ages.*

Here

Here ſaw they Virtue drooping by the throne,
And Truth diſcountenanc'd in ſilence moan.
While Courtiers delicate alone were dear,
And ſmooth-tongued flatt'ry, gain'd the royal ear.
Here ſaw they all their indolence compleat,
Averſion ſtrange to bus'neſs of the ſtate;
I'll plac'd ſuſpicion, grandeur in exceſs;
And Pride, inſulting o'er the realm's diſtreſs.
There vile Ambition, which falſe fame purſu'd,
By being laviſh of their people's blood.
In fine their cruelty ſtood forth to view,
Who ev'ry day could ſeek amuſement new;
While yet th' unhappy paid the purchaſe dear,
Reduc'd to ſorrow, and extreme deſpair.
Here ev'ry face more horror could inſpire,
Than fam'd *Bellerophon*'s Chimæra dire,

Or

NOTE.

Verſe 615, *Than fam'd* Bellerophon'*s Chimæra*—*Bellerophon* was the ſon of *Glaucus* King of *Ephyra*, the ancient name of *Corinth*. He is ſaid to have murdered one *Beller*, and from thence to have derived his name. Being obliged to fly upon this occaſion, he took refuge at the Court of *Pretus* King of *Argos*; whoſe wife *Stenobœa* fell deſperately in love with him. But refuſing to be criminal with her, ſhe falſely accuſed him to her huſband. *Prœtus*, unwilling to violate the laws of hoſpitality, ſent him away to *Iobates* King of *Lycia*, the father of *Stenobœa*, with private inſtructions to that King, that he ſhould put him on ſome deſperate enterprize which might procure his death. He accordingly diſpatched him, with a handful of men, to ſubdue his neighbours the *Solymi*. The three Gods of thoſe people, whom they painted on their enſigns in the forms of a lion, a goat, and a dragon, are ſuppoſed to have given birth to this fable of the Chimæra. Others ſuppoſe he deſtroyed a pirate who infeſted the coaſts of *Lycia*, and had painted on his ſhip the figures

above

Or Hydra, terror of *Lernæan* wood,
By great *Alcides'* valiant hand ſubdu'd.
Nor *Cerb'rus'* ſelf more dreadful can appear,
Whoſe triple throat empoiſons all the air:
Whoſe tainted breath inflicts a deadly wound,
and vomits blood, to ſlay the nations round.
  Another Fury near to this was ſeen,
With haughty air, and with inſulting mien;
Repeating praiſes which their flatt'rers gave,
Ere yet they ſunk in ſilence to the grave.
A diff'rent glaſs preſents ſhe to their eyes
As flatt'ry painted, ſee! their image riſe.
This contraſt ſtrong, this diſagreement wide,
Severely check'd their vanity, and pride.
It ſeem'd the Monarchs who mankind deſtroy'd
Had moſt encomiums in their life enjoy'd:
For impious Kings, who with deſpotic ſway
Make all through fear implicitly obey;

NOTE.

above mentioned. Laſtly, as the Chimæra is deſcribed by the poets ſpitting out fire and flame; others have been induced to believe, that it was a burning mountain in *Lycia*, the top of which was poſſeſſed by lions, the middle by goats, and the moraſs at bottom by ſerpents. But whatever it was, he ſucceeded in his attempt, as he did likewiſe againſt the *Amazons* and freed himſelf too from an ambuſh which was laid by the *Lycians*, to murder him on his return.

IMITATION.

Verſe 732, *Soph. in Oed. Tyr.*

Without a bluſh all honours will receive,
Which hireling bards, and orators can give.
In endleſs night diſconſolate they ſat,
With ſighs and tears bemoan'd their hapleſs fate:
No ſingle object could their ſight relieve,
Nought but reproach, and inſult they perceive.
Repulſe, confuſion, ev'ry pain inflict;
And none approach them, but to contradict;
Who high in ſtate, and ſplendour of a Court,
Once murder'd thouſands for their empty ſport;
Thought all creation for themſelves deſign'd,---
In hell, by meaneſt vaſſals are confin'd:
Who, in their turn, all cruelty diſplay,
Whoſe will, and pleaſure they muſt now obey.
With pain they ſerve: but oh! no hopes remain,
Their precious liberty once loſt to gain:
Beneath thoſe ſlaves, now lordly tyrants found,
Like *Ætna*'s anvil do their bodies ſound;
When mighty *Vulcan* at his forge arrives,
And the rough *Cyclops* each his taſk receives.
Pale hideous faces ſaw *Ulyſſes*' ſon
With grief, companion of each wretch undone,
Such grief it ſeem'd as on their vitals prey'd;
With utmoſt horror they themſelves ſurvey'd.
Yet from this horror they no more could hide,
Than ev'n their frame, their nature lay aſide.
No need of further tortures to purſue,
Enough they felt; their actions to review.
In all their flagrant hues they ſaw them riſe,
Like dreadful ghoſts preſenting to their eyes.

Oft in defpair they ftood, invoking death
To banifh all remembrance with their breath;
Would now a fate by far more painful chofe
Than that which once could foul and body loofe.
Call'd on th' abyfs, to open wide its mouth
And fave from rays of perfecuting truth:
Referv'd for wrath diftilling drop by drop,
Which to exhauft furpaffes all their hope.
Their fcourge is now that truth they fear'd to know,
They fee it plain; but fee it as a foe.
It pierces all their foul, it fills with care,
Tranfports with paffion, and doth piecemeal tear.
As when the lightning fpares th' external frame,
But wounds the entrails with devouring flame:
Their foul diffolving feem'd beneath its pow'r,
As the hot furnace liquefies the ore.
No more confiftence, yet no change was gain'd;
Life's principles were gone, but life remain'd.
Torn from themfelves, no refuge in their pow'r,
No comfort left them for a fingle hour;
By furious raging at themfelves they liv'd,
And all their vigour from defpair deriv'd.
  Among thofe wretched objects he had view'd
(While with affright his hair erected ftood)
Were fome of *Lydian* race: who fuffer'd here
Since they could eafe, and luxury prefer
To toil, and labour for their people's good:
Duties incumbent upon royal blood.
  Two Kings each other with reproach accoft,
And feem'd difputing who was blinded moft:

Yet

Yet nearly were allied; the father one,
Who thus in rage addreſs'd his wretched ſon.
" When life," ſaid he, " was verging to an end,
" Say, at my death, did I not recommend;
" That you would gravely on my faults reflect,
" And heal thoſe ills which roſe through my neglect?"
" Alas! unhappy father," he replied,
" 'Twas your example which inſpir'd my pride,
" That wrought my fall: your grandeur ſwell'd my ſoul
" Till luſt and tyranny diſdain'd controul.
" Diſſolv'd in ſoft delights my ſire I found,
" Saw baſe-born flatterers his throne ſurround:
" From thence a love for flattery acquir'd,
" Thence ev'ry joy with eagerneſs deſir'd.
" Thought other mortals, if with Kings they're ſeen,
" Like beaſts of burthen, when compar'd to men.
" No further judg'd them worthy of eſteem,
" Than as ſubſervient to our wants they ſeem.
" Thus fooliſhly believ'd, as taught by you,
" And to my ruin did your ſteps purſue."
With mutual curſes here they rent the air,
While each in pieces would the other tear.
  Around theſe Kings, like filthy birds of night,
Hover'd diſtruſt, ſuſpicion, wild affright;
Which give the people their revenge compleat,
Whene'er with cruelty their Monarchs treat;
Inſatiate thirſt of wealth, falſe love of fame,
Perpetual ſource of tyranny extreme,

Effem'nate eaſe which multiplies our woes,
And yet no ſolid comforts can diſcloſe.
  Numbers of theſe were ſentenc'd now to pain,
Not for the miſchiefs of a vicious reign;
But for neglecting neceſſary things,
The virtuous worthy arts becoming Kings.
All crimes of ſubjects, where th' apparent cauſe
Was non-obſervance, and contempt of laws;
Were here imputed to the Prince alone,
Who to enforce thoſe laws poſſeſs'd the throne.
All ills which pride, and luxury create,
With all exceſſes which convulſe a ſtate,
Make men in ſearch of wealth all rule deſpiſe;
T' inhance the guilt of eaſy monarchs riſe.
But chief thoſe ſov'reigns dreadful pains o'ertook,
Who, not as faithful paſtors of their flock,
But rav'nous wolves reſembling; us'd their pow'r
To fleece them of their wool, and then devour.
  What fill'd the royal youth with moſt ſurpriſe
Was this, that multitudes here met his eyes
In torment toſt upon the fi'ry flood,
Whom men as virtuous had eſteem'd, and good.
The crime for which they ſuffer'd endleſs pain
Was, giving artful, impious men the rein,
They ſuffer'd now for all the harm that flow'd
From that authority, themſelves beſtow'd.
The greateſt part were neither good, nor bad;
So great the weakneſs which they all betray'd:

Ne'er had they fear'd the truth ſhould 'ſcape their ſight,
No taſte preſerv'd for Virtue, or for right:
Nor knew how much all pleaſures doth excel
The conſcious thought of having acted well.

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *enters the Elyſian fields, where he is recognized by his Great Grandfather* Arceſius; *who aſſures him that* Ulyſſes *is ſtill living, that he ſhall ſee him once more in* Ithaca, *and ſucceed him in the Throne.* Arceſius *deſcribes to him the happineſs which the Juſt enjoy, and good Kings eſpecially, who during their mortal ſtate have worſhipped the Gods, and conſulted the welfare of thoſe whom they governed. He gives him to underſtand, that thoſe Heroes, whoſe whole merit conſiſted in military ſkill, are far inferior in bliſs; and have their reſidence apart. He gives inſtructions to* Telemachus, *after which the latter returns with ſpeed to the Camp of the Allies.*

ULYSSES' Son, as he at diſtance drew
From theſe obſcure abodes, ſuch comfort knew,
Such freſh delight and exultation prov'd;
As though a mountain from his breaſt remov'd.
Hence he reflected on the ſtate of thoſe,
Who ſaw no diſtant period of their woes;
With terror found, that guilt no torment brings
To other impious, like to impious Kings.

" Alas!" ſaid he, " ſhall then ſuch perils wait
" On regal crowns, anxieties ſo great;
" Such ſnares be laid for Princes from their youth,
" Such toil, and pain, t' inveſtigate the truth;
" T' avoid each traitor's falſe deſigning art,
" And curb the native follies of their heart;
" Yet after life ſo ſhort, immers'd in care;
" Shall heav'n ſuch tortures here below prepare?
" O ſenſeleſs wretch who ſhall aſpire to reign!
" Far greater ſweets doth private life contain
" Where undiſturb'd, with calm contented mind,
" The path of Virtue we with eaſe can find."
  Thus muſing o'er, in melancholy mood,
Thoſe dreadful ſuff'rings he ſo late had view'd;
He ſeem'd an equal puniſhment to ſhare,
And ſympathize with them in deep deſpair:
But, in proportion as he further came
From ſcenes of horror, and ſulphureous flame;
His courage found he and his ſtrength reviv'd,
No more th' oppreſſion on his breath perceiv'd.
Soft heav'nly gleams of light his eye-lids felt,
From regions pure where godlike heroes dwelt.
  All Monarchs here of ev'ry age were found,
Whoſe glorious reigns with virtue had been crown'd:
But diſtant far, and ſeparate appear'd
From other mortals, who had truth preferr'd.
For, as in *Tartarus* each kingly ghoſt,
For baſe impiety is tortur'd moſt;
So in *Elyſium* happier are they ſeen,
In bliſs ſuperior to all other men.

Telemachus approach'd this hallow'd ſeat:
In fragrant bow'rs beheld theſe Monarchs great,
On graſſy turfs for ever green reclin'd;
Which thouſand beauteous rivulets entwin'd,
The glade refreſhing. Birds unnumber'd ſung:
With notes harmonious hill and valley rung.
There Spring with Autumn hand in hand was join'd,
All flow'rs, and odours of delicious kind;
And ev'ry fruit-tree, glorious to behold,
With burthens bent of vegetable gold.
No Dog-ſtar rages here with ſultry ray,
No Northern blaſt can Winter's frowns convey:
No bleeding wars diſturb their endleſs youth,
Or pale ey'd Envy with invenom'd tooth.
That fiend, which ſerpents in her boſom bears;
And twiſted vipers for her bracelets wears.
Nor know they jealouſy, or foul diſtruſt,
Or fears tormenting; or deſires unjuſt.
Their equal day doth ne'er withdraw its light,
Ne'er view they here the duſky ſhades of night:
One ſweet unſullied radiance they behold,
Which, as a veſture, ſeems their limbs t' infold.
Unlike the light afforded by our Sun,
Darkneſs to their's, amidſt the blaze of noon.
Their's ſeems a glory of celeſtial kind,
A light imparted by ſome heav'nly mind;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 39, *Virg. Æn.* 6. *Claudian.*
Verſe 49, *Lucan. Pharſ.* 2.

Whoſe

Whofe fubtle flame through thickeft fhades can pafs,
With greater eafe than our's through pureft glafs:
Yet dazzles not; but clears the vifual ray,
Doth calm compofure to the foul convey:
Within, without them fhines; and to the good
Becomes a kind invigorating food.
And like that nourifhment we wholfome name,
It pierces thro', incorp'rates with their frame:
'Tis feen, 'tis felt; nay more, they this refpire;
It gives them endlefs peace, and genial fire.
Pleas'd in th' abyfs of all delights to lave,
As fifhes love their elemental wave.
All other wants and wifhes they difown,
All riches have they though poffefs'd of none:
By tafting this in affluence they roll,
It fills up ev'ry vacancy of foul.
Thus amply fatisfied; they foar above
What empty mortals fo defire, and love.
No outward objects their efteem can win;
Their ev'ry blifs derive they from within.
And, like the glorious Gods with nectar fill'd,
And fair ambrofia, which their banquets yield;
Difdain thofe viands grofs which man can give;
Though ne'er fo exquifite, will not receive.
All ills are banifh'd from this region far,
Pale death, diftemper, poverty, and care;
Remorfe, and pain, and heart corroding grief,
With Hope, too frequently of woes the chief:
Divifion, and difguft, and ranc'rous fpight;
Can ne'er approach thefe manfions of delight.

Should

Should lofty *Hæmus* from his baſe be hurl'd,
All white with ſnows coeval with the world;
Or ſtately *Rhodope*, whoſe airy height
Doth heav'n and earth apparently unite;
All undiſmay'd would theſe the ruin hear,
And find their breaſts were ſtrangers ſtill to fear.
Yet they compaſſion for us mortals feel,
Conſtrain'd on earth in miſery to dwell:
But ſtill compaſſion tranquil, mild, as this,
No change occaſions in their endleſs bliſs.
Perpetual bloom their ev'ry feature paints,
Perpetual happineſs which nothing taints;
Divineſt luſtre ſparkles in their eyes,
Yet feel they no indecent wanton joys;
But noble, pure, and of majeſtic kind:
Virtue, and truth ſublime tranſport their mind.
Each moment feel they raviſhing delight,
As when ſome mother firſt obtains the ſight
Of that dear lovely boy by tempeſts toſt;
She long ago had given up as loſt.
That joy the mother quickly finds depart;
They find it fix'd, and rooted in their heart.

NOTES.

Verſe 95, *Should lofty* Hæmus—An high mountain of *Macedonia*, dividing *Mæſia* from *Thrace*.

Verſe 97, *Or ſtately* Rhodope—This *Thracian* mountain is celebrated by the poets for the death of *Orpheus*; who was there torn in pieces by the *Thracian* women.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 99, *Hor.* l. 3. Od. 3.
Verſe 112, *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.* l. 7.

One

One ſingle inſtant can it never fail,
With recent charms will conſtantly prevail;
They know all joys inebriations give,
But ne'er the miſchiefs conſequent perceive.
In converſe ſweet the pleaſing hours are paſt;
Of wonders they behold, of bliſs they taſte;
They ſcorn thoſe ſoft delights, that grandeur vain
Which once they ſought; of which they now complain.
With pleaſure they reflect on former years,
That dream of life amidſt a vale of tears;
When, to be virtuous, they were forc'd t' oppoſe
Not only others, but themſelves as foes.
At love of heav'n in admiration ſtand,
Which thus ſecurely led them by the hand;
And ſafe conducted up to Virtue's hill,
By ev'ry brink, and precipice of ill.
A conſtant gleam of Joy Divine appears,
Whoſe influence benign their boſom chears;
By emanation from the bright abodes
Partake of Deity, unite with Gods.
They ſee, they feel perpetual bliſs attend:
And know their happineſs ſhall ne'er have end.
Here ſing they praiſes of the Pow'rs above,
All tongues conſpire in harmony and love;
No diff'rent views or ſentiments ariſe,
But concord ſweet perpetuates their bliſs.
One heart, one ſoul poſſeſs; no cares divide;
Bliſs rolling in upon them like a tide.

IMITATION.

Verſe 130, *Pſalm* 73.

In extaſy like this, whole ages flow
More fleet than tranſient hours which mortals know:
Yet when ten thouſand centuries expire,
Still new their happineſs; and ſtill entire.
Together reign they, not on throne ſo weak
As theſe on earth which violence can ſhake;
But with a firm unchangeable controul
Each holds an empire in his private ſoul.
No more that borrow'd Majeſty they want,
Which wretched impious men their Sov'reigns grant;
No more thoſe trifling diadems they wear,
To fears obnoxious, and tormenting care.
The Gods themſelves with crowns their temples grace,
Whoſe dazzling ſplendour nothing can efface.
Telemachus, who now was all on fire
Amidſt thoſe manſions to behold his ſire,
Seem'd ſo tranſported with their bliſs t' appear;
In fact he wiſh'd to find *Ulyſſes* there:
And felt a deep affliction in his mind,
That he again muſt viſit frail mankind.
" Theſe only," cried he, " cain be ſaid to breathe:
" The life of mortals is a ſtate of death."
What moſt amaz'd him was, ſuch tribes to find
Of wretched Kings to *Tartarus* conſign'd:
While in thoſe fair Elyſian plains ſo few
This bliſs refin'd, and joys extatic knew.
He ſaw thoſe virtuous Kings were thinly ſown,
Who fill'd with due authority the throne;
Who adulation's ſyren-voice deſpiſe,
And ſtill ſuperior to their paſſions riſe:

For thoſe indeed are few; the greater part
In ſuch impieties indulge their heart;
That heav'n muſt ceaſe to act with juſtice ſtrict,
If thus inſulted it no pains inflict.
  Long time he now had ſought, but ſought in vain,
A glimpſe of dear *Ulyſſes'* ſhade to gain;
Yet hop'd his honour'd grandfather to know,
Divine *Laertes*, in theſe realms below.
When lo! approach'd a venerable ſage
In all the decent majeſty of age.
With godlike aſpect, and erect he ſtood,
And not to earth like aged mortals bow'd:
From hoary honours which his temples hide
Shew'd that in full maturity he died.
None other mark of weakneſs he betray'd,
You ev'ry grace of ſmiling youth ſurvey'd.
For here the moſt advanc'd, freſh bloom receive,
When on *Elyſium's* borders they arrive.
Onward he came, and with complacence mild
Upon *Ulyſſes'* ſon familiar ſmil'd;
As on ſome object grateful to his ſenſe:
Th' admiring Prince beheld him in ſuſpence.
" Dear child," ſaid he, " I readily excuſe
" That thus a ſtranger ſhould your thoughts confuſe:
" *Laertes'* ſire, *Arceſius*, do you view,
" By blood allied; but one you never knew.

NOTE.

Verſe 182, *Divine* Laertes—So called becauſe deſcended from *Arceſius*, who was the ſon of *Jupiter*.

" Ere yet the wise *Ulysses* sail'd for *Troy*;
" Did fell disease my earthly frame destroy.
" Full oft have I admir'd your blooming charms,
" While yet an infant in your nurse's arms:
" Ev'n then no slender hopes had I conceiv'd,
" And great your future destiny believ'd.
" Nor have I err'd; since I behold you now
" Your father seeking in the realms below:
" While heav'n itself your passage hath prepar'd,
" And still supports you in a task so hard.
" Blest son! whom all th' Immortal Gods conspire
" To make in glory equal to your sire!
" To me dispense those Gods a blessing too,
" Who give me thus that much lov'd form to view.
" *Ulysses* lives---the fruitless search give o'er:
" And lives our House's grandeur to restore.
" *Laertes* worn with age, ere yet he dies;
" Shall see *Ulysses* come to close his eyes.
" Thus perish mortals, like th' enamel'd flow'r
" Dispensing fragrance sweet at early hour;
" Whose beauteous colours quickly feel decay,
" Trod under foot before the close of day.
" Man follows man, like wave succeeding wave
" In rapid rivers, to the silent grave,
" No violence can stop the course of time,
" The strongest citadel must yield to him.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 199, *Ovid. Met.* 13.
Verse 209, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

“ Ev’n you, dear Prince (who now perhaps employ
“ This ſpring of life in ev’ry ſenſual joy)
“ Remember, youth is but a ſhort-liv’d bloom;
“ Scarce ſooner blown, than wither’d in the tomb.
“ A change inſenſible ſhall you perceive,
“ Thoſe ſmiling graces and thoſe joys muſt leave:
“ That health, that vigour you ſo much eſteem,
“ Shall quickly vaniſh like an empty dream.
“ Of all theſe fond delights not one muſt laſt,
“ But ſad remembrance only of the paſt.
“ Then languid age ſhall all this ardour quench,
“ With furrows deep your forehead ſhall intrench,
“ Bend you to earth; your ev’ry nerve unbrace,
“ And ev’ry comfort from your ſoul efface.
“ No reliſh then of things now held ſo dear,
“ The preſent you’ll abhor, the future fear;
“ Inſenſible to bliſs of ev’ry kind,
“ While pain alone is left, and grief of mind.
“ To you far diſtant may this point appear:
“ Alas! my ſon, the fatal error’s there.
“ See! where it comes! ev’n now may you perceive,
“ What travels on ſo faſt, muſt ſoon arrive.
“ While yet we ſpeak, the preſent moment flies:
“ No more exiſts; no more ſhall meet our eyes.
“ O waſte not then on preſent times a thought:
“ ’Tis Virtue, Virtue ſhould alone be ſought.
“ Purſue her ſtill, though rugged be the road,
“ Let future hopes excite you to be good.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 249, *Boileau, Epit.* and *Hor.* l. 1. Ode. 11.

"By love of Juſtice, and a conſcience pure,
" In endleſs peace a reſidence ſecure.
" Soon ſhall your eyes behold with regal ſtate
" *Ulyſſes* re-aſſume his native ſeat:
" Who, when his bright career of glory's done,
" To you ſhall quit his royalty, and throne.
" But oh! my ſon, from hence what trouble ſprings!
" And how deceitful is the lot of Kings!
" At diſtance ſeen it raviſhes the ſight,
" 'Tis all magnificence; and all delight:
" But when poſſeſt, far diff'rent is it known,
" Briars, and thorns encompaſs ev'ry throne.
" Subjects obſcurely at their eaſe may live:
" Hence no diſhonour, no diſgrace perceive:
" 'Tis infamous when Kings their fancy pleaſe,
" And to the public good prefer their eaſe.
" All have demands upon the wretch that reigns,
" No ſingle moment for himſelf remains.
" His lighteſt failings threaten dangers great,
" And unforeſeen misfortunes to the ſtate.
" The dreadful conſequence, if he offend,
" To future times may poſſibly extend.
" Foul clamour muſt be ſtill, and impious rage;
" And in the cauſe of innocence engage:
" 'Tis not enough that he no crimes purſu'd,
" He muſt be active for his people's good.
" His private virtue never can ſuffice,
" All pow'r muſt he exert to bridle Vice;
" Which like a deluge would o'erflow the land,
" Unleſs by his authority reſtrain'd.

" My

" My ſon, with terror ſhould you view that height,
" Abounding thus with dangers infinite.
" Oh! ſummon all your courage to your aid
" Leſt flatt'ry, paſſion, or ſelf-love invade."
Thus ſpake *Arceſius*, while etherial fire,
Fervour divine, did all his breaſt inſpire.
Upon his viſage ſoft compaſſion ſat,
For all the troubles which on Monarchs wait.
" Who for himſelf," ſaid he, " a crown would court
" Is ſure a tyrant of moſt ſavage ſort.
" Who ſeeks it, with an eye to public good,
" To rule a people boundleſs as the flood;
" To practice duties of a Prince compleat,
" And be the common Father of his ſtate;
" Embracing ſlav'ry of ſevereſt kind,
" Muſt arm with patience his heroic mind.
" Yet be you well aſſur'd, the valiant few
" Who thus can Virtue on a throne purſue;
" Are here with happineſs conſummate bleſt,
" Of ev'ry good which heav'n can give poſſeſt."
The heav'nly counſels which theſe words impart,
Engrav'd appear'd upon his youthful heart:
As when a ſculptor ſhall with equal grace,
And ſkill, inſcribe ſome monumental braſs;
The fair records indelible remain,
And lateſt ages information gain.
Diſcourſe ſo wiſe, was like a ſubtle flame
Which pierc'd at once into his inmoſt frame:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 306, *Cic. ad Her.* 3. and *Ter. And.*

He felt a fire did all his pow'rs controul,
Something divine which melted down his ſoul.
Yet what about him in his breaſt he bore,
Deſtroy'd his peace; and with diſtractions tore:
Conſum'd his ſtrength unable to ſuſtain,
Or diſengage him from this load of pain.
'Twas life, 'twas rapture all; yet griefs attend,
Such as at once might all exiſtence end.
At length more freely breath'd he, and believ'd
The great *Laertes*' likeneſs he perceiv'd;
Confus'dly fancied in *Arceſius*' face,
His father's features he could plainly trace:
Such was *Ulyſſes*, ſuch his ſhape, and air;
When juſt embarking for the *Trojan* war.
That dear remembrance touch'd him to the quick,
The tears of joy came trickling down his cheek;
And oft aſſay'd he, but alas! in vain
Th' embraces of this friend belov'd to gain.
The fleeting ſhade all contact would avoid,
Like dreams illuſive moſt, when moſt enjoy'd.
As thirſty ſwains, in viſions of the night,
Purſue the limpid current with delight;
And move their lips benumb'd, in act to ſpeak,
While not one accent from their tongue will break;
Then ſtretch their arms with eagerneſs to claſp
Some fav'rite object, yet can nothing graſp;
Such the concern *Telemachus* perceiv'd,
He ſaw, and he convers'd; but nought reliev'd:
This lovely phantom, this *Arceſius* dear,
His touch eluded, and diſpers'd in air.

Next from *Arcesius* would he knowledge gain
What dazzling forms ſtood round him on the plain?
" You ſee," ſaid he, "the glory of their race,
" By nature form'd all human kind to grace:
" The virtuous few, who worthy of their birth,
" Were good Vicegerents of the Gods on earth.
" Thoſe, ſever'd hence by yon tranſparent cloud,
" In leſs proportion have their bliſs allow'd.
" Heroes indeed, and of exalted mind,
" But what rewards their valour here can find,
" Deſerve not to be nam'd with bliſs that ſprings
" To wiſe, beneficent, and virtuous Kings.
" Among theſe heroes *Theſeus* you perceive:
" Still ſad appears he, and ſtill ſeems to grieve;
" Too late diſcovering the treach'rous fair,
" That could his fond credulity inſnare.

NOTE.

Verſe 357, *Too late diſcovering the treach'rous fair*—*Phædra*, the ſecond wife of *Theſeus*, falling in love with her ſon-in-law *Hippolytus*, and in vain endeavouring to ſeduce him, in a fit of rage complained to *Theſeus* that he had made an attempt upon her honour. *Theſeus* hereupon begged of *Neptune* to puniſh his ſon by ſome violent death. And, as *Hippolytus* was riding near the ſea ſhore, *Neptune* ſent two ſea-calves which frightening the horſes they everturned the chariot, and tore him limb from limb. *Phædra* hanged herſelf for grief: but at the interceſſion of *Diana*, *Hippolytus* was reſtored to life by the ſkill of *Æſculapius*, and as a reward for his chaſtity, was admitted to hunt in her company.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 342, *Hom. Odyſſ.* 11. and *Virg. Æn.* 6.
Verſe 347, *Tull. Offic.* 3.
Verſe 357, *Ovid. Met.* 15. *Seneca & Racine.*

“ Reflects with anguiſh on that fatal hour
“ When he invok'd great *Neptune*'s awful pow'r
“ To finiſh what his horrid rage begun,
“ By death of poor *Hippolytus* his ſon.
“ Thrice happy *Theſeus* had that warlike mind
“ To patience more, and mercy been inclin'd!
“ Propp'd on his lance you ſee *Achilles* ſtand!
“ To eaſe the wound receiv'd from *Paris'* hand:
“ Th' abandon'd *Paris*; who transfix'd his heel
“ Where he alone mortality could feel.
“ O! had he liv'd to paſſion leſs a ſlave,
“ Had he been mod'rate, juſt, as he was brave;
“ Long was his reign deſign'd by gracious heav'n,
“ And greater ſhare of glory had been giv'n.
“ The Gods with pity view'd his native land;
“ His valiant *Phthiots*, and *Dolopian* band;
“ O'er whom the ſceptre he in courſe muſt wield,
“ Succeeding to the throne which *Peleus* held.
“ Nor would they condeſcend to give the rule
“ To ſuch a fi'ry, and capricious fool:
“ Whoſe brain-ſick head leſs moderation ſhow'd,
“ Than boiſt'rous ocean when fierce tempeſts blow'd.

NOTE.

Verſe 374, *His valiant* Phthiots *and* Dolopian *band*—*Phthia* was a city in *Theſſaly*. The *Dolopes* were likewiſe inhabitants of the Southern parts of that country.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 380, *Hor.* l. 1. Ode. 33. *Id. in. Art. Poet.*

“ The

" The Fates cut ſhort his thread, abridg'd his days;
" Lo! as a flow'r he ſuddenly decays
" Which ſprings at morn, and bloſſom fair at noon;
" Cropt by the plough-ſhare ere the ſetting Sun.
" The Gods his force like furious torrents us'd,
" To puniſh thoſe who had their care refus'd:
" To puniſh perjuries of ancient date,
" And ſhew that *Paris*' lew'd amours they hate.
" 'Twas thus *Achilles*' rage they deign t' employ
" To ſtorm the baſtions, and the walls of *Troy*.
" Made him their tool, their inſtrument of wrath;
" That done, relented; and decreed his death.
" No tears of *Thetis* could his life prolong,
" Brave as he was; he took a bias wrong,
" And ſeem'd by nature for nought elſe deſign'd,
" But realms to ruin; and diſturb mankind.
" Obſerve you next, that awful ſhadow near,
" With angry look, and with a brow ſevere?
" 'Tis *Telamonian Ajax* you behold,
" Intrepid couſin of *Achilles* bold:

NOTE.

Verſe 387. *To puniſh perjuries of ancient date*—By theſe we are to underſtand the perfidious dealing of *Laomedon* the ſon of *Ilus*, King of *Phrygia*. This Prince built the citadel and walls of *Troy*, to effect which he made uſe of the treaſures conſecrated to *Apollo* and *Neptune*. Hence the fable that he had hired thoſe Gods to aſſiſt him in the building, and afterwards refuſed to pay them their wages. For which reaſon *Apollo* ſent a plague, and *Neptune* overflowed the country.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 387, *Hor.* l. 3. Ode. 3. *Virg. Georg.* 1. 502.

" You're

" You're well acquainted doubtleſs with his worth,
" His military fame acquir'd on earth.
" When now the Great *Achilles* was no more,
" None elſe he thought could claim thoſe arms he bore:
" Your father ventur'd to oppoſe his pride,
" And for *Ulyſſes* all the *Greeks* decide.
" Mad with deſpair upon his ſword he fell,
" Ev'n now ſee fury, in his features dwell!
" Approach him not, my ſon, leſt he ſuppoſe
" You come t' inſult, and triumph o'er his woes.
" He merits pity. Mark you how he darts
" Th' indignant glance, and to the gloom departs?
" In haſte he ſeems to hide him from the light,
" And ſhun two objects hateful to his ſight.
" *Hector* comes next; whom none had dar'd t' engage,
" Had *Thetis'* ſon but grac'd a diff'rent age.
" But ſee the Great *Atrides* now appears
" And *Clytemneſtra*'s wounds diſhoneſt wears:

NOTE.

Verſe 417, *But ſee the Great* Atrides—*Agamemnon* King of *Mycenæ*. He was the ſon of *Atreus*, and inveſted with ſupreme command over all the leaders at the *Trojan* war. *Atreus*, and his brother *Thyeſtes*, had been partners in the kingdom, and were both remarkably infamous. *Thyeſtes* was guilty of adultery with his brother *Atreus*'s wife, and *Atreus* in revenge murdered the ſons of *Thyeſtes*, and had them ſerved up at their father's table. The Sun is ſaid to have gone backward at this horrid entertainment. And *Thyeſtes*, conſulting the Oracle of *Apollo* to know how he ſhould be revenged, was directed to lie with his own daughter *Pelopea*, by whom he ſhould beget a ſon that would murder both *Atreus* and his ſon *Agamemnon*. This prophecy was fulfilled in *Ægiſthus*, with whom *Clytemneſtra*, *Agamemnon*'s wife, had been criminal during her abſence at *Troy*. And both together at his return conſpired to murder him.

" Alas!

" Alas! my ſon, I ſhudder with the thought
" What ills that impious *Tantalus* hath brought
" Home to his houſe; ſince firſt diſcordant rage
" *Thyeſtes* forc'd with *Atreus* to engage.
" Alas! how oft with juſtice we deplore
" That one ſad crime becomes the ſource of more!
" This *Agamemnon*, who with ſhouts of joy
" Led back his *Grecians* from the ſack of *Troy*;
" No time could find to live in peace retir'd,
" Or taſte that glory he with toil acquir'd.
" And ſuch indeed the fate of almoſt all
" Whom men victorious, and triumphant call.
" Such were theſe heroes: dazzling to the view,
" But nought of Virtue, or her charms, they knew:
" This in *Elyſium* half their bliſs deſtroys,
" They only taſte of ſecondary joys.
" My bleſt companions have with juſtice reign'd,
" Dear to their ſtates the love of heav'n have gain'd.

NOTE.

Verſe 420, *What ills that impious* Tantalus—The great grandfather of *Agamemnon* King of *Sipylus* in *Phrygia*. He entertained the Gods at dinner, at which time in order to prove their Divinity, he cut his ſon *Pelops* in pieces, and had him dreſt with other diſhes. The other Gods immediately diſcovered this: but *Ceres*, whoſe thoughts were wholly intent upon *Proſerpine*, made a comfortable meal upon his left ſhoulder. *Jupiter* raiſed him again to life, and gave him an ivory ſhoulder. *Tantalus* was condemned in hell to ſuffer eternal hunger and thirſt: being placed up to the chin in water which he could not taſte, and having a branch of fruit at his mouth which he could never reach.

IMITATION.

Verſe 435, *Senec. in Her. fur.*

" While

" While *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* rave,
" And ſtill their frailties keep beyond the grave;
" Indulge their ſad complaint, and bitter pain,
" Fight o'er their quarrels and their wars again;
" Regret the life they loſt, their priſtine pow'r,
" And vainly wiſh the Gods would theſe reſtore;
" With anguiſh ſee their former ſtrength decay'd,
" Their grandeur dwindled to an empty ſhade;
" Theſe righteous Monarchs, (nouriſh'd by that light
" Whoſe purifying ray ſhines ever bright)
" Nought more deſire, or covet to poſſeſs;
" But look with pity on mankind's diſtreſs:
" Their tow'ring projects, and their ſtate-affairs,
" Like play of children to their ſight appears.
" With truth and virtue do they fill their ſouls,
" Drawn from that ſpring whoſe current ever rolls.
" No more from others or themſelves can fear;
" No wants, or wiſhes, or tormenting care:
" For nothing further can to theſe extend
" But joys unſullied, which ſhall ne'er have end.
  " My child, obſerve this King of deathleſs fame
" Great *Argos'* founder, *Inachus* his name.
" You ſee what hoary locks his form embrace,
" You ſee majeſtic ſweetneſs in his face.

NOTE.

Verſe 458, *Great* Argos' *founder*, Inachus—One of the principal cities of *Peloponneſus*. It appears that this *Inachus* was a native of *Argos*, but came thither by ſea from ſome other country: for the *Argives* ſuppoſed him the ſon of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. His daughter *Io* was debauched by *Jupiter*.

" Whene'er

"Whene'er this virtuous Monarch deigns to tread
"Ten thouſand flow'rs embroider all the mead.
"Light as a bird he traverſes the plain,
"A lyre of iv'ry doth his hand ſuſtain,
"Whoſe ſounds the praiſes of the Gods extol,
"While energy divine tranſports his ſoul.
"Oft as their glory he aſſays to ſpeak
"Forth from his heart perfumes and odours break:
"His heav'nly numbers reach'd the bleſt abodes,
"Can fill with extaſy both men and Gods.
"Thus happy made becauſe mankind he lov'd,
"In towns collected and with laws improv'd.
"On th' other ſide, amidſt yon myrtle bow'rs
"*Egyptian Cecrops* ſpends his bliſsful hours,
"Firſt King of *Athens* which her turrets rears,
"Sacred to *Pallas* whoſe dread name ſhe bears:
"From *Egypt* brought he all his wiſe decrees:
"*Egypt* the ſource of arts and arms to *Greece.*
"By theſe man's native fierceneſs could command,
"And knit them cloſe in friendſhip's ſocial band.
"Great was the juſtice which this King poſſeſt,
"And great th' humanity which fill'd his breaſt.

NOTE.

Verſe 480, *And knit them cloſe—Cecrops* is reported to have been an *Egyptian* exile: the firſt who brought Religion into *Greece*, and founded the *Athenian* monarchy. He was painted with two bodies, male and female, on account of his inſtituting marriage.

IMITATION.

Verſe 480, *Juſtin.* l. 2.

"When

" When Fate at length brought on the deſtin'd hour,
" His realm he wealthy left, his kindred poor:
" Nor on his offspring would the crown intail
" But choſe that greateſt merit ſhould prevail.
*" Next *Erichthonius* of immortal fame
" Amidſt this vale may your attention claim:
" Who firſt for traffic form'd the good deſign,
" The uſe of ſilver, and of current coin:
" By this the *Grecian* iſles to commerce drew,
" But quickly ſaw what miſchiefs would enſue.
" Ah! ſtrive, ſaid he, to make earth's fruits increaſe,
" No wealth, no treaſures can compare with theſe:
" With *Ceres'* golden gifts enrich your ſoil,
" The purple vintage, and the flood of oil.
" Augment your flocks which lacteous food ſhall yield,
" Whoſe ſnowy fleeces from the cold ſhall ſhield.
" Thus ſhall no pinching poverty ſurpriſe,
" Thus to all wants ſhall you ſuperior riſe.
" Though great your tribes, and numberleſs your race;
" Still ſhall your labour and your wealth keep pace:
" For bounteous earth no tillage e'er can drain,
" Still ſhall ſhe recompence th' induſtrious ſwain.

NOTE.

Verſe 487, *Next* Erichthonius—The fourth King of *Athens*. Beſides the invention of ſilver coin, he is ſaid to have been the firſt who brought chariots into uſe; in order to conceal the natural deformity of his legs. And to have been the author of the games called Panathenæa, in honour of *Minerva*, though others ſay it was *Theſeus* that firſt inſtituted them.

IMITATION.

Verſe 490, *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.* 7.

" To

" To thoſe alone who ſloth inglorious love,
" Will ſhe a niggard, and ungrateful prove.
" Be wealth like this moſt precious in your eyes,
" Such as can nature's real wants ſuffice:
" This droſs regard not; (baniſh far the thought)
" For commerce only, and convenience ſought.
" Be it in change for things you want employ'd,
" Or foreign wars no prudence can avoid.
" But let no trade to luxury extend,
" To empty trifles which the ſoul unbend:
" Alas! a thouſand apprehenſions ſpring,
" Dire is the gift; the preſent which I bring.
" Already view I ent'ring, like a tide,
" Ambition, av'rice, and unbounded pride;
" Pernicious, uſeleſs arts of various kind,
" To damp your ardour, and corrupt your mind.
" Give you diſreliſh of that happy ſtate,
" On which repoſe, and ſolid comfort wait:
" Make with contempt that huſbandry be view'd,
" Life's great ſupport; and ſource of ev'ry good.
" But witneſs heav'n! I give, with ſoul ſincere,
" What in itſelf full uſeful doth appear.
" Thus ſpake the virtuous King: and when he knew
" His ſad predictions were become too true,
" Straight to a barren mountain he retir'd,
" With anxious grief, and indignation fir'd:
" There liv'd an exile poor to hoary age,
" Nor would again in government engage.

IMITATION.

Verſe 517, *Ovid. Met.* 1.

" See

" See next to him *Triptolemus* ariſe,
" Fam'd *Grecian* Prince, whom *Ceres* deign'd t' adviſe:
" And taught him how to crown the jocund year
" With waving harveſts, and the golden ear.
" Not that mankind ſo deſtitute were found
" Of ſkill to ſow, and fertilize the ground;
" But he their knowledge to perfection brought,
" And gave inſtructions; as by *Ceres* taught.
" By her command the crooked plough he ſhows,
" The Goddeſs' bounties promiſing to thoſe,
" Who dar'd their eaſe, and indolence forego,
" And proper culture on their lands beſtow.
" Forthwith the *Greeks* with wounds inceſſant tear
" Earth's fertile boſom, teaching her to bear:
" Laborious reapers through the rich champaign,
" With ſickles keen collect the golden grain.
" The ſavage race that rough, and unimprov'd
" Through all *Ætolia* and *Epirus* rov'd;
" Whoſe food was acorns, who were ſtrange to arts;
" Now bent to law, and humaniz'd their hearts.

NOTE.

Verſe 533, *See next to him* Triptolemus *ariſe*—The ſon of *Celeus* King of *Eleuſis*, a ſea-port of *Attica*. His father having given an honourable reception to *Ceres* when ſhe came there in ſearch of her daughter *Proſerpine*, the Goddeſs by way of gratitude taught *Triptolemus* Agriculture. He taught it the *Athenians*, and thence it ſpread all over *Greece*. It was therefore the cuſtom of all the other ſtates, (and they looked upon it as a religious duty) to ſend the firſt-fruits of their corn every year to *Athens*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 534, *Ovid. Faſt.* 4.

" Inſtructed

" Inſtructed thus, by commendable toil,
" With plenteous harveſts to enrich the ſoil;
" He firſt to *Greece* could fitly recommend
" The bliſs, when mortals on themſelves depend:
" And from the produce of their native land
" Can ev'ry comfort, ev'ry joy command.
" Pleas'd with th' abundance which they now perceiv'd
" (Sweet ſtate of innocence in which they liv'd)
" On *Erichthonius*' maxims they reflect,
" All artificial wealth with ſcorn reject:
" Deſpiſing money as an empty toy,
" A tranſient, ſhort, imaginary joy;
" Source of temptation, danger, and of vice,
" Which draws men off from what they moſt ſhould prize:
" From ſober induſtry, which well purſu'd
" Preſerves their freedom, and their morals good.
" They now perceive that ev'ry fragrant field
" Will wealth afford, when diligently till'd,
" All to ſupport who with their humble ſtore
" Can frugal live, as did their ſires before.
" Thrice happy *Greeks!* if maxims ſo refin'd,
" Had ſtill continu'd preſent to their mind;
" So wiſely fram'd to make them truly great,
" To make their virtue, liberty compleat:
" But oh! full early they with greedy eyes
" Purſue falſe treaſures; and the true deſpiſe:
" Degen'rate grown, and tir'd of doing well;
" From all that fair ſimplicity they fell!
" Ah! gen'rous youth! the glorious day is near,
" When high in regal ſtate ſhall you appear!

" Then give to Huſbandry its honours due,
" Encourage all who ſhall that art renew;
" And ſuffer none in indolence to live,
" Or by luxurious, wanton arts to thrive.
" Theſe who on earth ſo well their time improv'd
" Are here by all th' Immortal Gods belov'd.
" Obſerve, *Telemachus*, obſerve the ray,
" The dazzling ſplendour which they both diſplay!
" As far ſuperior now to *Thetis'* ſon,
" And other heroes fam'd for war alone;
" As beauteous Spring when zephyrs gently blow,
" To rigid Winter ſunk beneath the ſnow.
" Or as the Sun in his meridian throne
" To the dim luſtre of the pallid Moon."

While thus *Arceſius* ſpoke, the youth he found
Had fix'd his eyes upon a diſtant ground,
A laurel grove; beneath whoſe verdant ſhade
A ſilver ſtream in ſweet meanders play'd:
While thouſand diff'rent flow'rs ſalute the view,
The roſe, the lily, and the vi'let blue;
Their colours blending, as when *Iris* bleſt
Deſcends from heaven on ſome high beheſt.
'Twas great *Seſoſtris* whom the Prince perceiv'd,
Who in this region beatific liv'd.
A thouſand times more glorioſly he ſhone,
Than when exalted on th' *Egyptian* throne:
His eyes ſhot rays of ſoft etherial light,
Ulyſſes' ſon was dazzled with the ſight.

IMITATION.

Verſe 599, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

He

He ſeem'd as though tranſported were his thought
By Nectar's ſweet intoxicating draught;
So much enraptur'd was his heav'nly mind,
And ſuch the recompence his virtues find.
" My father," ſaid the Prince, " I cannot err,
" 'Tis ſure *Seſoſtris* I diſcover there,
" *Egyptian* King, whoſe wiſdom ſo excell'd,
" And whom ſo late at *Memphis* I beheld."
" The ſame," return'd he, " hence may you perceive
" What bliſs the Gods to virtuous Monarchs give.
" Yet know, that all delights he there can find
" Are nought, compar'd with what the Gods deſign'd:
" But that, through conqueſt, grown elate with pride,
" Leſs moderation did his counſels guide.
" Reſentment keen did firſt his boſom fire
" To curb the pride and inſolence of *Tyre:*
" That conqueſt gain'd to others led the way,
" Ambition him like others could betray.
" All *Aſia* to his fame muſt victim fall,
" His arms ſubdu'd, and over-ran it all.
" When homeward he his troops victorious led,
" He found his brother ruling in his ſtead
" With rod of iron; in contempt of laws
" Which he ſo late enacted with applauſe.
" Thus ſaw he all the glory he had gain'd
" A ſource of trouble, to his native land.
" But chiefly may his conduct merit blame,
" In that he grew intoxicate with fame:
" When greateſt Monarchs captives made in war,
" Ignobly harneſs'd, dragg'd his gilded carr.

“ This barb’rous outrage he at length perceiv’d,
“ And bluſh’d for errors not to be retriev’d.
“ Such were the fruits of many a bloody field,
“ And ſuch th’ advantage all his laurels yield.
“ Learn hence how conqu’rors may ſubvert their joy,
“ And by uſurping can their ſtate deſtroy:
“ This ſunk the glory of a King ſo great,
“ So gen’rous elſe, ſo juſt, and ſo compleat.
“ Thus in *Elyſium* is his bliſs confin’d,
“ Inferior far to what the Gods deſign’d.
“ See you, my ſon, that other Monarch near,
“ Whoſe gaping wounds ſo glorious all appear?
“ A *Carian* Prince, *Dioclides* his name;
“ Who to the godlike reſolution came,
“ (What time the fight rag’d high with brazen throat)
“ To ſave his people, and himſelf devote:
“ For in that dreadful war the *Carians* wag’d
“ When with the *Lycians* they in arms engag’d;
“ *Apollo*’s Oracle the palm decreed
“ To thoſe, whoſe Sov’reign in the ſtrife ſhould bleed.
“ Obſerve the next, a Legiſlator great,
“ Who (after framing precepts for his ſtate
“ Such as might render them compleatly bleſt,
“ Of ev’ry virtuous excellence poſſeſt;)
“ A ſolemn oath made all his ſubjects take
“ For ſtrict obſervance, till himſelf came back.
“ This done, he ſail’d: an exile poor remain’d,
“ And died at diſtance in a foreign land.

IMITATION.

Verſe 639. *Plin. Hiſt. Nat.* 33.

“ Thus

" Thus to his people prov'd himſelf a friend,
" Whoſe obligation never could have end.
" Next is *Euneſymus*, a *Pylian* King,
" From whom remotely *Neſtor* claims to ſpring.
" When dreadful peſtilence had thin'd the land,
" And hov'ring ſhadows throng'd *Cocytus*' ſtrand;
" Heav'n's wrath in perſon begg'd he to atone,
" And reſcue millions by the loſs of one.
" The Gods conſenting heard his righteous vow,
" And gave him here a Royalty below:
" Compar'd with which, all earthly glories ſeem
" As fleeting ſhadows, and an empty dream.
" That aged Prince you ſee with chaplets crown'd,
" Once govern'd *Egypt*; *Belus* the renown'd.
" The fair *Anchinoë*, beauteous maid, he woo'd,
" Great *Nilus*' offspring; daughter of that flood,
" Which, from a ſource unknown, ſo oft o'erflows
" Enriching all the country as he goes.
" Two ſons had *Belus*: *Danaus* was one,
" Whoſe fame you know upon the *Argive* throne:
" *Egyptus* was the next, a Prince of pow'r
" Whoſe name's the boaſt of *Egypt*'s fertile ſhore.
" His people's wealth this *Belus* aim'd t' improve,
" More bleſt in that, and in his ſubjects' love;
" More ſolid treaſures far from thence obtain'd,
" Than e'er from tribute roſe, or tax conſtrain'd.
" Ah! deareſt youth, men virtuous, good as theſe;
" No death, as you ſuppoſe, could ever ſeize:
" Still live they bleſt, ſtill draw they vital breath,
" Mortals alone are in a ſtate of death.

"Change but the names, and quickly you'll perceive,
"'Tis death, in pain and miſery to live.
"Grant, righteous Heav'n, that you diſcreet, and wiſe,
"Like them by worth to happineſs may riſe!
"Like them in glory may hereafter reign
"To time ſuperior, and afflictive pain!
"Haſte then, away, nor waſte the precious hour:
"'Tis time *Ulyſſes* you again explore:
"But, O ye Gods! what ſlaughter'd heaps muſt riſe,
"What blood be ſhed, ere he ſhall bleſs your eyes!
"And yet what glory ſhall th' impurpled field
"Of fair *Heſperia*, to your valour yield!
"Be *Mentor*'s counſels ever in your mind,
"The faithful *Mentor* ſo diſcreet, and kind:
"His rules obſerv'd ſhall conſecrate your name,
"And future ages ſhall record your fame."
Thus ſpake he, wiſe interpreter of fate,
And now conducted to that iv'ry gate,
Whence to ſuperior worlds a paſſage led,
From *Pluto*'s regions and the dreary dead.

NOTE.

Verſe 716, *And now conducted to that iv'ry gate*—*Homer* and *Virgil* both agree in deſcribing two gates through which all dreams were to paſs from the lower world to the upper. The one of theſe gates was made of horn, and the other of ivory. Thoſe dreams which had any foundation in truth were to go through the firſt, as were all others through that of ivory.

IMITATION.

Verſe 716, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Fain

Fain would *Telemachus* th' embrace receive,
Diſſolv'd in tears he took a tender leave;
Emerging then to light, with utmoſt haſte,
Straight to th' encampment of th' Allies he paſt.
But firſt thoſe faithful *Cretans* he rejoin'd,
That follow'd to the cave with anxious mind:
Th' event diſtruſting of deſigns ſo bold,
Henceforth deſpairing ever to behold.

END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

In an Assembly of the Chiefs, Telemachus *prevails upon them to follow his advice, not to surprise* Venusia, *which was left by both parties as a Deposit in the hands of the* Lucanians: *he manifests his wisdom on occasion of two Deserters, one of whom, by name* Acanthus, *had undertaken to poison him; the other, named* Dioscorus, *had offered to the Allies the head of* Adrastus: *in the engagement which followed,* Telemachus *carries death into whatever part he marches in pursuit of* Adrastus: *and this Monarch, who is at the same time in search of him, meets with and kills* Pisistratus, *the son of* Nestor. Philoctetes *comes to assist him and, at the instant when he is going to transfix the* Daunian *King, is wounded himself, and obliged to retire from the field of battle.* Telemachus *hastens to the outcries of his Confederates, of whom* Adrastus *makes a dreadful carnage; he encounters this enemy, and spares his life upon certain conditions.* Adrastus *raised from the earth aims to surprise* Telemachus, *who seizes him a second time, and deprives him of life.*

THE valiant Chiefs, and leaders of the field,
Were now assembled and a council held;
If with united force of all th' Allies,
They should attempt *Venusia* to surprise.

A formidable

A formidable town with works compleat,
Of late belonging to th' *Apulian* ſtate;
Till with uſurping pow'r *Adraſtus* took,
And ſoon compell'd it to receive his yoke.
Rous'd by theſe wrongs th' *Apulians* took th' alarm,
Form'd their alliance; and began to arm.
The *Daunian* Prince to ſtop a rage ſo juſt,
Conſents *Lucania* hold it as in truſt:
Then brib'd the garriſon, with lib'ral hand,
And him inveſted with ſupreme command.
Thus the *Lucanians* bore but little ſway,
The *Daunian* King was more obſerv'd than they:
Th' *Apulians* who thoſe offers had believ'd,
Were in th' event outwitted, and deceiv'd.
A wealthy townſman from *Venuſia* came,
And *Demophantes* he profeſs'd his name:
Engaging if th' Allies by night would wait;
To introduce them by the city gate.
What made th' advantage greater in their eyes,
And much inhanc'd the value of the prize,
Was, that *Adraſtus* had a caſtle near
With ſtores, and all proviſions for the war.
And ſhould *Venuſia* fall beneath their hand,
This fort no longer could their arms withſtand.
Neſtor with joy the kind occaſion ſeiz'd,
And *Philoctetes* equally was pleas'd;

NOTE.

Verſe 4, *They ſhould attempt* Venuſia—A ſtrong town ſeated on the frontiers of *Apulia* and *Lucania*, according to the deſcription of *Horace* himſelf who was born there.

The

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

The reſt inclin'd to Chiefs ſo much eſteem'd,
And eager burn'd for what ſo eaſy ſeem'd:
Not ſo *Ulyſſes'* ſon, at his return,
Who urg'd with vehemence his deep concern.
  "I grant," ſaid he, "if ever mortal liv'd,
"Whoſe ſordid ſoul deſerv'd to be deceiv'd;
"*Adraſtus* is the man: whom none can truſt,
"Whom all have found a traitor, and unjuſt.
"I further grant that if you ſeize the town,
"You take poſſeſſion only of your own:
"Of right belongs it to your high Allies
"Th' *Apulians* brave, that in your quarrel riſe.
"And greater reaſon have you on your ſide,
"Since he in whom they ventur'd to confide
"Who this depoſit to *Lucania* gave,
"Hath dar'd, by bribes, the garriſon t' enſlave:
"Seduc'd its Chief, exerted all his pow'r,
"To find admiſſion at a proper hour.
"I ſee beſide if you *Venuſia* gain,
"The foll'wing day ſhall you his ſtores obtain:
"Thus ere the third day's Sun ſhall downward tend;
"All further dangers of the war ſhall end.
"But is it not more glorious far to die,
"Than thus to conquer by our treachery?
"Shall we, whoſe actions all the good applaud,
"Thus baſely ſtoop t' encounter fraud with fraud?
"So many Kings in glorious league combin'd,
"To cruſh *Adraſtus* for his impious mind;
"Shall they, like him, from equity depart,
"And meanly follow his diſſembling art?

"This

" This if to us, to him too muſt belong:
" Clear is *Adraſtus*, and our quarrel's wrong.
" What! ſhall the force of all *Heſperia*'s ſoil,
" Supported by the *Greeks* inur'd to toil;
" By heroes who ſo late at hapleſs *Troy*,
" Could glorious arms ſucceſsfully employ;
" Shall theſe with perfidy their glory ſtain,
" No weapons find but perjury profane?
" O think how ſolemn were the vows you gave,
" You to *Lucania* would this city leave.
" You urge and juſtly, as I well believe,
" *Adraſtus* doth by bribes your hopes deceive:
" Yet hath *Lucania* garriſon'd the town,
" Nor do her troops, as yet, their lords diſown.
" As yet from duty have they never ſwerv'd,
" But ſtill, in ſhew, neutrality preſerv'd.
" The treaty's yet in force. The *Daunian* King
" Hath ne'er approach'd, nor would his forces bring:
" Your ſacred oath is regiſter'd above,
" Heard by the Gods, and ratified by *Jove*.
" Shall we obſerve our plighted faith, and oath;
" But juſt till time ſhall ſerve to break them both;
" No further value ſet upon our word,
" When violation can ſome gain afford?
" If ſacred Virtue be an empty name,
" If you Religion ſlight,---regard your fame,
" And, from your prudent counſels, make appear
" At leaſt your private intereſt was dear.
" O ſhould you thus the dire example give,
" And teach mankind by perj'ry to deceive;

" With nought to plead but that the war may end,
" O think how far the danger may extend.
" What wars ſhall you thus raiſe? what neighb'ring pow'r
" Can think his ſafety well ſecur'd an hour?
" Who will not hate you? who can ever truſt
" In worſt of times, to conduct ſo unjuſt?
" What pledges will you give when moſt ſincere,
" When moſt you wiſh to make your truth appear?
" Some ſolemn treaties will you then propoſe?
" Alas! already have you trampled thoſe.
" Next, by the Gods Immortal would you ſwear?
" All know how little you thoſe Gods revere:
" How light you think of heav'n, and heav'nly things,
" When leaſt advantage from your perj'ry ſprings.
" Thus, without end, your troubles ſhall increaſe,
" No ſafety ſhall you find in war or peace:
" Your ev'ry act as hoſtile ſhall be view'd,
" As war declar'd; conceal'd, or underſtood.
" And you the conſtant enemy be found
" Of all the ſad inhabitants around.
" To you impracticable ev'ry ſcheme
" Which probity requires, and fair eſteem:
" No ſingle voucher ſhall you ever find,
" T' evince the truth of what you well deſign'd.
" Another point more weighty may appear,
" And more embarraſſing; t' alarm your fear
" If any ſenſe of probity you feel;
" Or prudent wiſhes for the public weal.
" 'Tis this; that impious fraud, and baſe intrigue,
" Attack at once the vitals of your league:

" Will

" Will all this firm alliance overthrow,
" And give the vict'ry to your hated foe."
Stung by theſe words th' Aſſembly all exclaim,
" Event like this, how durſt he ev'n to name?
" How could that act their bond of concord looſe,
" Which muſt the good of each Ally produce?"
" Alas!" return'd he, " how will you maintain,
" How each the confidence of other gain;
" When faith is flown, fair friendſhip's only band,
" And which alone affection can command?
" If once a ſanction to this rule you give,
" That each is free, for profit, to deceive;
" Who then among you will his thoughts diſcloſe,
" Who in his neighbour can a truſt repoſe?
" When that ſame neighbour may advantage find
" By foul deceit, and by a treach'rous mind.
" What then your ſtate? who here will fall content
" Victim to fraud, and not by fraud prevent?
" Where then your league, and where the ſocial band
" By which alone this hoſt can be retain'd?
" When leave, in public council, you afford
" For breach of faith, and forfeit of your word.
" Alas! what ſore diviſions ſhall you know!
" In ev'ry quarter what diſtruſt ſhall grow!
" What fury I foreſee, what hoſtile rage,
" In what inteſtine feuds ſhall you engage!
" The baſe *Adraſtus* his attacks may ſpare,
" Yourſelves in pieces then yourſelves will tear;
" Avenge his quarrel, and his battles ſight;
" As you before had judg'd his maxims right.

" Ye

" Ye ſceptred Kings magnanimous, and wiſe,
" Who thus ſuperior by experience riſe,
" Diſdain not counſels of a youthful friend,
" My inexperinc'd age with care attend:
" Though war with ev'ry danger ſhould ſurround,
" (And great indeed its mis'ries oft are found)
" Yet may your vigilance ſurmount them all,
" And ev'ry foe before your virtue fall.
" In worſt of times, true courage never fails,
" And patient merit over all prevails.
" Once break through honour, and good faith diſcard;
" A breach like that can never be repair'd.
" In vain (however great what you purſue)
" That mutual truſt attempt you to renew:
" In vain recall men to a virtuous thought,
" Whom you that virtue to deſpiſe have taught.
" What fear ye? ſay. Are ye not valiant, brave;
" And will not valour without treach'ry ſave?
" Is not the courage you may juſtly boaſt
" Sufficient, back'd by all this num'rous hoſt?
" O let us fight, and die, if heav'n ordain;
" Ere conquer baſely, and our honour ſtain.
" The vile *Adraſtus* now may we ſurvey
" Proſtrate before us, and an eaſy prey:
" So we can nobly ſcorn, with ſoul ſincere,
" Frauds which in him thus infamous appear."
He ended thus, and quickly underſtood
That ſweet perſuaſion from his lips had flow'd:
That ev'ry heart his eloquence had gain'd,
While round him ſilence univerſal reign'd.

All ſeem'd admiring, not ſo much th' addreſs
With which they view'd him thus his thoughts expreſs,
But more that ſtrength of reaſon which they ſaw,
That piercing ray which kept their ſouls in awe.
In ev'ry face aſtoniſhment appear'd,
Low creeping murmurs through the crowd were heard;
Each gaz'd on other backward to diſcloſe
The ſecret thought, with which his boſom glows:
In whiſpers low, unable to contain,
Did ev'ry Chief his ſentiments explain.
When *Pylian Neſtor*, venerable man,
At length compos'dly roſe, and thus began.
  " Thou worthy offspring of the wiſeſt *Greek*,
" Th' Immortal Gods all dictate what you ſpeak:
" And *Pallas*, great inſtructor of your ſire,
" Infus'd this counſel which we all admire.
" No more ſhall I deſpiſe your tender years,
" 'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas*, in your ſenſe appears.
" You're Virtue's Champion: and if virtue fail,
" Proſperity itſelf's of ſmall avail.
" 'Tis loſs, 'tis ruin. Vengeance will ſurpriſe:
" We ſtoop to foes, deſerted by Allies;
" Become the deteſtation of the good,
" And juſtly by the wrath of heav'n purſu'd.
" Leave we *Venuſia* then, as firſt deſign'd,
" And meet *Adraſtus* with couragious mind."
  He ſpake; th' Aſſembly to applaud begun,
But look'd, with wonder, on *Ulyſſes*' ſon.
Each there diſcov'ring ſeem'd that active fire,
That wiſdom, *Pallas* could alone inſpire.

Another point which came before the board
Made him by all th' admiring hoſt ador'd.
Adraſtus, ſtill on cruel falſehood bent,
A baſe deſerter to the camp had ſent;
His name *Acanthus*: who commiſſion bare
To poiſon all the leaders of the war:
But chief *Telemachus*, the *Daunian* dread,
Ne'er ſtop till he was number'd with the dead.
The royal youth too candid was, and brave,
The leaſt miſtruſt of his deſigns to have:
Receiv'd him kindly as *Ulyſſes'* friend,
Whom he in *Sicily* had feign'd t' attend.
And to his ſon with matchleſs front began
To paint th' adventurers of that wondrous man.
The Prince maintain'd him, miniſter'd relief,
His ſuff'rings pitied; and aſſwag'd his grief.
For much the vile *Adraſtus* he accus'd,
Who firſt deceiv'd him, and had then abus'd.
Alas! a deadly viper he poſſeſt,
Which thus he warm'd and cheriſh'd in his breaſt;
Though ready to diſplay its mortal ſting
Whenever time ſhould fit occaſion bring.
Another wretch was ſeiz'd of doubtful fame,
Deſerter too; and *Arion* was his name.
Him, from *Acanthus* ſent, the troops ſurpriſe;
To ſtate the preſent poſture of th' Allies.
And tell *Adraſtus*---" Ere to-morrow's eve,
" No ſingle Captain he alive would leave.

IMITATION.

Verſe 229, *Phædr.* 4. 18.

" But

" But poiſon all amidſt a genial feaſt,
" At which *Telemachus* had made him gueſt."
Thus ſeiz'd, he all confeſs'd. Suſpicion grew,
That baſe *Acanthus* of the treaſon knew:
Great friends they ſeem'd. But he not overaw'd
Diſſembled all, artificer of fraud,
By art eſcap'd a puniſhment condign;
Nor could they fathom well the black deſign.
The greater part his inſtant death adviſ'd,
For public ſafety would have ſacrific'd.
" What ill," ſaid they, " from his deſtruction ſprings,
" Compar'd with danger of ſo many Kings?
" Better that one, tho' innocently, fall
" Than riſque the ſafeties, and the lives of all:
" The lives of Princes of ſuperior worth,
" The great Vicegerents of the Gods on earth."
To this, in rage, *Telemachus* replied:
" What barb'rous prudence, and inhuman pride!
" What! are ye then ſo prodigal of blood;
" You, who ſhould govern for your people's good;
" As faithful ſhepherds ſhould your flock preſerve?
" Alas! how ſtrangely from that point you ſwerve.
" Like rav'nous wolves not paſtors are you grown,
" Regarding nothing but the fleece alone.
" And to the ſhambles infamouſly lead,
" When you ſhould bring them to the flow'ry mead.
" Thus are all guilty made by envious breath:
" To be ſuſpected, is to merit death.
" And tyrant-like the more you ſhall diſtruſt,
" The more ſhall bleed, and mingle with the duſt."

These words with ſuch authority he ſpoke,
He all their firmeſt reſolutions ſhook:
With ſo much force, and manly freedom blam'd,
That all who counſell'd thus, were now aſham'd.
" For me," with milder accent he proceeds,
" No life I'll purchaſe by inglorious deeds:
" Let baſe *Acanthus* impious plots deſign,
" The paths of right and equity be mine!
" Yea let him ſlay me by his treach'rous art,
" Ere to condemn him I from truth depart.
" But hear, illuſtrious Kings, whom righteous heav'n
" As upright Judges to the world hath giv'n;
" And who your people with unſhaken ſoul
" By moderation, prudence, ſhould controul;
" Before you here to me remit the taſk,
" This ſame *Acanthus* ſome few things to aſk."
First, with that friendly commerce he began
With *Arion* he was known to entertain;
And with a thouſand circumſtances preſs'd
To make his guilt more readily confeſs'd.
Oft made he ſhew that he would back remand,
To ſuffer death at fierce *Adraſtus'* hand:
In hopes he would betray ſome ſign of fear,
As a deſerter in that Court t' appear.
No alteration in his looks was ſeen,
No fault'ring voice; but tranquil and ſerene.
The ſteady villain mock'd the royal youth,
Unable from his heart to drain the truth.
" Yield up that ring," ſaid now *Ulyſſes'* ſon,
" I'll ſee if that *Adraſtus* will diſown."

At this appear'd he thunderſtruck indeed,
His countenance was chang'd; his colour fled.
The watchful Prince perceiv'd, and ſeiz'd the ring:
" This hour," ſaid he, " I'll ſend it to the King.
" *Polytropus* himſelf this pledge ſhall bear,
" (To that *Lucanian* you no ſtranger are)!
" Who ſhall, with all diſſembling art, pretend
" Yourſelf in confidence the meſſage ſend:
" If thus the leaſt diſcovery we make,
" That you *Adraſtus*' counſels ſhall partake;
" The worſt of tortures ſhall you ſure receive:
" None then will deign to pity, or relieve.
" But, if ſubmiſſive in our preſence now,
" Your treaſons you diſcloſe, your crimes avow;
" We ſpare your life: content if hence you go
" To ſome far diſtant iſle no wants to know."
Thus own'd he all. And, to confirm his word,
The Prince in perſon for his life implor'd.
Hence to th' *Echinades* he took his way.
In peace to live upon th' *Ionian* Sea.
Small time elaps'd, when lo! a *Daunian* came
Of birth obſcure, *Dioſcorus* by name;

NOTE.

Verſe 317, *Hence to th'* Echinades—Theſe are five ſmall iſlands near the mouth of the river *Achelous*, and oppoſite to the coaſt of *Arcarnania* in *Epirus*. They took their name from the porpuſſes or ſea-hogs, which that part of the *Ionian* Sea is ſaid greatly to abound with, and were probably formed in the mud of the river *Achelous*. Hence the fable that they were once Sea Nymphs, but were changed into iſlands by the God *Achelous*.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 300, *Hor. Epod.* 7. *Sen. in Oedip.*

With daring ſoul: who favour'd by the night
Had left his quarters, and eſcap'd by flight.
The baſe *Adraſtus* proffer'd he to ſlay,
As unſuſpecting in his tent he lay.
An eaſy taſk for one who life diſdain'd:
Who other's lives at all times may command.
Ruin did he to baſe *Adraſtus* breathe;
At all adventures, had reſolv'd his death:
Who had his much lov'd wife by force of arms
Detain'd, that rivall'd *Cytherea*'s charms.
Secret intelligence had he procur'd,
And divers chiefs by flatt'ring hopes allur'd;
Who to the royal tent by night ſhould bring,
And lend aſſiſtance, to diſpatch their King.
But ſtill th' Allies, requeſted he, to join,
And forward to th' attack advance their line;
That in the hurry he might ſafe remove,
With greater eaſe, the object of his love.
" If he no more that fair his own muſt call,
" The tyrant dead, contented would he fall."
His ſcheme thus open'd, ev'ry eye requir'd
The ſenſe of him whoſe wiſdom they admir'd.
" Th' Immortal Gods," exclaim'd *Ulyſſes*' ſon,
" That us from traitors have preſerv'd alone,
" Thoſe Gods forbid we e'er ſhould ſanction give,
" And, like theſe impious fugitives, deceive.
" Nay, ſhould our virtue inſufficient prove,
" Yet if our int'reſt, and ourſelves we love,
" We muſt abhor an act ſo full of ſhame:
" By authoriſing we deſerve the ſame.
" And

" And who, when fair integrity is loſt,
" Who ſhall be ſafe in all this num'rous hoſt?
" That Monarch may eſcape, we know him wiſe,
" And may this blow retaliate on th' Allies.
" No longer ſhall we wage a legal war,
" Wiſdom, and virtue, uſeleſs ſhall appear:
" While treaſon vile, and perfidy ſhall reign,
" And murders infamous beſtrew the plain.
" The dire effects ourſelves ſhall quickly feel,
" And juſtly too, if we ſuch crimes conceal.
" The ſentence I pronounce is briefly this:
" That to *Adraſtus* we the ſlave diſmiſs.
" Ill doth he merit friendſhips great as theſe,
" But all *Heſperia*, all the ſtates of *Greece*,
" Which now ſo mindful of our conduct ſeem;
" Should make us ſtrive to merit their eſteem.
" A juſt abhorrence of ſuch guilt to ſhow
" Both to ourſelves, and to the Gods we owe."
Straight to *Adraſtus* was the traitor brought,
Amaz'd he heard; and ſhudder'd at the thought:
Spight of his heart beheld, with wondring eyes,
This gen'rous noble treatment of th' Allies.
For impious men but ill conceive, or know
What godlike actions can from virtue flow.
He ſaw, but durſt not praiſe an act ſo kind,
And all his cruelties recall'd to mind:
Fain would he leſſen what he needs muſt love,
Aſham'd that ſtill ungrateful he ſhould prove.

IMITATION.

Verſe 364, *Cic. Offic.* 3.

To them indebted for his life he ſtood,
But ſouls corrupt ſtill harden'd are to good.
Lo! now with grief perceiv'd the *Daunian* King
Each day acceſſion to their fame would bring;
And it behov'd him by ſome action brave,
His own declining character to ſave.
He could not riſe like them to virtue's height,
But vict'ry hop'd; and haſten'd on the fight.
  Scarce had *Aurora*, on th' appointed day,
Begun her ruddy glories to diſplay;
And for the riſing Sun unbarr'd the Eaſt,
Whoſe radiant path with roſes ſhe had dreſt;
When now in vigilance outſtripping far
The vet'ran leaders, moſt expert in war;
From balmy ſleep *Telemachus* aroſe,
And all in motion put; to meet his foes.
His burniſh'd helmet was already on,
His creſt of waving plumes reſplendent ſhone:
The poliſh'd mail eclips'd the lightning's blaze,
The dazzled troops ſurvey'd it with amaze.
This work of *Vulcan* which they now beheld,
(Beſides its native charms) had ſome conceal'd:
Minerva's Ægis, which was hid from ſight,
Diffus'd a luſtre infinitely bright.
One hand exalted graſp'd the glitt'ring ſpear,
The other pointed to ſome ſtations near;
Which he of moment and importance gueſs'd,
Ere yet the battle join'd, to be poſſeſs'd.

IMITATION.

Verſe 395, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

Majeſtic,

Majeſtic, awful, was his look, and mien,
A fire etherial in his eyes was ſeen:
Such as *Minerva*'s preſence might expreſs,
And gave a certain omen of ſucceſs.
The Kings no longer for precedence ſtrove,
Their dignity, and age, gave place to love:
Soon as he march'd, they follow'd in his train
As though ſome pow'r ſuperior ſhould conſtrain.
No diſcontented envious thoughts they know,
But all ſubmiſſive to his orders bow;
Whom *Pallas*' ſelf had deſtin'd to command,
And ſtill unſeen conducted by the hand.
His actions nought precipitate betray'd,
A mild and ſweet compoſure he diſplay'd:
Patient, and willing all advice to take,
Of ev'ry hint would he advantage make.
Yet active, briſk, and provident of all;
No diſtant danger 'ſcap'd, however ſmall.
Sedate and calm diſpos'd he all things well,
Nor hinder'd others by an ill tim'd zeal.
Their faults excus'd, their errors he repair'd,
For ev'ry danger, ev'ry chance prepar'd:
With freedom all and confidence inſpir'd;
And nought too hard expected, or deſir'd.
Gave he an order? 'Twas explicit, clear,
He would repeat it in the party's ear:
And from the motion of his eyes diſcern'd,
If he that order had diſtinctly learn'd:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 409, *Homer Odyſſ.* 17. *Virg. Æn.* 1.

Familiar made him its deſign explain,
And if no doubt upon his mind remain;
Inſtructed thus, he ſuffer'd none to leave
Till firſt ſome token of eſteem he gave:
That all whom he employ'd with ardour ſtrove
To crown his wiſhes, and deſerve his love.
No torture felt they if they miſs'd their aim,
No imputation fear'd they on their fame:
All faults to pardon was the Prince inclin'd,
So they proceed not from a treach'rous mind.
  Now glow'd the firmament with riſing day,
The ſeas reflecting *Phœbus*' early ray:
Chariots, and horſes, and a countleſs hoſt,
With blaze of armour cover'd all the coaſt.
Their noiſe confus'd like that when ocean raves,
And mountain-high erects his troubled waves;
While, from the bottom of the vaſt abyſs,
Great *Neptune*'s trident bids the tempeſt riſe.
Juſt ſo did *Mars*, tremendous God of war,
With clang of arms the battle fierce prepare;
And ev'ry breaſt inceſſantly inſpire;
With indignation, and with hoſtile fire.
The plain was hid beneath their briſtling ſpears,
Thick as in Autumn wave the golden ears.
On ev'ry ſide thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
And intercept at once both earth, and ſkies.
Confuſion, bloodſhed, ſtain'd th' impurpled ground,
While ghaſtly death relentleſs ſtalk'd around.
  The Prince ere yet the firſt diſcharge was made
With hand, and eyes to heav'n uplifted pray'd:

"O

" O *Jove*," exclaim'd he, " great, eternal King
" From whom both mortals, and immortals ſpring;
" With us, you ſee, deſire of peace prevail:
" And white rob'd Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale.
" Averſe we fight: nor bluſh'd to have purſu'd
" All prudent means, to ſtop this flow of blood.
" Nor do we hate this ſacrilegious foe;
" Whom yet ſo cruel, and ſo falſe, we know.
" Look down from heaven, and our cauſe attend,
" Be you the judge, and all our conteſts end!
" If that we periſh be your dread command;
" Content we fall, our lives are in your hand:
" If tyranny to cruſh be your decree,
" And that *Heſperia* ſhall at length be free;
" Your heav'nly offspring muſt the palm incline,
" *Minerva*'s wiſdom with your pow'r muſt join.
" Your's be the praiſe: ſince you alone the fates
" Can poiſe of empires, and contending ſtates.
" Your battle do we fight: while you preſide
" 'Tis your's, not our's, to curb *Adraſtus*' pride.
" If by the cloſe of day theſe troops around,
" With glorious conqueſt in your cauſe be crown'd;
" In ſolemn pomp the victims will we lead,
" And at your ſhrine an hecatomb ſhall bleed."
He ſaid, and plung'd in thickeſt of the plain
And to his foaming courſers gave the rein:
Firſt *Periander*, not unknown to fame,
The valiant *Locrian*, to engage him came.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 488, *Sil. Ital. Virg. Æn.* 1.

A tawny

A tawny lion's ſhaggy ſpoils he wore,
Slain in *Cilicia* which he travers'd o'er.
A maſſy club like *Hercules* he rear'd,
In ſtrength, and ſize, of giant-race appear'd:
Ulyſſes' ſon no ſooner he eſpied,
Than he began his beauty to deride:
" Effem'nate boy! 'tis well indeed," he cries,
" If you with us diſpute the glorious prize;
" Go, puny ſtripling, to your father go:
" And ſearch him out among the ſhades below."
Thus ſaid, on high his knotty club he rais'd
On ev'ry ſide with iron ſpikes embrac'd.
The talleſt maſt, compar'd with this, were ſmall;
And each beholder trembled for its fall.
Full at his head had he a ſtroke deſign'd,
The youth perceiv'd it; and the blow declin'd;
Then (as an eagle cuts the ambient air)
Did ſwift deſtruction for his foe prepare.
The club deſcending on a chariot fell
Adjoining to the Prince, and broke its wheel.
Meanwhile the *Grecian* Prince an arrow drew
Which to the throat of *Periander* flew:
Forth from the gaping wound, with bubbling noiſe,
Now ſtream'd the purple tide, and choak'd his voice.
No more his feeble hands their charge ſuſtain,
The fi'ry ſteeds perceiv'd the ſlacken'd rein:

NOTE.

Verſe 494, *Slain in* Cilicia—A very ancient kingdom of *Aſia Minor*, famous among other things for the great victory there obtained by *Alexander* over *Darius*.

In wild diſorder ſtill their courſe they held,
Headlong he tumbled to the ſanguine field.
His eyes abhor the light, and fainting fail;
His face convuls'd, and ting'd with deadly pale.
Diſſolv'd in tears the Prince victorious gave
The breathleſs trunk, to his attendant ſlave:
Himſelf the lion's ſkin, and club retain'd;
Proofs of that conqueſt he ſo bravely gain'd.
  And now *Adraſtus* ſought he in the throng,
While thouſand warriors, as he paſt along,
Here met their fate beneath their deadly foe,
And fled indignant to the ſhades below.
Hyleus, whoſe gilded carr ſuperb to view,
Two milk white ſteeds, like great *Apollo*'s, drew,
Bred in *Apulia*'s vaſt extended plain;
Where *Aufidus* with ſtreams tranſparent ran.
Demoleon brave, who on *Sicilia*'s ſhore
At Cæſtus roſe to *Eryx* next in pow'r:
Crantor, the great *Alcides*' hoſt, and friend;
What time *Jove*'s offspring, more his fame t' extend,
Thro' fair *Heſperia* paſt; and from his cave
The monſter *Cacus* hurried to his grave.

NOTES.

Verſe 534, *Where* Aufidus—A river of the kingdom of *Naples*, now called *L' Ofanto*. It riſes in the *Apennines*, and diſcharges itſelf into the Gulph of *Venice*. Near it was fought the battle of *Cannæ*.

Verſe 540. *The monſter* Cacus—An *Italian* ſhepherd upon Mount *Aventine*, the ſon of *Vulcan*. He was half man, and half beaſt.

IMITATION.

Verſe 536, *Virg. Æn.* 5.

Next *Menecrates*, wreſtler much eſteem'd,
Who ſcarce to *Pollux* was inferior deem'd.
Hippoc'on bold who from *Salapia* came,
By *Caſtor* taught the fi'ry ſteed to tame.
Swift *Eurimedes* for the chace renown'd,
With bloody ſpoils of ſavage monſters crown'd:
The briſtled boar, and bear would he purſue;
Which on the froſty *Appennines* he ſlew.
To him did great *Diana* favour ſhow,
And taught, 'tis ſaid, to bend the ſtubborn bow.
Next o'er *Nicoſtratus* the Prince prevail'd,
Whoſe potent arm a giant had aſſail'd;
That from his horrid throat could vomit fire,
Where rugged rocks of *Garganus* aſpire.
Laſt *Eleanthus*, who was ſoon to lead
The beauteous *Phol'e* to his nuptial bed;
Daughter of *Liris*, fair *Heſperian* tide,
That God, it ſeems, had promis'd her as bride
To him who from a dragon wing'd ſhould ſave;
Bred on the borders of his ſilver wave:

NOTES.

beaſt. When *Hercules* was driving back the cattle of *Geryon* King of *Spain*, whom he had lately killed, *Cacus* ſtole ſome of theſe cattle; and leſt his theft ſhould be diſcovered by the print of their feet, he drew them backward by their tails into his den. However the lowing of theſe oxen betrayed the whole affair, and *Hercules* recovered them and ſlew *Cacus*. See all the particulars of this ſtory in the 8th *Æneid* of *Virgil*.

Verſe 554, *Where rugged rocks of* Garganus—A mountain of *Apulia*, now called *Monte St. Ange*, in the kingdom of *Naples*.

Verſe 557, *Daughter of* Liris—A river of *Italy* which divided *Latium* from *Campania*, now called the *Garigliano*. *Horace*, and *Silius Italicus*, have both celebrated it for its gentle current.

And

And which *Apollo*'s Oracle had ſaid,
Should quickly ſwallow up that lovely maid.
The valiant youth, tranſported by his love,
His life devotes the danger to remove.
Th' attempt ſucceeded, and ſecure he paſt:
But ne'er the fruits muſt of that conqueſt taſte.
For, while the beauteous maid, with kind concern,
Expects her nuptials, and her lord's return;
She hears *Adraſtus* had to battle led,
And envious *Clotho* cut his vital thread:
Diſtract with grief ſhe made the ſhores around,
The hills, the groves, return the mournful ſound.
All bath'd in tears her beauteous eyes appear,
And wild with rage ſhe tears her lovely hair:
No more th' enamel'd flowers ſhe purſues,
But heav'n itſelf of cruelty accuſe.
Thus day and night, as ſhe inceſſant griev'd,
The pitying Gods at length her woes reliev'd:
Touch'd by her mis'ry, and her father's pray'r,
A ſudden transformation they prepare:
Diſſolv'd in tears a fountain ſhe became,
Which ſtrives to join the God her father's ſtream:
But ſtill with bitter waves is ſaid to flow,
No verdant herb will near its borders grow;
No tree or ſhrub appears with foliage green,
But baleful Cyprus there alone is ſeen.
  The furious *Daunian* King was now adviſ'd,
How much *Telemachus* all hearts ſurpris'd:

IMITATION.

Verſe 569, *Tibullus.*

To ſcarch him out he burn'd with eager rage,
And hop'd with eaſe to cruſh his tender age.
Around him thirty *Daunian* guards he held,
Experienc'd troop, in valour all excell'd,
To theſe rewards he promis'd infinite,
Could they ſurround his chariot in the fight;
While fierce *Adraſtus* in the front aſſail'd,
And thus his ruin ſcarcely could have fail'd.
But wiſe *Minerva* on her charge intent,
This ſtorm diſpers'd, and to a diſtance ſent.
Adraſtus fancied he the Prince beheld,
And heard him ſhout ſtill lower down the field;
Thought him at bottom of a hill engag'd,
Where crowds were view'd, and high the conflict rag'd.
He ran, he flew, he thirſted for his blood;
But in his place the feeble *Neſtor* view'd.
Whoſe trembling hand his jav'lins threw around,
And random darts that guiltleſs ſtruck the ground.
Thus diſappointed, he the ſage had ſlain,
But that his *Pylians* brave their King ſuſtain.
Now dreadful grew the ſcene of horrid war,
And clouds of arrows darken'd all the air:
On ev'ry ſide was heard the plaintive cry,
The craſh of falling arms that pierc'd the ſky:
Th' encumber'd earth now groan'd beneath its load,
And all around the purple torrents flow'd.
The hell-born furies, with *Bellona* dire,
And *Mars*, in bloody garbs at once conſpire

IMITATION.

Verſe 605, *Virg. Æn.* 2.

In

In ev'ry breaſt freſh adour to excite;
The dreadful ſcene beholding with delight.
Theſe Deities, the foes of human race,
From ev'ry heart on either ſide eraſe
All gen'rous pity, and all kind concern;
No more with mod'rate valour now to burn.
Amidſt this maſs confus'd, was ev'ry breaſt
With ſtedfaſt hatred, and revenge poſſeſt:
Each combatant appear'd with brutal air,
And nought was ſeen but murder, and deſpair.
Pallas herſelf invincible in fight
With dread recoil'd, and ſhudder'd at the ſight.
  Lo! *Philoctetes* next with ſolemn pace
(Whoſe martial hand *Alcides'* arrows grace)
Was ſeen advancing; but his march was ſlow:
To reſcue *Neſtor* from his threat'ning foe.
Adraſtus, who had long aſſay'd in vain
To rob of life that venerable man,
Now threw his arrows with indiff'rence great
While divers *Pylians* bravely met their fate.
Already *Euſilas* was proſtrate laid,
Who in the nimble race ſuch art diſplay'd;
Who light as air would ſkim along the green,
Ev'n on the ſand his footſtep ſcarce was ſeen:
Outran *Eurotas* in his native land,
And ſwift *Alpheus* diſtanc'd on the ſtrand.

NOTE.

Verſe 641, *Outran* Eurotas—The principal river of *Sparta*. It was here that *Apollo* bewailed *Hyacinthus*, whom he accidentally killed with a quoit: and what *Eurotas* heard from *Apollo*, he taught the laurels which grew upon his banks.

Beneath

Beneath his feet next *Entiphron* expir'd,
Sweet beauteous youth than *Hylas* more admir'd;
To whom in ſports, and pleaſures of the field,
The fam'd *Hippolytus* himſelf muſt yield.
Next did *Adraſtus Pterelas* deſtroy,
Who follow'd *Neſtor* to the ſiege of *Troy*:
For ſtrength and daring courage ſo renown'd,
That he the friendſhip of *Achilles* found.
Next *Ariſtogiton* well known to fame,
Who bathing once in *Achelous*' ſtream,
A ſecret power from that God acquir'd,
T' aſſume whatever ſhape himſelf deſir'd.
In truth, ſo pliant all his limbs appear'd,
He 'ſcap'd from all; no force ſuperior fear'd:
Yet could *Adraſtus*' ſpear his motions end,
And bath'd in blood to *Pluto*'s region ſend.

NOTES.

Verſe 642, *And Swift* Alpheus—A river of *Arcadia*, which ran likewiſs through *Elis* and along the city of *Piſa*, and then diſappeared. It was ſuppoſed to run under the ſea without mixing with the ſalt water, and to riſe again in *Sicily* near the city of *Syracuſe*; where it blended its waters with thoſe of the fountain *Arethuſa*.

Verſe 644, *Sweet beauteous youth than* Hylas—This beautiful youth beloved by *Hercules*, accompanied that hero in the *Argonautic* expedition. But going to fetch water from *Caicus*, a river of *Mæſia*, the nymphs fell in love with him, and took him away.

Verſe 652, *Who bathing once in* Achelous' *ſtream*—*Achelous* was the chief river of *Ætolia*. The fabulous account of his contending with *Hercules*, for the King of *Calydonia*'s daughter, is to be ſeen in the ninth book of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 640, *Virg. Georg.* 3.

Neſtor,

Neſtor, who ſaw beneath the tyrant's hand,
His ſtouteſt captains breathleſs on the ſand;
(Juſt as in harveſt when the ripen'd corn
Falls by the ſickle of the reaper ſhorn)
Regardleſs now of danger onward preſt,
And fruitleſsly expos'd his aged breaſt.
His wonted caution, and his prudence flown,
He fix'd his eyes upon his darling ſon,
His dear *Piſiſtratus*; who ſtruggled brave
To keep his much lov'd father from the grave.
Alas! at length the fatal hour was come,
When poor *Piſiſtratus* muſt meet his doom.
And *Neſtor* too with ſorrow muſt perceive:
'Tis oft unhappy when too long we live.

Againſt *Adraſtus* ſee the youth advance!
And with ſuch vehemence direct his lance,
The *Daunian* King that hour had breath'd his laſt,
But ſwift avoided, and aſide it paſt.
Thus overbalanc'd as he hung in air,
And aim'd recov'ry of his erring ſpear;
Full at his breaſt *Adraſtus* aim'd a dart,
Which in that inſtant pierc'd him to the heart.
The trembling entrails iſſu'd at the wound,
His blood in purple torrents ſtain'd the ground;
And as a fading flow'r his colour fled,
Cropt by ſome virgin in the painted mead.
Already clos'd his beauteous eyes appear'd:
No further accent from his tongue was heard.

IMITATION.

Verſe 684, *Virg. Æn.* 11.

The ſage *Alceus* (who with anxious care
Had form'd his youth, and now attended near)
Falling receiv'd, but ſcarce had time to place
The dying hero in his ſire's embrace.
Fain would he ſpeak, and ere from earth remov'd
Some tender token give how much he lov'd;
But life, and vigour, now apace retir'd,
His lips he mov'd, and in that act expir'd.
While to reſiſt *Adraſtus* on the plain
Brave *Philoctetes* pil'd in heaps the ſlain!
Lock'd in his arms, amid the ſanguine field,
His darling ſon the hoary *Neſtor* held.
No longer could he raiſe his languid head,
But fill'd the air with ſorrow for the dead:
" Unhappy wretch! who could from heav'n receive
" The bliſs of children, and that bliſs outlive!
" Ah! cruel Fates! why not exert your pow'r
" When young I chac'd the *Calydonian* boar,
" Or ſail'd to *Colchos* for the golden fleece,
" Or firſt for *Troy* forſook my native *Greece*?
" Then had my fortune been by all admir'd,
" Grief had I 'ſcap'd; in honour's bed expir'd.

NOTE.

Verſe 704, *When young I chac'd the* Calydonian *boar*—As a puniſhment to *Oeneus*, who ſacrificed, at the cloſe of harveſt, to every God except *Diana*, ſhe ſent this monſtrous boar to deſtroy the country; whoſe tuſks we are told were above a yard in length. But *Meleager* King of *Calydon* called together all the flower of the *Grecian* youth, and by their aſſiſtance diſpatched him.

IMITATION.

Verſe 704, *Virg. Æn.* 11.

" Not

" Not thus despis'd dragg'd on a load of years,
" An age of sad anxiety, and tears.
" Alas! I now but live to suffer pain,
" No other hope or prospect can remain.
" You, dear *Pisistratus*, much honour'd son,
" You liv'd when poor *Antilochus* was gone.
" You still remain'd a prop for feeble age,
" Could, when your brother fell, my griefs asswage.
" You now are flown, and comfort is no more:
" Then welcome death! since happiness is o'er.
" Sweet hope, which mortal suff'ring can relieve,
" On me no gracious look will deign to give.
" It seems, my dearest sons, as in a day
" Relentless death had made you both his prey.
" These sighs for poor *Antilochus* I drew,
" That deep, that heart-felt wound now bleeds anew.
" Must I no more behold whom most I prize?
" O say then who shall close these wretched eyes?
" Or, who when once that fatal hour is come,
" Collect mine ashes, and inscribe my tomb?
" Yet fell ye bravely both---'Tis only I,
" Unhappy man! that dare not, cannot die."
Thus raving, in his hand he held a dart
And on a sudden would have pierc'd his heart.
Th' attendants interpos'd, and straight remov'd
The breathless body of his son belov'd:

IMITATIONS.

Verse 718, *Virg. Æn.* 11.
Verse 730, *Accius in frag.*

And when he fainting ſeem'd, exhauſt, and ſpent,
With eager haſte convey'd him to his tent.
There, though unwilling, they by force withheld
Till ſtrength returning urg'd him to the field.
  Meanwhile fierce *Philoctetes* burns with rage,
Nor leſs *Adraſtus*; eager to engage.
As when a lion, tyrant of the wood,
And ſpotted leopard meet in conflict rude;
And both preparing for the combat ſeem,
Where fair *Cayſter* rolls his ſilver ſtream;
So ſparkling ſeem'd their eyes, ſuch threats were heard,
Vengeance, and fury, in their looks appear'd.
On ev'ry face diſmay and terror ſate,
And ev'ry dart they threw was wing'd with fate.
Each now approaching had his foe in view,
A deadly arrow *Philoctetes* drew;
From which no pow'r medicinal could ſave,
No remedy relieve the wound it gave.
But *Mars*, to fierce *Adraſtus* ſtill a friend,
Thus ſoon allow'd not he ſhould meet his end:
Through him reſolving to prolong the fray,
And more increaſe the horrors of the day.
And righteous heav'n, for puniſhment of guilt,
By him decreed more blood ſhould yet be ſpilt.
  As *Philoctetes* took a deadly aim,
From young *Amphimachus* a jav'lin came;

NOTE.

Verſe 744, *Where fair* Cayſter—Called by the *Turks Minderſcare*, or the *Little Meander*; being a remarkable river of *Aſia* near *Epheſus*.

The faireſt warrior of *Lucania*'s hoſt,
Not *Nireus*' ſelf more blooming charms could boaſt;
Nireus, in beauteous form ſuperior far
To all the leaders in the *Trojan* war:
Save what was ſeen in *Thetis*' warlike ſon,
Who matchleſs ſtill, without a rival, ſhone.
Brave *Philoctetes* felt the ſudden ſmart,
Then drew an arrow, and transfix'd his heart.
Dimm'd were his coal-black eyes, their luſtre fail'd;
At once the deadly ſhades of night prevail'd:
Thoſe roſy lips which more vermillion ſhow'd,
Than when *Aurora* paints the orient cloud,
Now loſt their wonted ſymmetry, and grace,
A dreadful pale o'erſpread his lovely face;
And ſo deform'd thoſe features ſo compleat;
That *Philoctetes*' ſelf bewail'd his fate.
While bath'd in tears each hardy warrior ſtood,
To ſee the youth thus rolling in his blood:
And trailing in the duſt that beauteous hair,
Apollo's ſelf might not diſdain to wear;
Scarce *Philoctetes* could this palm acquire
Before his wound compell'd him to retire.
Through loſs of blood his ſpirits felt decay,
His ancient hurt, through labour of the day,

NOTE.

Verſe 762, *Not* Nireus' *ſelf*—He was King of *Naxos*, and not more famous for his beauty, than infamous for his vices.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 763, *Hom. Il.* 2. *Hor. Epod.* 15.

With terror fill'd him; lest he prove again
The dreadful series of his former pain.
For *Æsculapius'* sons divinely skill'd
Could yet no certain cure sufficient yield.
Lo! now appear'd he sinking to the ground,
Amidst the bleeding carcases around.
Of all who follow'd in th' *Oebalian* host,
To build *Petilia* on th' *Hesperian* coast;
The brave *Archidamas* the most excell'd,
Who now uprais'd, and bore him from the field,
When fierce *Adrastus* breathing rage and fire
With greatest ease could trample him as mire.
The *Daunian* King found nothing more t' oppose,
No fear remain'd his victory to lose:
All fell before him in th' unequal fight,
Or sought their safety by unmanly flight.
So when a rapid stream disdains its mound,
And deluges at once the country round:
No more by towns its fury is withstood,
Men, sheaves, and bleating flocks, are hurried down the flood.
  Soon to *Ulysses'* son the news was brought,
Who heard the shout at distance where he fought:
Perceiv'd his scatter'd troops in dire alarms,
Chac'd by *Adrastus*, and his conqu'ring arms.

NOTE.

Verse 791, Oebalian *host*—The *Oebalians* were a people of *Italy* near *Tarentum*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 801, *Virg. Æn.* 2. *Ovid. Met.* 1.

So frighted flies a tim'rous herd of deer,
Nor wood, nor rocky precipice they fear;
Plung'd ev'n amidſt the foaming floods are ſeen:
If haply, they can 'ſcape the hunters keen.
With heart-felt grief this gen'ral rout he heard,
Rage, indignation, in his eyes appear'd;
Then quits the dang'rous ſtation he had held,
Where long with glory had he kept the field;
His troops to ſuccour croſs'd in haſte the plain,
Beſmear'd with blood of thouſands he had ſlain.
Far off a ſhout tremendous did he raiſe,
And either army heard it in amaze:
For great the terror of his voice was found,
So *Pallas* will'd: the hills return'd the ſound.
Ne'er yet in *Thrace* more dreadful could appear
The voice portentous of the God of War,
When he the furies ſummon'd to the plain,
With ſlaughter, death, and bloodſhed in their train.
Rous'd by that cry, his men with courage roſe;
Diſorder ſtrange, confuſion ſeiz'd his foes.
Adraſtus' ſelf with bluſhes own'd his fear,
And ſure preſages felt of ruin near.
No more a tranquil valour he poſſeſt,
A deſp'rate courage ſeem'd it at the beſt.
Thrice did his trembling knees their charge forſake,
And thrice unwittingly he ſtarted back:
A fainting paleneſs in his face was view'd,
Cold clammy ſweats had ev'ry limb bedew'd.

IMITATION.
Verſe 821, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

Hoarſe heſitation ruin'd all he ſaid,
His eyes appear'd as ſtarting from his head:
Convulſions ſhook his frame; as when in *Greece*
Maternal furies marr'd *Oreſtes'* peace.
He now believ'd that there were Gods indeed,
Saw, as he thought, that they his fall decreed:
Heard from the nether world a mutt'ring ſound,
Which call'd him down to *Tartarus* profound.
All now conſpir'd to ſhew that heav'nly hand,
Which, hov'ring o'er him, could his fate command,
And now appear'd to meditate the blow
That now muſt ſink him to the ſhades below.
Fair hope was quite extinguiſh'd in his breaſt,
No more that wonted brav'ry he poſſeſt:
Sudden diſpers'd it, like the ev'ning ray
Which quickly vaniſhes at cloſe of day;
What time the Sun to *Thetis'* lap retires,
And earth obſcur'd bemoans his abſent fires.
  The vile *Adraſtus* who too long had reign'd,
(But that by heav'n a ſcourge was he ordain'd)
Now ſwift approach'd the period of his pow'r,
And madly ruſh'd to meet his deſtin'd hour.

NOTE.

Verſe 840, *Maternal furies marr'd* Oreſtes' *peace*—*Oreſtes*, in revenge for his father *Agamemnon*'s death, having murdered his mother *Clytemneſtra*, with her lover *Ægiſthus*, immediately afterwards became diſtracted; being haunted by the Furies, and the apparition of his mother's ghoſt.

IMITATION.

Verſe 840, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

Rage,

Rage, and remorſe in ev'ry look appear,
Amazement, horror, infinite deſpair.
Scarce on *Telemachus* he caſt his eyes,
When all *Avernus* ſeem'd at once to riſe;
And whirling flames from black *Cocytus*' flood,
Deſtruction threat'ning in his proſpect ſtood.
To ſhout he aim'd, and open'd wide his throat,
No ſound articulate was heard, or note:
As one in dreadful dream aſſays to ſpeak,
But ſeems in vain an utterance to ſeek.
With trembling hand in haſte a lance he threw,
And fondly hop'd his rival to ſubdue:
Th' intrepid youth his danger calm beheld,
Heav'n was his friend, he took it on his ſhield.
It ſeem'd as Vict'ry eagle-wing'd ſhould hold
High o'er his head a crown of maſſy gold.
A ſteady courage in his eyes was ſeen,
Like that of *Pallas*' ſelf, fair Wiſdom's Queen.
So undiſturb'd his mind, ſo free from fear,
Surrounded thus by all the threats of war.
His buckler had repell'd the *Daunian*'s lance,
Who ſtraight with ſword in hand appear'd t' advance.

NOTE.

Verſe 873, *It ſeem'd as Vict'ry eagle-wing'd*— The *Athenians* painted her without wings. But ſhe was generally repreſented with

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 863, *Virg. Æn.* 6. *Sil. It.* 13.
Verſe 867, *Virg. Æn.* 12.
Verſe 879, *Virg. Æn.* 2. and *Hom. Il.* 22.

That

That thus *Ulyſſes'* ſon no time ſhould find
To throw, in turn, the jav'lin he deſign'd.
He ſaw the ſword, and inſtant drew his own:
The uſeleſs miſſiles all aſide were thrown.
Thus hand to hand when they engag'd were ſeen,
All others gaz'd in ſilence on the green:
Intent on them, aſide their arms they lay,
And hence expect the fortune of the day.
Aloft in air the flaming falchions riſe,
As when red lightnings tear the troubled ſkies:
Each croſſing each dealt many a fruitleſs blow,
The poliſh'd mail reſounding from below.
Stretch'd, bent, contracted, proſtrate were they view'd,
Then up, and grappling in that inſtant ſtood.
Th' uxorious ivy which with cloſe embrace
Around ſome knotty elm doth fondly paſs,
And twining reaches to its utmoſt height,
Is leſs united, than were theſe in fight.
Adraſtus ſtill in vigour full remain'd,
Telemachus to his had ſcarce attain'd.
Oft aim'd the *Daunian* to ſurpriſe his foe,
And make him reel beneath ſome fatal blow:

NOTE.

with them, to ſignify the uncertainty of ſucceſs in war. In one hand ſhe held a crown of laurel, and in the other a branch of palm adorned with trophies. The *Romans*, in the *Samnite* war, erected a temple to her; and dedicated to her likewiſe that of *Jupiter* in the capitol.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 887, *Virg. Æn.* 12.
Verſe 895, *Hor. Epod.* 15.

And

And next endeavour'd, but with fruitleſs toil,
By ſtrength ſuperior, of his ſword to ſpoil.
Juſt then *Ulyſſes'* ſon, with valiant hand,
Uprais'd from earth, and threw him on the ſand.
The impious wretch, who oft had heav'n deſpis'd,
At death's approach was ſtagger'd and ſurpris'd.
Yet ſcorn'd to aſk, though ev'ry look conſpir'd
To ſhew how greatly he his life deſir'd.
At length impending ruin to arreſt
He pity ſtrove to raiſe, and thus addreſt:
" O valiant offspring of *Laertes'* ſon,
" At length the juſtice of the Gods I own.
" Juſt are my ſuff'rings for repeated crimes,
" Truth then is cleareſt in the worſt of times:
" I ſee that truth, which my confuſion brings,
" But oh! have pity on the worſt of Kings:
" Let mercy, mercy, yet protract my doom:
" Think on *Ulyſſes* exil'd from his home."
Telemachus, who faſt the tyrant held,
And kneel'd upon him on the ſanguine field;
With ſword preſented to his perjur'd throat,
Thus mildly anſwer'd, and his rage forgot.
" Heav'n be my witneſs! that I ne'er purſu'd
" The path of glory through a thirſt of blood.
" Firm peace, and victory alone I prize,
" Peace well ſecur'd, to theſe my high Allies.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 914, *Virg. Æn.* 12.
Verſe 920, *Hom. Il.* 24. and *Virg. Æn.* 12.

" Live

" Live then, *Adraſtus!* but your life receive,
" That you henceforth your errors may retrieve.
" Reſtore whatever, with uſurping hand,
" By fraud, by bloodſhed, you unjuſtly gain'd.
" Through all *Heſperia* let this peace prevail,
" Again let Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale.
" Live! and henceforward be a diff'rent man!
" This wholeſome counſel from affliction gain;
" That heav'n in goodneſs will ſuperior riſe,
" And thoſe are wretched who depend on vice.
" Dupes to themſelves, who happineſs would meet
" From barb'rous outrage, rapine, and deceit:
" That nought on earth true pleaſure can impart,
" But honeſt Virtue, and an upright heart.
" Twelve Chiefs for hoſtages of moſt renown,
" With *Metrodorus* muſt I claim, your ſon."
So ſpake the gen'rous Prince without diſtruſt,
Then gave his hand to lift him from the duſt.
When lo! the treach'rous King a jav'lin drew
Short, unperceiv'd, and in that inſtant threw:
So ſwift it came, with ſo much ſkill was aim'd;
Nought ſav'd him but his mail divinely fram'd.
This done, *Adraſtus* inſtant wing'd his ſpeed,
And to a neighb'ring tree for ſhelter fled.
" Attend," exclaim'd the Prince, " ye *Daunian* pow'rs
" Bear witneſs all! the victory is ours.
" This impious wretch, unworthy of a throne,
" Preſerves his life by perfidy alone.
" Who heav'n ſo lately with contempt could treat,
" With coward-ſoul now trembles at his fate:
" While

" While who the Gods immortal doth revere,
" Superior riſes to all other fear."
He ſaid, and ſwiftly to the *Daunians* croſt;
Then gave the ſignal to his friendly hoſt:
(Who from behind ſurvey'd the horrid fight)
To intercept the tyrant in his flight.
The King, who fear'd this force might captive take,
Now made a feint, as if returning back.
But aim'd, in fact, to break through all his foes,
Who ready ſtood his paſſage to oppoſe.
But ſwift as thunder, from the realms above,
Is hurl'd on guilty heads by angry *Jove*;
Ulyſſes' ſon now ruſh'd upon his foe,
And proſtrate laid him on the plain below.
So the bleak North deforms the beauteous year
And proſtrate lays in heaps the golden ear.
No more he liſten'd to that ſyren tongue,
Which ſtill his patience would attempt to wrong,
But pierc'd him through; and ſent him in diſmay,
Where flames and tortures ſhould his crimes repay.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 973, *Virg. Georg.* 1.
Verſe 977, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

BOOK XXI.

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adraſtus *being no more, the* Daunians *ſtretch forth their hands to the Allies as a ſignal of Peace, and demand of them a Sovereign of their own Nation.* Neſtor *inconſolable for the loſs of his Son, abſents himſelf from the Aſſembly of the Chiefs: where the major part are of opinion, that they ought to divide the Territories of the vanquiſhed; and give to* Telemachus *the Country of* Arpi. *Far from accepting that offer, he makes it appear to be the common intereſt of the Confederates, to chuſe* Polydamus *King of the* Daunians; *and leave them in the full poſſeſſion of their lands. He afterwards perſuades this people to beſtow the Country of* Arpi *upon* Diomedes, *at that time juſt arrived. The troubles being thus at an end, all the troops now ſeparate, each eager to return to his native ſoil.*

SMALL grief expreſs'd the *Daunians* for their head,
When he at length was number'd with the dead.
His fall had brought deliv'rance to the ſtate,
And all rejoicing ſeem'd in their defeat.
Each to the high Allies his hand extends
Deſiring all to be eſteem'd as friends,

But

But *Metrodorus*, vile *Adrastus'* son,
And heir apparent to the *Daunian* throne;
In ignorance was bred of just, and right:
And coward like precipitates his flight.
His father's impious arts he learn'd betimes,
Retain'd a slave, th' accomplice of his crimes,
On whom of late he liberty bestow'd,
To him all favour and indulgence show'd.
This wretch alone was privy to his way,
And basely strove, for int'rest, to betray.
Smote him behind, as thus with speed he fled,
And to the camp returning, shew'd his head.
For great the recompence he hop'd to share,
Who thus at once could finish all the war.
But all, with horror great, the monster view'd:
And with a proper punishment pursu'd.
Telemachus with tears beheld that face,
So lately deck'd with ev'ry smiling grace;
Where once true genius reign'd, till pleasure came
And bad example, to obscure his fame.
" Alas!" exclaim'd he, " see what dangers wait
" On youthful Princes when in prosp'rous state!
" Myself, ere now, perhaps, like him had prov'd;
" But thanks to heav'n, and to those Gods that lov'd!
" Thanks to misfortune, and to *Mentor* kind;
" That taught me early to subdue my mind!"
Th' assembled *Daunians* now around them press,
Proposing this condition of the peace:
" That they have licence, of their native land,
" To chuse a Prince their nation to command;

" Whoſe godlike virtues quickly might efface
" *Adraſtus'* vices and the realms diſgrace."
To heav'n with humble reverence they bent,
Which had to *Tartarus* the tyrant ſent:
And pour'd in crowds about *Ulyſſes'* ſon
To kiſs that hand which had the vict'ry won.
That hand, now reeking with the monſter's blood,
Whoſe fatal fall they as a triumph view'd.
Thus in a moment fell, with none to aid,
That pow'r *Heſperia* had with dread ſurvey'd:
Which threaten'd ruin to the nations round,
Whoſe very name had terror in its ſound.
As when ſome baſtion long unſhaken ſtands,
And mocks the fury of the hoſtile bands;
Till by degrees its baſe is undermin'd,
Yet ſtill no breach, no weakneſs can you find:
When lo! at once, its firm foundation fails,
It ſinks, it falls; and horrid chaſms reveals;
So pow'r unjuſt, and founded on deceit,
(Whate'er proſperity at firſt it meet)
Yet ſelf-deſtroy'd it quickly diſappears,
And for itſelf the dreadful pit prepares.
For fraud, and cruelty, exciting hate
Sap the foundations of the tyrant's ſtate:
A while indeed ſome rev'rence may he know,
The trembling vot'ry at his ſhrine may bow;
But, in a moment, he no more is found,
His weight unwieldy, brings him to the ground:

IMITATION.
Verſe 64, *Hor.* lib. 3. Od. 4.

And

And nought again his grandeur can reſtore,
Or reinſtate him in his former pow'r;
Becauſe himſelf his ruin has deſign'd,
That prop deſtroying of an honeſt mind,
By which alone affection is inſur'd,
By which alone is confidence procur'd.
The Chiefs aſſembled on the foll'wing noon,
To give a Sov'reign to the *Daunian* throne.
And now beheld, with infinite delight,
The adverſe hoſts in friendſhip cloſe unite:
Ne'er could they hope a change ſo great to find,
Two hoſtile camps in concord firm combin'd.
Meanwhile, alas! th' unhappy *Pylian* Chief
Withdrew his preſence, as conſtrain'd by grief.
For age infirm, and ſorrow in exceſs,
Conſpir'd at once his ſpirits to depreſs:
So drops its feeble head the languid flow'r,
When watry *Jove* deſcends in furious ſhow'r:
Loſt are thoſe beauties which, at early dawn,
Shone forth the glory of the verdant lawn.
His eyes, which oft diſtill'd the briny tear,
Two fountains inexhauſtible appear:
Nor knew he reſt which lulls our cares aſleep,
Eternal vigils did his eye-lids keep.
Sweet hope, which chears the ſoul of mortal man,
Was quite extinguiſh'd by his load of pain.
All food was loathſome, odious to his ſight,
O'erwhelm'd with grief; he ev'n abhorr'd the light.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 81, *Hom. Il.* 8. *Virg. Æn.* 9.

Nought wiſh'd he further than releaſe to gain,
And wing his flight to *Pluto*'s dark domain.
In vain would friends participate his grief,
With kind condolence miniſtring relief;
His fainting ſoul could friendſhip taſte no more,
As ſickly palates beſt of food abhor.
No ſoft endearment his attention won,
To all he anſwer'd with an heart-felt groan:
With bitter ſighs his anguiſh he expreſs'd,
And frequent thus his breathleſs child addreſs'd.
" I come, my lov'd *Piſiſtratus*, I come!
" I hear you call! and follow to the tomb.
" No greater bliſs can beauteous heav'n beſtow
" Than thus to join us in the realms below."
This ſaid; whole hours in ſilence he remain'd,
Aloft to heav'n would lift his trembling hand;
And ever and anon, with ſtreaming eye,
Implore the pity of the Gods on high.
Meanwhile, *Ulyſſes*' ſon the Chiefs attend,
Who rites prepar'd in honour of his friend.
Around the corpſe with lib'ral hand he ſhow'rs
Ten thouſand odours exquiſite, and flow'rs.
Then weeping ſaid---" Alas! thou deareſt youth!
" Ne'er from my ſoul will be eras'd thy truth:
" At *Pylos* firſt our gen'rous love began,
" In *Sparta* next I ſought thee, wondrous man,
" And found thee laſt upon *Heſperia*'s coaſt,
" High in th' eſteem of this confed'rate hoſt:

IMITATION.

Verſe 113, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

" A thouſand tender offices I owe,
" For well our love reciprocal I know:
" And plain perceive that brave undaunted mind,
" In which few *Greeks* your equals can I find.
" But oh! that courage which ſecures your name,
" Hath wrought your ruin; while it rais'd your fame:
" Of riſing merit hath the world depriv'd,
" Might rival *Neſtor*'s had you longer liv'd.
" Yes, manly ſenſe, and eloquence like your's;
" (Had time permitted which alone matures)
" To worth like that of *Neſtor* might have fir'd,
" Whoſe wiſdom *Greece* for ages hath admir'd.
" Already ev'ry grace began to ſmile,
" You had his ſoft inſinuating ſtile:
" Already ev'ry heart had captive made,
" None could reſiſt the wiſdom you diſplay'd.
" You his addreſs, his moderation ſhow'd,
" From whence that curb for haughty ſpirits flow'd;
" You all his great authority poſſeſt,
" And counſels gave the faireſt, and the beſt.
" Whene'er you ſpake, all heard you with delight,
" And partial long'd to find you in the right:
" Each heart could chear that unaffected ſtrain,
" As on the ſpringing graſs diſtills the rain.
" Short time, alas! thoſe tranſient joys we held,
" Now loſt for ever what ſo much excell'd!
" Thoſe charms of dear *Piſiſtratus* are paſs'd,
" The lovely youth I yeſterday embrac'd:
" And nothing now is preſent to our view,
" But ſad remembrance of the bliſs we knew.

" Oh! had you ſtay'd to cloſe poor *Neſtor*'s eyes,
" Not left your friends an office ſad as this,
" Then had he 'ſcap'd this melancholy day,
" Strange to a ſight muſt melt his ſoul away.
" Had found to feeble age ſome comfort giv'n,
" Nor liv'd the wretched'ſt father under heav'n."
He ended here; and ſtraight direction gave,
The bleeding ulcer in his ſide to lave:
And on a purple bier his limbs to ſpread,
Where deadly pale was ſeen his languid head.
So when a branching oak, in prime of years,
That high to heav'n its head exalted bears;
Whoſe verdant foliage caſts a ſhade around,
Feels from the woodman's ax the deadly wound;
No more its root the due ſupport can grant,
Or genial earth, ſweet nurſe of ev'ry plant,
Faint is that verdure which delighted all,
Sudden it reels, and totters to its fall.
Thoſe goodly boughs which heav'n's fair lamp could ſhade,
Now dry, and withering in the duſt are laid:
Its ev'ry beauty, ev'ry grace is flown,
And nought remaining, but its trunk alone;
Thus prey to death, and at an early hour,
The ſon of *Neſtor* to his pile they bore.
In ſad proceſſion mournfully they came,
Already high aroſe the crackling flame.
A *Pylian* band with downcaſt eyes appears,
Slow marching, arms revers'd, and bath'd in tears.

IMITATION.

Verſe 161, *Hom. Il.* 4.

Soon was the corpſe conſum'd: an urn of gold
The precious reliques was ordain'd to hold.
Ulyſſes' offspring, who with grief of ſoul,
Attended near, preſiding o'er the whole;
This urn deliver'd to his tutor's hand,
Callimachus, who firſt the youth had train'd:
" Guard well," ſaid he, " theſe precious ſad remains
" Of one you lov'd; and worthy of your pains.
" For *Neſtor* guard them: but, with kind concern,
" Still keep them from him, till his ſtrength return:
" What at ſome hours with anguiſh we receive,
" At diff'rent ſeaſon, may our woe relieve."
To council thence *Telemachus* repair'd,
Where all were huſh'd the moment he appear'd.
With conſcious bluſh perceiv'd the royal *Greek*,
Abaſh'd, at diſtance, and refus'd to ſpeak.
Thoſe high encomiums which they now began,
Confus'd him more, and more encreas'd his pain.
Fain would he lie conceal'd then firſt afraid,
Then wav'ring firſt, a diffidence betray'd.
At length conjur'd them by whate'er was dear,
That he no more of this applauſe might hear.
" 'Tis not," ſaid he, " but praiſe my ſoul alures
" Which flows from judgement competent as yours;
" But ſuch the joy I feel, the rapture ſuch,
" I only fear it may tranſport too much.
" Exceſſive praiſe is poiſon to the mind,
" It fills with vanities of ev'ry kind:

IMITATION.

Verſe 188, *Cic.* 3. *Tuſc.* 31.

" Makes us preſumptuous, inſolent, and vain,
" All ſhould diſtruſt it, yet ſhould ſtrive to gain:
" For oft applauſe fictitious may we view,
" Which bears a near reſemblance to the true.
" Tyrants themſelves will ſervile flatt'rers grace
" Though worſt of men, and plagues of human race.
" What joy from praiſe then thus in common giv'n
" To virtue's friends, and foes profeſt of heav'n?
" If e'er, in fact, ſo happy I could prove
" By worthy actions to deſerve your love,
" In abſence only be my praiſe confeſt,
" That commendation ſhall I thinſt the beſt.
" If truly good you judge, conſider well,
" By modeſt merit ſhould I hope t' excell.
" Forbear then thus to dang'rous heights to raiſe,
" As one ambitious, and too fond of praiſe."
He ſpake, nor further would attention lend
To thoſe who ſtill perſiſted to commend:
But look'd around him, with indiff'rent air,
And ſtopp'd what ſeem'd ſo little worth his care.
They fear'd t' offend him, and his patience tire;
Yet ſtill the more his virtues they admire.
For all the camp that kind concern had view'd,
Which he ſo late for *Neſtor*'s ſon had ſhew'd,
More pleas'd the goodneſs of heart ſurvey'd,
Than all the ſenſe, and courage he diſplay'd.
In whiſpers low now each to other gave
His ſecret judgement, of a ſoul ſo brave:

IMITATION.

Verſe 237; *Cic. Orat. pro Mil.*

Yet valiant as he is, diſcreet, and wiſe;
Theſe things but ſerve to dazzle, and ſurpriſe:
We plainly ſee him too the friend of heav'n,
A finiſh'd hero for example giv'n.
Who ſoars ſuperior to all human race,
Courteous, humane, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry grace.
'Tis here the friend compaſſionate we find,
To ev'ry virtuous excellence inclin'd.
Delight of all that near him ſhall reſide;
And wholly wean'd from inſolence, and pride.
Virtues like theſe advance the public weal,
Hence that affection in our breaſts we feel:
Delighted ſee the pattern which he gives,
Would, for his ſafety, ſacrifice our lives.
  They ſaid; and haſten'd to the point in hand,
A Prince to chooſe who *Daunia* ſhould command.
The major part moſt readily accord
To ſhare a country, conquer'd by their ſword.
Firſt fruitful *Arpi*, where to fix his throne,
They frankly offer'd to *Ulyſſes'* ſon:
Which yearly twice can golden ſheaves produce,
Great *Ceres'* gift; and *Bacchus'* purple juice:
As oft its vats with precious oil o'erflow,
From fruits which ſacred to *Minerva* grow.
" A land like this," ſaid they, "indulgent, kind,
" Will quickly baniſh *Ithaca* from mind:
" Where from his ſtraw-built cot the wretched ſwain
" *Zacynthus'* woods beholds, and dreary plain;

NOTE.

Verſe 253, *Firſt fruitful* Arpi—Part of *Apulia*, the chief town was called *Argyripa*, the ruins of which are ſtill to be ſeen.

" And where the ſhipwreck'd mariner invokes
" Heav'n's pow'r, to ſhield him from *Dulichium*'s rocks,
" Ah! ſeek no more that ſire who could not 'ſcape,
" But long ſince periſh'd at th' *Eubæan* Cape:
" Where *Neptune*'s ſelf his ruin had decreed,
" And *Nauplius* raging for his *Palamede*.
" Nor think the fair *Penelope* to view,
" Still to her lord, as when you left her, true;
" Nor ſeek a ſoil which ill deſerves your care,
" Not bleſt as *Arpi* with a temp'rate air."
Their gracious offer patiently he heard,
But, as *Theſſalian* rocks, unmov'd appear'd:
Not *Thracian Rhodope* more deaf could prove
To plaintive ſighs, of ſwains diſtract with love.
" Not wanton eaſe," ſaid he, " affects my ſenſe,
" Nor doat I on the charms of opulence.
" What profit riſes from extent of ground,
" Or rule deſpotic o'er the nations round?
" What can we gain from power in exceſs?
" The trouble greater, and the freedom leſs.
" In life all mortals ſhall misfortune ſhare,
" More than the wiſeſt, and the beſt can bear.
" Who then dominion to that load would add
" O'er men unjuſt, intractable, and bad?

NOTES.

Verſe 262, Zacynthus' *woods*—Now *Zante*; an iſland in the *Ionian* Sea, a little ſouth of *Cephalonia*, and over againſt *Peloponneſus*.

Verſe 264, Dulichium'*s rocks*—A very ſmall iſland of the *Ionian* Sea, to the Weſt of *Cephalonia*, now called *Thiakki*.

Verſe 266, Eubæan *Cape*—*Cephareus*. Vid. Book x.

" Whoe'er

" Whoe'er ſhall ſeek to lord it o'er mankind,
" By int'reſt ſway'd, or with ambition blind;
" Whoſe private glory all his care employs,
" Or ſordid gain, or luſt of tranſient joys;
" Is tyrant impious; will his throne diſgrace,
" At once the ſcandal, ſcourge of human race.
" But he who ſeeks it with true patriot zeal
" To aggrandize the ſtate, and govern well;
" Is leſs their maſter, than their guardian found:
" Ten thouſand cares encompaſs him around;
" Ne'er will he wiſh his power to enlarge,
" Quite foreign from his thought t' augment his charge.
" The careful ſwain that on his flock ne'er feeds,
" But night and day attends through verdant meads,
" That guards from wolves, with hazard of his blood,
" And ſafe conducts them to their flow'ry food;
" Will ne'er of bleating lambs his neighbour ſpoil,
" T' increaſe his numbers is, t' increaſe his toil.
" 'Tis true this hand no ſceptre e'er hath ſway'd,
" Yet have both laws, and lawgivers diſplay'd
" How hard the taſk, tranſcending ev'n our thought,
" To govern ſtates, and kingdoms, as we ought.
" Content I reſt then with mine humble lot,
" Poor bounded *Ithaca*, that barren ſpot;
" Ev'n there a fame immortal can I gain,
" If pious, juſt, courageous I can reign.
" Alas! too ſoon that ſceptre ſhall I have!
" Grant heav'n! my ſire triumphant o'er the wave
" May long detain it! while, with filial awe,
" I ev'ry maxim from his wiſdom draw:

" Learn

" Learn ev'ry paſſion's fury to abate;
" Be thence inform'd to moderate a ſtate!
" Illuſtrious Chiefs! attend while I unfold
" Important truths, your good forbids withhold.
" If to the *Daunian* throne a Prince you raiſe
" Of upright ſoul, and emulous of praiſe;
" His realm their Prince reſembling ſhall you find,
" All ſhall reflect the image of his mind:
" Convinc'd by him what charms to truth belong,
" None ſhall preſume the neighb'ring pow'rs to wrong.
" This from *Adraſtus* could they never know,
" Since tyrant-maxims will from tyrants flow.
" Thus govern'd by a Prince diſcreet, and wiſe,
" No more hereafter ſhall you dread ſurpriſe:
" To you they'll ſtand indebted for their King,
" And all that quiet, whence their comforts ſpring.
" So far from vexing you with hoſtile bands,
" Each hour they'll bleſs you, with uplifted hands;
" Both Prince and people grateful will appear,
" To friends ſo kind who made them what they are.
" If to divide their lands you fondly join,
" With eaſe can I the conſequence divine:
" Reduc'd at once to horror, and deſpair,
" Again they'll kindle all the flames of war;
" For freedom ſtrive, with juſtice on their ſide,
" With heav'n their friend, which hates o'erbearing pride.
" And ſhould that heav'n aſſert their trampled right,
" They'll firſt, or laſt, ſuperior riſe in fight:
" Your golden dream ſhall quickly diſappear,
" Your wealth, like ſmoke, ſhall vaniſh into air.

" Your

" Your Chiefs be ideots; panics fill your hoſt,
" Your ſoil no longer ſhall abundance boaſt.
" With ſchemes of grandeur will you fill your mind,
" All illconcerted, unadvis'd, and blind:
" No licence then to counſel will you give
" The virtuous few, that aim to undeceive.
" Thus on a ſudden ruſhing on your doom,
" A taunting proverb ſhall to all become.
" Are theſe the men (inſulting ſhall they call)
" That thought t' enſlave this univerſal ball?
" Obſerve what coward fugitives they're found,
" Deſpis'd, and ſcorn'd by all the nations round.
" And mark the juſtice of avenging heav'n!
" Which to their pride fit recompence hath giv'n.
" Reflect moreover, ſhould you raſhly ſhare
" This fertile country as the ſpoils of war;
" With rage tranſported at that horrid ſight,
" Will all the neighb'ring realms in arms unite.
" Your league, for freedom of *Heſperia*, rais'd
" Againſt *Adraſtus*, ſhall no more be prais'd:
" But you alone the tyrants ſhall be nam'd,
" Who univerſal monarchy had claim'd.
" Still more; your arms victorious I'll ſuppoſe
" Againſt the *Daunians*, and all other foes;
" Mark now (while I the ſequel ſhall relate)
" Succeſs itſelf is pregnant with your fate.
" A ſcheme thus founded on oppreſſive pride,
" Muſt end your league; your forces muſt divide:
" No rule ſubſiſts by which to aſcertain
" What's due to each, the meaſure of his gain:

" Hence by each leader will rewards be ſought,
" Proportion'd to the troops, the pow'r, he brought.
" While none ſo high in your eſteem ſhall riſe
" In peaceful manner to divide the prize.
" Lo! here a ſource of quarrels ne'er to end,
" Which may to ages yet unborn extend.
" Will you not rather then be juſt and good,
" Than wade ambitious through this ſea of blood?
" Is peace profound, while plenty crowns the plain,
" With ev'ry joy, and virtue, in her train;
" And is the friendſhip of each neighb'ring ſtate,
" Which honeſt juſtice fails not to create;
" Is pow'r, whoſe baſis we ſhall wiſely found
" On upright dealing with the nations round;---
" Of leſs account, and not ſuperior far
" To wild ambition, and oppreſſive war?
" Ye ſceptred Kings, and Princes, lend an ear
" While thus impartial I the truth declare:
" And mark a friend, whoſe love thus high could riſe
" To riſque your hate, ſo he could well adviſe."
Thus he the theme with dignity purſu'd,
While round the Chiefs in admiration ſtood.
When ſudden murmurs roſe through all the field,
And reach'd the place where they their council held:
" Some ſtranger," ſaid they, " landed from the main,
" With armed troops, and warriors in his train.
" Majeſtic, portly was his air, and mien;
" In him the hero was compleatly ſeen:
" Who long had liv'd the ſport of fortune's pow'r,
" Yet ſtill unbroken by the toils he bore.

" At

" At firſt the people ſeated on the coaſt
" Oppos'd his landing, with his warlike hoſt;
" He little mov'd, and with intrepid air
" His ſword unſheathing, bade aloud declare,
" He wanted not experience to defend
" If any there diſdain'd him for their friend:
" Yet he their love, their amity deſir'd,
" And hoſpitality alone requir'd.
" With this, aloft an olive branch he rear'd,
" And ſuppliant-like petition'd to be heard:
" Before their Kings demanded to be brought,
" Lo! here they lead him to diſcloſe his thought."
Juſt then advancing, in his form they trace
A ſtate majeſtic, and ſuperior grace:
Like *Mars* he ſeem'd, when from ſome *Thracian* height
He cites his warriors to the ſanguine fight.
He thus began---" Ye Paſtors of the ſtate,
" Who doubtleſs here for public good debate;
" And thus in council righteous laws prepare,
" Or guard your country from deſtructive war;
" O hear a wretched Prince, by wrath of heav'n,
" Thro' all extremes of adverſe fortune driv'n:
" And oh! forbid it ev'ry Pow'r above
" You e'er misfortunes like to theſe ſhould prove!
" By you *Ætolian Diomede* is ſeen,
" Who durſt at *Troy* transfix fair Beauty's Queen.

NOTE.

Verſe 432, *Who durſt at* Troy *transfix*—Vid. *Hom. Il.* 5.

IMITATION.

Verſe 432, *Virg. Æn.* 11.

" Me *Cytherea*, for that dire abuſe,
" With indignation through the world purſues;
" And *Neptune*'s ſelf (who ſtill a friend muſt be
" To heav'nly *Venus* daughter of the Sea)
" Doth wretched *Diomede* a victim leave
" To ev'ry furious tempeſt, ev'ry wave,
" Which oft, alas! have fatally prevail'd,
" And founder'd ev'ry bark, wherein I ſail'd.
" While *Venus* ſtill, implacably ſevere,
" Hath baniſh'd from mine eyes that country dear;
" Where firſt an infant I beheld the light,
" Where *Phœbus*' golden lamp firſt bleſt my ſight.
" Still, as a foe, my ev'ry ſtep attends,
" My realm removes, my family, my friends;
" Whom I no more with pleaſure muſt infold,
" Nor ſee what deareſt upon earth I hold:
" An outcaſt thus upon your borders thrown,
" I ſeek ſome reſpite in a land unknown.
" If e'er religion could your boſoms move,
" If mighty *Jove* the ſtranger's friend you love;
" If e'er compaſſion in thoſe breaſts could reign;
" O ſhew ſome pity, and relieve my pain.
" In this extenſive tract ſome ſpace allot,
" However poor and barren be the ſpot;
" Some craggy rock, or ſome deſerted ſtrand
" Where I a riſing city may command:
" Which may, at leaſt, ſome faint reſemblance boaſt
" Of loſt *Ætolia*, and my native coaſt.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 450, *Virg. Æn.* 10. and *Æn.* 11.

" Small

" Small is the boon for which I humbly ſue,
" Some fields untill'd, and unimprov'd by you.
" In ſtricteſt peace and friendſhip will we dwell;
" Your ev'ry foe ſhall our reſentment feel:
" The ſame our int'reſt, and the ſame our cauſe,
" Permit us only to enjoy our laws."
As *Diomedes* thus his grief declar'd,
Attentive ſtill *Telemachus* appear'd,
While ev'ry feature ſtruggled to diſcloſe
Each kind, and tender ſentiment that roſe.
When firſt to paint his tedious toils he ſtrove,
He hop'd this ſtranger might *Ulyſſes* prove:
His name once heard, the diſappointed youth
With colour chang'd receiv'd th' unwelcome truth.
As when the nipping North with cruel blaſt
Some blooming beauteous flow'r forbids to laſt.
That wrath of heav'n which *Diomede* purſu'd,
His father's ſuff'rings, and his own renew'd.
Through grief, through joy, tears trickled down his face,
He ſprung to claſp him in a cloſe embrace.
" In me," he cried, "*Ulyſſes'* ſon you view,
" The great *Ulyſſes* whom at *Troy* you knew;
" Well may you recollect his friendly aid
" When *Rheſus'* fi'ry ſteeds you captive made.
" The Gods alike with perſecuting rage
" Both him, and you, in endleſs toils engage.
" If ought of truth infernal pow'rs can tell,
" Still, ſtill, on earth doth Great *Ulyſſes* dwell.
" But, oh! no more muſt I that father ſee!
" Survive he may; but lives no more for me.

" To

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

" To ſearch him out I left my native land,
" No ſight of him, or that, can now command.
" Judge then, by all the miſeries I've ſeen,
" How well I know to pity other men.
" This wholeſome leſſon can affliction give:
" With grief to ſympathize, and woe relieve.
" A ſtranger here, and in a foreign land
" I yet can aid for *Diomede* command:
" That *Greek*, whoſe valour ſo ſuperior ſhone,
" Excelling all, but *Thetis*' warlike ſon.
" Though long oppreſt my *Ithaca* remain'd,
" Ere I to youth, and manhood had attain'd:
" Yet thoſe my tutors I acquit of blame;
" They taught me early *Diomedes*' fame.
" The Kings, you ſee, are gen'rous and humane,
" To them this truth appears at all times plain;
" The greateſt virtue, courage, upon earth,
" Without humanity, are little worth.
" Misfortune adds new luſtre to the great,
" This can alone their character compleat:
" Without diſtreſs, no pattern could they give
" How men with patient fortitude ſhould live.
" Afflicted virtue ſoftens ev'ry breaſt,
" That e'er one virtuous ſentiment poſſeſt.
" Ours be the taſk then comfort to provide,
" Since here the Gods your wandring footſteps guide.
" Good heav'n in this a precious gift deſign'd,
" And bleſs'd are we, in this occaſion kind."
As thus he ſpake, with infinite ſurpriſe
Th' *Ætolian* Monarch fix'd his wond'ring eyes.

Nor

Nor paus'd they longer, but as ancient friends
Each for th' embrace his eager arms extends.
" O worthy offspring," *Diomede* exclaim'd,
" Of dear *Ulyſſes* for his wiſdom fam'd;
" In you his ſweet complacency I find,
" His graceful aſpect, and exalted mind;
" His matchleſs virtues here reſplendent ſhine,
" His elocution, and his ſenſe divine."
Next *Philoctetes* to embrace him ran,
And each the ſeries of his toils began.
When *Philoctetes*, interrupting, cries,
" Doubtleſs poor *Neſtor* would rejoice your eyes:
" Alas! for brave *Piſiſtratus* he moans,
" The laſt, the deareſt of his valiant ſons.
" To him no proſpect of delight appears,
" To death he journeys through the vale of tears.
" Away, and comfort his declining age;
" A ſuff'ring friend can beſt his grief aſſwage."
Forthwith together they, with eager haſte,
To the pavilion of grave *Neſtor* paſt:
Who ſcarce, at firſt, his much lov'd friend could know,
So ſunk with care, and ſtupified with woe.
This tender meeting made his griefs return,
For *Diomedes* mingled kind concern,
But ſoon the preſence of an ancient friend
His deep diſtreſs could, by degrees, ſuſpend:
Soon did his anguiſh viſibly abate,
Since he himſelf could all its cauſe relate;
And condeſcend at length to lend an ear,
While *Diomede* in turn ſhould his declare.

Meanwhile th' aſſembled Kings in council ſate
And on the *Daunian* Sov'reign held debate.
Ulyſſes' ſon as his opinion gave,
" That fruitful *Arpos Diomede* ſhould have:
" While brave *Polydamas*, of *Daunian* race,
" Should wield the ſceptre in *Adraſtus'* place."
No common fame this leader had acquir'd,
By which *Adraſtus'* jealouſy was fir'd,
Who no commiſſion ventur'd to afford,
Leſt he eclips'd the glory of his lord.
Oft to his Sov'reign had this chief diſclos'd,
That he his realm, his royal life expos'd;
While unadvis'd he thus a war deſign'd,
Againſt ſuch multitudes in league combin'd.
Oft aim'd he ſenſe of juſtice to create,
And moderation tow'rd each neighb'ring ſtate.
But great offenders who the truth deſpiſe,
Abhor the friend that dares with truth adviſe.
Deaf to his thoughts ſincere, his honeſt zeal;
His kind affection will they never feel.
The flatt'rer fortune ſteel'd *Adraſtus'* heart,
'Gainſt all advice which friendſhip could impart:
He found by ſpurning it his grandeur roſe,
Each day produc'd ſome conqueſt o'er his foes.
For brutal force, or breach of faith, or pride;
Could ſtill ſecure the vict'ry on his ſide.
And nought of all *Polydamas* foreſaw,
Approach'd to hurt him, or his mind to awe.
He therefore mock'd him as a tim'rous fool,
His wiſe predictions turn'd to ridicule.

That Chief was now the object of his hate,
Ne'er would he trust him in affairs of state;
No fit reward would to his virtues give,
Obscure, in want, permitted him to live.
At first to sad dejection gave he place,
O'erwhelm'd, confounded, with this dire disgrace.
Yet hence that best of knowledge seem'd to learn,
The vain parade of greatness to discern:
By this experience he enrich'd his mind,
Ev'n in misfortune comfort could he find:
Content with little could affliction bear,
T'investigate the truth his only care;
Give private virtues cultivation due,
More bright than those, more dazzling to the view.
In short preserv'd an independent state,
Nor fondly wish'd the favour of the great.
At foot of *Garganus* his seat he chose,
Where overarching high the rock arose:
His thirst allay'd he from a tinkling rill,
With fair cascade forth issuing from the hill;
While all the neighb'ring trees their aid afford,
And deck with various fruits his frugal board.
Two slaves employ'd he to manure his land,
Himself assisted with laborious hand;
The grateful soil repaid with large increase,
No wants he felt, and suffer'd no distress.
Had pulse, and fruits of ev'ry kind in store,
With ev'ry fragrant variegated flow'r.

IMITATION.

Verse 593, *Sall. Bell. Catilin. de Marco Catone Uticensi.*

There, at his eaſe, bewail'd their wretched ſtate,
Whom Kings ambitious hurry to their fate:
Expecting there, till heav'n its wrath reveal
And make *Adraſtus* its reſentment feel.
The more his fame, his glory was inhanc'd,
The nearer he conceiv'd his fall advanc'd:
For raſh imprudence, though its errors thrive,
Tho' pow'r deſpotic at its wiſh arrive;
That ſame ſucceſs its ruin may portend:
'Tis thus that haughty Kings, and kingdoms end.
When firſt *Adraſtus'* ſore defeat he heard,
No exultation in his looks appear'd,
Nor joy ſhew'd he for what he long believ'd,
Nor that deliv'rance which he thence receiv'd;
But mourn'd in ſecret, leſt the victor brave
His deareſt country ſhould attempt t' enſlave.
  Such was the man, and ſuch his virtuous mind,
Ulyſſes' ſon had for the throne deſign'd.
Long had *Telemachus* his merit known,
His parts, his courage, equal to the crown.
That Prince, by *Mentor's* admonition wiſe,
Not only mark'd the conduct of th' Allies;
But of his foes a juſt diſcernment had,
And all their qualities both good and bad.
Yet chiefly thoſe did his attention draw
In whom uncommon excellence he ſaw.
  Th' aſſembled Kings when they his choice perceiv'd,
At firſt that judgement indiſcreet believ'd:
" Sufficient cauſe," ſaid they, " had all before
" A martial King in *Daunia* to abhor.

" This

" This enterprizing and experienc'd Chief
" Again may plunge us in our former grief."
" 'Tis true *Polydamas*," the Prince replied,
" In warlike ſtate is worthy to preſide;
" But Peace deſires he with her ſweets divine,
" Theſe ſhould you wiſh, theſe qualities to join.
" For who by long experience is aware
" Of all the toils, and miſeries of war;
" With greater eaſe thoſe dangers can avoid,
" Than one whoſe cares were never thus employ'd.
" This man hath taſted of a life ſerene,
" Condemn'd *Adraſtus*; had his fall foreſeen:
" A raw miſguided Prince you more ſhould fear
" Than him whoſe judgement is confirm'd and clear.
" Weak inexperienc'd Kings can nought perceive,
" But as their favourites permiſſion give:
" Or as inſtructed by ſome fawning ſlave,
" Whoſe tow'ring ſchemes nought undiſturb'd will leave,
" Thus undeſigning will they oft engage
" In deſp'rate wars, which they as weakly wage.
" Nor can you e'er be certain of repoſe,
" From one who ne'er his own opinion knows:
" Who faithleſs, falſe, will drive to this extreme,
" That you muſt periſh, or muſt ruin him.
" O ſay then is it not more ſafe, and good,
" More juſt, and worthy your illuſtrious blood,
" A worthy Monarch to their throne to raiſe,
" That ev'ry *Daunian* may your virtue praiſe?"

IMITATION.

Verſe 643, *Plin. Panegyr.* 16.

Diſcourſe ſo wiſe with energy, and pow'r,
At once convinc'd, brought all opinions o'er:
Straight to the *Daunians* they their King propos'd,
Who great impatience for the choice diſclos'd.
But ſcarce the brave *Polydamas* was nam'd,
When thus unanimous they all exclaim'd:
" Now reſt we well aſſur'd the high Allies
" Th' eternal ſweets of peace, and honour prize;
" Who thus deſign a Monarch for our land
" So juſt, ſo good, ſo worthy to command.
" Had they determin'd to our throne to raiſe
" Some coward wretch, conſign'd to wanton eaſe;
" We then had view'd them with a ſtedfaſt hate,
" As thoſe who labour'd to ſubvert the ſtate:
" With ſecret indignation had we ſeen
" A conduct ſo oppreſſive, and ſo mean.
" But great their candour, frankly will we own,
" With ſuch a Prince to grace the *Daunian* throne.
" Their views are upright, juſt, and noble all,
" Who could this hero to the ſceptre call,
" Whoſe honeſt ſoul diſdains deſigns to frame
" Againſt his country's freedom, or her fame.
" Hear then, ye righteous Gods, whoſe pow'r we dread!
" The ſtreams ſhall firſt run backward to their head,
" Ere we ungrateful baniſh from our mind
" The dear remembrance of a love ſo kind:
" But may our late poſterity diſplay
" The bleſſings we receive this glorious day!

IMITATION.

Verſe 690, *Ovid. de Pont.* lib. 4. Eleg. 3.

" From

" From age to age the pleaſing truth be told;
" And yet *Heſperia* ſee an age of gold!"
Next did *Ulyſſes'* offspring intercede,
They *Arpos* would confer on *Diomede:*
" Who there," ſaid he, " a colony may found.
" To you by laſting obligations bound.
" To you their firſt eſtabliſhment they'll owe,
" In lands whence you no kind of profit know.
" Remember nature's law is mutual love:
" That earth's too wide for mortals to improve.
" That neighbours you muſt have, and thoſe are beſt
" Who, by your bounty, have the ſoil poſſeſt.
" Aſſiſt a wretched King, relieve his pain;
" By fate denied his empire to regain.
" *Polydamas* and he, by virtue join'd
" And juſtice fair (thoſe bands of ſtrongeſt kind)
" In peace ſhall guard: and make the nations near
" Who conqueſt meditate, your name revere.
" Ye *Daunian* Chiefs, full plainly you perceive
" A worthy Sov'reign to your realm we give:
" One, who in merit will ſuperior riſe,
" And can exalt your glory to the ſkies:
" Give us in turn (who condeſcend to ſue)
" That tract of land, which uſeleſs is to you.
" Confer it on a King that's valiant, brave,
" Your beſt aſſiſtance meriting to have."
" Nought," they replied, " refus'd they to beſtow
" On them to whom *Polydamas* they owe."
In ſearch of him they inſtantly proceed,
To him their ſceptre and their crown decreed.

But firſt, to *Diomede* the fertile plain
Of *Arpos* gave they, where to fix his reign.
Th' Allies at this tranſported ſeem'd with joy:
Becauſe this colony arriv'd from *Troy*,
With ſuccours powerful themſelves could aid;
If e'er the *Daunians* ſhould again invade.
Uncertain when as foes they might ariſe,
Adraſtus having ſhewn the tempting prize.
Nought more the Chiefs confederate detain'd,
Each thought of parting for his proper land:
Telemachus with tears his *Cretans* rais'd,
With great affection *Diomede* embrac'd;
Of prudent *Neſtor* took a tender leave,
Who ſtill was doom'd inceſſantly to grieve;
A laſt adieu to *Philoctetes* gave,
Who well deſerv'd *Alcides'* arms to have.

END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

BOOK XXII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *on his arrival at* Salentum, *is aſtoniſhed to ſee the Country ſo well cultivated, and to find ſo little appearance of magnificence in the City.* Mentor *explains to him the reaſons of this extraordinary change, points out to him thoſe defects which commonly obſtruct the proſperity of a State, and propoſes for his imitation the conduct and mode of Government purſued by* Idomeneus. Telemachus *after this opens his heart to* Mentor *in regard to the paſſion he entertained for* Antiope *the daughter of* Idomeneus. Mentor *concurs heartily with him in the praiſe of her good qualities, aſſures him that the Gods deſign her for his Conſort: but that at preſent he ſhould think of nothing but his departure for* Ithaca, *and how to reſcue* Penelope *from the perſecution of her ſuitors.*

ULYSSES' blooming ſon impatient grew,
Till he again his deareſt *Mentor* view;
And plough with him, for *Ithaca*, the main,
Where now, he hop'd, his honour'd ſire might reign.
Scarce on *Salentum*'s borders he arriv'd,
When with amazement he the change perceiv'd.

IMITATION.
Verſe 3, *Hom. Odyſſ.* 1.

That

That barren desart soil he left behind,
A garden grown, with fruits of ev'ry kind;
While learning, arts, and industry declare
Th' effects of wisdom, and of *Mentor's* care.
Next enter'd he the town, which less display'd
Of former useless trades, and vain parade.
Reform so strange his indignation fir'd,
For much he pomp and elegance admir'd.
But soon far diff'rent sentiments arise,
When *Mentor* and the King now met his eyes.
With joy transported of the tend'rest kind,
No past successes could elate his mind;
But apprehensions strange his bosom seiz'd,
Lest haply *Mentor* should appear displeas'd.
Thus, step by step, as nearer him he came,
His features mark'd he, if they threaten'd blame.
  Lo! first, *Idomeneus* his arms had rais'd,
And with paternal tenderness embrac'd;
When now *Telemachus* dispell'd his fears,
Flew to his *Mentor*, bath'd him with his tears.
Well pleas'd perceiv'd that venerable man,
And thus in terms affectionate began:
" Good in the main the conduct you display'd,
" Tho' great the faults to which you were betray'd.
" Those faults have taught you with discernment just,
" To know your frailty, and yourself distrust.
" And oft advantage greater far proceeds
" From slips, and failings, than from fairest deeds.
" These but inspire us with presumptuous thought
" By which in greatest dangers are we brought.

" While

" While errors teach us all our hearts t'explore,
" Reſtoring wiſdom which was loſt before.
" What now remains, is with neglect to view
" All mortal praiſe, and give the Gods their due.
" Great are th 'exploits, the deeds you have atchiev'd,
" Yet own from Heav'n you all the pow'r receiv'd.
" Obſerv'd you not when they your boſom fir'd,
" And with a warmth before unknown inſpir'd?
" And when with raſh impetuous rage you glow'd,
" Riſqu'd you not loſing all which they beſtow'd?
" Perceiv'd you not when *Pallas* firſt, with pain,
" Transform'd, and chang'd you to a diff'rent man?
" What time ſuperior to yourſelf you grew
" To compaſs things that Goddeſs had in view?
" She, ſhe alone to glorious acts compell'd;
" From fatal errors, and from crimes withheld:
" As mighty *Neptune* wonders can perform,
" The whirlwind bridle, and diſpel the ſtorm."
While brave *Idomeneus* in converſe held
His *Cretan* troops returning from the field;
A cloſe attention ſeem'd the Prince to lend
To prudent counſels, of his virtuous friend:
Then, with amazement, caſt his eyes around,
Nor could account for all the change he found.
" Alas!" ſaid he, "did any dire alarms
" Of peſtilence, or plague, or hoſtile arms;
" Invade *Salentum*; while at diſtance far
" I with *Adraſtus* wag'd a tedious war?
" Whence comes it that no more thoſe turrets riſe,
" Thoſe beauteous ſpires which erſt approach'd the ſkies?

" No more with gold, or ſilver are ye bleſt,
" No more of wealth, and orient gems poſſeſt.
" Your habits, buildings, deſpicable grown,
" Drooping your arts, and deſart is your town."
This *Mentor* heard, and with a ſmile return'd;
" Have you with care the country round diſcern'd?"
" I have," ſaid he; " with pleaſure did I view
" That huſbandry obtain'd its honours due.
" That ev'ry fertile field delightful ſmil'd,
" Before neglected, barren and untill'd."
" Which then," ſaid *Mentor*, " moſt deſerves our care?
" A ſtately town with columns high in air,
" With ſilver, and with gold ſuperbly deckt,
" While the waſte ſoil imprudent we neglect;
" Or waving harveſts, and a rich champaign,
" While the plain town preſerves the golden mean?
" A ſumptuous city ſtock'd with artiſts rare,
" Whoſe toil but ſerves men's morals to impair;
" Whoſe territory round with nought is ſtor'd,
" That can ſubſiſtence to its lords afford;
" Like ſome great-headed monſter doth appear,
" Whoſe limbs emaciate no proportion bear.
" 'Tis numbers infinite, abundance great,
" Compoſe the ſtrength, and riches of a ſtate.
" Such are the tribes *Idomeneus* commands,
" Who toil inceſſant to improve his lands:
" His multitudes are now ſo num'rous grown
" His realm appears but as a ſingle town.
" This realm *Salentum* for its centre boaſts,
" Far hence tranſport we all ſuperfl'ous hoſts,

" And

" And to the country from the town remove,
" Whoſe conſtant labour may the ſoil improve.
" Moreover, here all ſtrangers welcome are
" To join their aid, and in our wealth to ſhare:
" The more our tribes, our multitudes abound,
" The more their toil ſhall fertilize the ground.
" Thus grows the ſtate in unmoleſted peace,
" Conqueſt, and triumph, would advance it leſs.
" Nor ſcorn we arts but what th' induſtrious ſpoil,
" And make them ſlack to cultivate the ſoil.
" Corrupt the wealthy, to exceſſes drive;
" To pride, and wanton eaſe, admiſſion give.
" No lib'ral arts from us obſtruction find:
" True genius meets with our indulgence kind.
" Such are the means *Idomeneus* have rais'd
" To greater pow'r, than what before you prais'd.
" That dazzling ſplendour you before ſurvey'd,
" Which inward weakneſs and defect betray'd,
" Had caus'd his fall: while now, with greater eaſe,
" Far greater numbers he ſupported ſees.
" Inur'd to labour, and contempt of life,
" All now are ready for the glorious ſtrife.
" Whene'er occaſion calls them to the field,
" To guard a country which themſelves have till'd,
" Soon ſhall *Salentum*, which you think ſo mean,
" Be the great miſtreſs of *Heſperia* ſeen.
" Two things, *Telemachus*, remember well,
" Deſtruction threaten to the public weal.
" The firſt, unbounded arbitrary ſway;
" The next, when ſoft luxurious arts betray:

" And rarely ſhall you find thoſe rulers wiſe,
" Who can the proper remedy adviſe.
" Whene'er the tyrant's will becomes his law,
" Unbridled paſſion may the ſubject awe:
" But thence no true authority can ſpring,
" It cancels all the powers of a King.
" No certain rules of government remain,
" No ſtated maxims to ſupport his reign.
" All then will ſtrive by flattery to pleaſe,
" A race of ſlaves, that hourly muſt decreaſe:
" For who the truth will venture to declare,
" Or ſtem a torrent which no bounds can bear?
" All, all muſt yield, no prudence can withſtand,
" The wiſe in ſecret mourn, or fly the land.
" Nought but convulſion, revolution ſtrange,
" Will then be able to effect a change:
" Unuſual forces muſt the patriots join,
" Within its banks the current to confine;
" Which very force too frequently is found
" T' inflict a laſting, and a fatal wound.
" Nought threatens public ſafety to inſnare,
" As when prerogative is ſtrain'd too far:
" So bows o'erſtretch'd inevitably break,
" If none in time the lab'ring ſtring ſhall ſlack.
" Yet ſay, from whence this kind aſſiſtance flows,
" Or who will dare his Sov'reign to oppoſe?
" The charms of pow'r *Idomeneus* deceiv'd,
" To this he all things poſſible believ'd.
" 'Twas this dethron'd, and robb'd him of his *Crete*;
" Yet not a friend diſcover'd the deceit.

" The

" The Gods were forc'd in pity to befriend,
" And us at length, to diſabuſe him ſend.
" To teach, that pow'r exorbitant and vain,
" Is ill befitted to the ſtate of man.
" In ſhort a miracle was needful grown,
" To make *Idomeneus* his follies own.
" The ſecond evil of moſt deſp'rate kind
" Is this, when Lux'ry ſhall a people blind.
" As pow'r too great is poiſon to a King,
" So this, perdition will to nations bring.
" Mark now th' excuſe which fondly they pretend,
" The Poor are fed by what the Rich expend.
" As though the Needy could not better thrive,
" Bleſs'd with the various fruits which earth can give.
" As though Heav'n form'd them in ſuch wretched ſtate
" That they muſt live by Vices of the Great.
" Hence for thoſe trifling toys a paſſion ſprings,
" All look on theſe as neceſſary things:
" While ev'ry day they ſtand in need of more,
" Of things they knew not thirty years before.
" Thus hourly each by other is ſurpaſt,
" 'Tis call'd politeneſs, elegance, and taſte.
" And Vice, ſo pregnant with a thouſand ills,
" Each, as a Virtue, in his child inſtills.
" The dire contagion ſpreads from man to man,
" Till ev'n the rabble ſpendthrifts grow, and vain:
" The Royal Blood, beneath their Sov'reign's eye,
" Preſume with his magnificence to vye:

IMITATION.

Verſe 183, *La Font.* 1. fab. 3.

" The Great Nobility with theſe contend,
" To rank of Peers the Gentry would aſcend;
" None ſees his fault; but even the loweſt claſs
" For men of figure and eſtate would paſs.
" Thus all t' exceed their income are betray'd,
" Through oſtentation ſome, and vain parade;
" The reſt, induc'd by baſhfulneſs alone
" To hide a poverty, they dare not own.
" The ſober few by nobler objects led
" Outnumber'd ſeem, and fear to raiſe their head:
" Diſcourag'd all in virtue's cauſe to riſe,
" And ſtop this deluge of o'erbearing vice.
" All orders are confus'd, the plague begun
" Glides ſwiftly forward till the realm's undone.
" By pureſt minds are riches then deſired,
" To furniſh out a pomp by all admir'd:
" And ſordid wealth uſurps the place of fame,
" Branded alone is penury with ſhame.
" Have you all knowledge human, and divine,
" That art can reach, or ſcience can define;
" Have you a brave diſintereſted mind,
" To ſave your country, and to ſerve mankind;
" Yet in contempt ſhall all your virtues lie,
" If no vain ſplendour ſhall attract the eye.
" The poor, the needy, will their weakneſs hide,
" Strive with the wealthy, in expence and pride:
" Will borrow, cheat, and ev'ry art employ
" Of impious kind, theſe riches to enjoy.
" And who, alas! will then endeavours try,
" Or proper med'cines to this ill apply?

" Men

"Men ſo abandon'd muſt be form'd anew,
"Freſh model muſt receive; freſh laws puſue.
"Who, but a King of philoſophic mind,
"A taſk will ſeek of this laborious kind;
"Whoſe frugal court may fair example give,
"And teach mankind more modeſtly to live:
"Diſgrace the vain, and countenance the wiſe;
"Who then with joy to ſecond him will riſe?"
Ulyſſes' ſon when this diſcourſe he heard,
As one juſt rous'd from ſoundeſt ſleep appear'd:
Perceiv'd the truth thus undiſguis'd by art,
And found it deep engrav'd upon his heart.
So when a ſculptor of uncommon fame,
Some beauteous ſtatue ſhall attempt to frame;
To ev'ry feature ſoftneſs will he give,
Each motion trace, and teach the ſtone to live.
Fix'd ſtood the Prince, revolving in his mind
The wiſdom of that change his friend deſign'd:
Saw it in various inſtances expreſt,
And *Mentor*, thus in extaſy addreſt.
"*Salentum*'s Monarch frankly will I own
"Is beſt of Kings by your aſſiſtance grown.
"No more himſelf, his people, ſhould I know;
"Yours be the praiſe, from whom thoſe bleſſings flow.
"Far greater glory hath your wiſdom gain'd,
"Than we who victors have the fight maintain'd.
"Strength, and capricious chance, will largely ſhare
"In all the honours of a proſp'rous war;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 219, *Claudian. 4. Conſ. Hon.*

" One half the glory of a well fought field,
" To fellow ſoldiers, and our troops we yield:
" But all the luſtre of your glorious deeds,
" From your own worth, and excellence proceeds;
" Who yet with Prince and people muſt contend,
" Ere you their morals could ſo well amend.
" War, when ſucceſsful, yet is odious found:
" Dangers, and death, encompaſs it around.
" But here is wiſdom lovely, and refin'd,
" Unſpotted, pure; and of celeſtial kind.
" Such as can due authority maintain,
" And quite ſurpaſſing ſeems the reach of man.
" Who then to fame immortal would aſpire,
" Why ſtrives he not by goodneſs to acquire?
" Alas! how ſtrangely they miſtake the road,
" Who think to find it in a ſea of blood!"
Mentor tranſported with delight appear'd,
When from the Prince theſe ſentiments he heard;
Thus at an age preſumptuous oft, and vain
When moſt ſucceſs intoxicates the brain.
He anſwer'd brief---" I grant that all you praiſe
" Your admiration, and eſteem ſhould raiſe.
" Yet know; that virtue (if it ſo ſhall pleaſe)
" Can ſoon accompliſh greater things than theſe.
" The King no paſſion ſuffers to rebel,
" And all in earneſt ſeems to govern well:
" But, ſad to ſay! too frequently offends;
" On former faults ſuch conſequence attends.
" When penitents reſolve on conduct new,
" Long time their errors, and their faults purſue:

" Invet'rate prejudice will oft prevail;
" Their cure not eaſy, when their nature's frail.
" Happy! who ne'er acquainted were with vice,
" Since they alone can to perfection riſe!
" From you, *Telemachus*, will righteous heav'n
" Still more require; more largely hath it giv'n.
" To virtue train'd, in virtue have you liv'd,
" No ſmiles of fortune have as yet deceiv'd.
" *Idomeneus* is wiſe, diſcreet, and brave;
" But yet to trivial matters much a ſlave:
" Nor thinks enough on thoſe important things,
" Thoſe plans extenſive, ſo becoming Kings.
" A Sov'reign's worth that's worthy of a throne,
" Conſiſts not wholly in himſelf alone:
" Vain were his hopes, nor will the world believe
" That unaſſiſted he ſecure can live.
" In choice of thoſe his prudence muſt appear,
" Who move beneath him in a lower ſphere:
" To nought ſhould he attend of trifling ſort;
" Th' employment this, of ſervants of the court.
" His proper office; their accounts to weigh,
" And know if any ſhall their truſt betray.
" That Prince alone can reach fame's utmoſt height,
" Who, judge of talents, can diſpoſe them right.
" Of perfect government the life, and ſoul,
" Is theſe inferior ſervants to controul.
" To watch, to prove, to mod'rate, and correct;
" The good encourage, and the bad detect:

IMITATION.

Verſe 289, *Martial.*

"Remove the proud, the arrogant, and vain;
"And ſtill with equal hand to hold the rein.
"For Kings, in perſon, ev'ry fault to find,
"Betrays diſtruſt, and littleneſs of mind:
"While on affairs intent of little weight,
"Of many a precious hour they rob the ſtate.
"Some great deſign to form of glorious kind,
"Men's genius muſt be free, and unconfin'd:
"Muſt think at eaſe; no trouble ſhould moleſt,
"No anxious cares ſhould diſcompoſe their breaſt.
"But diſſipation, vapid makes the thought,
"Like precious wine which to the lees is brought.
"Who govern thus, regard the preſent day:
"No future, diſtant proſpect can ſurvey.
"Cramp'd is their genius by the preſent hour:
"Confin'd their ſentiments, curtail'd their pow'r.
"No judgement can we form diſtinct, and clear;
"But when we ev'ry circumſtance compare:
"Maturely weigh, conſider the event;
"With juſt arrangement make the parts conſent.
"Who this neglects, like ſome muſician vile
"(Whoſe gamut circumſcribes his utmoſt ſkill;)
"Contented ſeems within thoſe narrow bounds;
"Nor ventures to combine thoſe pleaſing ſounds;
"Intent on parts, he quite forgets the whole;
"Thoſe thrillings airs that captivate the ſoul.
"So wretched builders think their work is done,
"When columns they amaſs, and heaps of ſtone;

IMITATION.

Verſe 325, *Hor. in Arte Poet.*

"With

" With no one ſcheme, or model in their view,
" To give theſe ornaments proportion due.
" Thus vaulted high when the ſaloon appears,
" No thought ariſes where to place the ſtairs:
" And while, with toil, the centre they compleat;
" The court's neglected, and forgot the gate.
" Aſſemblage ſo confus'd, ſo void of art,
" So great, ſo ill contriv'd in ev'ry part;
" The bungling artiſt ne'er to fame can raiſe;
" Ages to come ſhall publiſh his diſgrace:
" And ſhew how ſmall the compaſs of his mind,
" How much unequal to the work deſign'd.
" A genius this of an inferior claſs,
" Whoſe life in ſtate ſubordinate ſhould paſs.
" To govern well doth harmony require,
" Sweet as in muſic ſofteſt notes conſpire.
" And Legiſlators muſt their work deſign
" Exact as builders, with their rule and line.
" Permit me further, with indulgence kind,
" Of arts the juſt analogy to find:
" Soon will I ſhew how ſervile is the ſoul,
" To parts confin'd; unmindful of the whole.
" Who in the concert with melodious ſound,
" And warbling throat, is with applauſes crown'd;
" Is yet a ſimple ſongſter, and no more:
" However great the praiſes they ſhall pour.
" He the great maſter, who the concert leads;
" From him alone the harmony proceeds.

IMITATION.

Verſe 359, *Plato de Regno.*

" Who builds a wing, or columns cuts with pains,
" Still but an humble artiſan remains:
" He all the praiſe, as architect, receives
" Who plans, proportions, and the whole contrives.
" So fares it in a State: the buſy crowd
" That buſtle moſt, moſt boiſterous, and loud,
" Are all but ſubalterns: while him alone
" We the firſt mover, and true genius own,
" Who nought diſcovers to the public view,
" And all directing, nothing ſeems to do.
" 'Tis his, all methods proper to apply,
" Foreſee, review with retroſpective eye;
" 'Tis he that thinks, contrives, and all ſurveys,
" That combats fortune in the worſt of days;
" (As luſty ſwimmers ſtruggle with the tide,
" Whoſe nervous arms the rapid ſurge divide.)
" That night and day with prudence will advance;
" And nothing leave, if poſſible, to chance.
" A painter good, can you, dear Prince, believe,
" Will labour hard from morn, till dewy eve;
" In haſte to finiſh, by the ſetting Sun,
" That portrait fair, which early he begun?
" Ah no! a ſeries of ſuch conſtant toil,
" Would damp his ſpirit; and his genius foil:
" His fancy ſtill, irregularly great,
" By ſtarts, and ſallies, muſt the piece compleat.
" In grinding colours will he take his ſhare,
" Or the rude pencil for the work prepare?
" A taſk ſo mean to pupils he remands,
" Employment fitted to their ſervile hands:

" Thought

" Thought is his province, and contrivance rare;
" T' inſpire his figures with majeſtic air:
" With daring hand each paſſion to expreſs,
" With life the breathing canvas to poſſeſs.
" Fix'd is his mind on ſentiments divine,
" Which once in heroes he preſents could ſhine:
" To ages paſt will he attention lend,
" To each important circumſtance attend.
" Yet thus tranſported, judgement muſt he gain,
" And prudence meet, his ardour to reſtrain:
" That all be accurate, diſtinct, and clear;
" And ev'ry part a juſt proportion bear.
" Suppoſe you now, to make a King admir'd,
" A genius leſs than painter's is requir'd?"
" Full plainly," ſaid the Prince, " I now perceive
" The force of theſe inſtructions which you give:
" Yet Kings muſt err, and from their duty ſwerve,
" Who fail, in perſon, all things to obſerve."
" 'Tis you that err," ſaid *Mentor*, " you alone;
" Enough the rules of government are known,
" When you a gen'ral knowledge ſhall attain:
" By this are Princes qualified to reign.
" Who to firſt principles a ſtranger lives,
" And no diverſity in men perceives;
" In error's path eternally muſt ſtray:
" Thus dark, what marvel if he miſs his way?
" Unknowing what ſhould be his proper aim,
" Diſtruſtful grows he, ever prone to blame:

IMITATION.

Verſe 385, *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.* 35.

" With him the virtuous leſs indulgence find,
" Than ſervile flatt'rers of corrupteſt mind.
" But thoſe who govern by ſome certain plan,
" And know the various qualities of man;
" Theſe know how far to hope, and can perceive
" The proper means at what they want t' arrive.
" Theſe can diſtinguiſh, by one gen'ral glance,
" What friends may beſt their intereſt advance:
" Who moſt of genius, and true worth diſcloſe,
" T' accompliſh thoſe deſigns, themſelves propoſe.
" Unmov'd by circumſtance of little weight,
" Free is their genius for affairs of ſtate.
" Can look through all, to one main point attend;
" And mark who promiſe beſt t' attain the end.
" Rarely deceiv'd in things of weightier kind,
" Small inconvenience from the reſt they find.
" Thus ſoar they far above that jealous heat,
" Which vulgar ſouls can diſcompoſe, and fret:
" And know, while human ſervices they need,
" From human frailties they can ne'er be freed.
" More ſuffer by diſtruſt unſteady Kings,
" More evil hence, than ev'n from knav'ry ſprings.
" Happy the man, who but in part deceiv'd,
" In greater matters hath ſucceſsful liv'd!
" Succeſs in theſe his labours will reward:
" Souls truly great this only will regard.
" 'Tis true, ſevereſt puniſhment ſhould fall
" On fraud detected; and the crimes of all:
" But ſome deceit muſt he expect to ſee,
" Who would from greater villainies be free.

" The

" The mean mechanic fully underſtands
" The ware he vends, the labour of his hands;
" But Kings exalted to a greater height,
" Nor all can view, nor all direct aright.
" Their proper province to conduct, and guide
" In things, where none ſo fitly can preſide.
" Nor ſhould they wiſh all trivial things to learn,
" But what the public ſafety may concern.
" For you, *Telemachus*, the Gods above
" Inceſſant watch; you, honour with their love.
" In all your happineſs a part they bear,
" On Wiſdom's baſis fix'd a throne prepare.
" For your inſtruction do they thus befriend,
" And to *Idomeneus* theſe bleſſings ſend.
" Thoſe regulations you diſcover here,
" Will but as ſhadows of your own appear
" When *Ithaca* you rule in regal ſtate,
" With virtues equal to your glorious fate.
" 'Tis time we ſail. The King long ſince ordain'd
" A bark, to waft us to our native land."
With care oppreſs'd, the Prince here ſought relief,
And to his friend unboſom'd all his grief;
Frankly declar'd th' affliction which he bore,
And why ſo loth to leave *Salentum*'s ſhore.
" Alas! I fear," ſaid he, "t' incur your blame
" When thus ſo oft I catch the am'rous flame:
" Yet would my heart upbraid me ſhould I hide
" How much I wiſh *Antiope* my bride.
" No paſſion now, dear *Mentor*, doth beguile
" Like that you cur'd, when in *Calypſo*'s iſle.

" For,

“ For, oh! long ſince, and to my coſt I've found,
“ How deep had *Eucharis* infix'd the wound.
“ Nor time, nor abſence can her form remove:
“ Her name recalls the racking pains of love.
“ From ſad experience have I learn'd, at length,
“ Greatly to doubt my fortitude, and ſtrength:
“ But, from this daughter of *Salentum*'s King,
“ Celeſtial maid! no ills like theſe can ſpring.
“ No paſſion this extravagant, and blind;
“ But a juſt ſenſe of her exalted mind:
“ And firm perſuaſion, that with her to live,
“ Were greateſt bliſs th' Immortals have to give.
“ If bounteous Heav'n, which grateful I adore,
“ *Ulyſſes* e'er in pity ſhall reſtore;
“ And licence give me to ſelect a fair;
“ She, ſhe alone is worthy of my care.
“ Her ſilence charms me, and that modeſt mien,
“ That ſweet reſerve; in all her geſtures ſeen.
“ Mark with what diligence ſhe ſpends her hours;
“ Excelling nature in th' embroider'd flow'rs.
“ How plies the wheel, doth o'er the Court preſide,
“ Since firſt the Queen, her royal mother, died!
“ With what contempt ſhe views all gay attire,
“ Forgets, or knows not charms which all admire!
“ What time the King commands her to advance
“ With *Cretan* virgins, in the mazy dance;
“ To dulcet flutes with ſoft melodious airs;
“ Like ſmiling *Venus* beauteous ſhe appears.

IMITATION.
Verſe 502, *Hor.* lib. 1. Od. 4.

“ When

" When to the ſylvan ſcene the chace he leads,
" Like great *Diana* ſhe majeſtic treads:
" Like her expert the ſilver bow to bend;
" While all her Nymphs the Deity attend.
" Th' admiring crowd behold her all amaz'd,
" She only knows not what their wonder rais'd.
" See her to Temples of the Gods proceed,
" And bear the ſacred baſket on her head;
" Her looks ſo graceful, ſo divine her air;
" She ſeems the power which inhabits there.
" With what devotion, and religious dread,
" The trembling victim have we ſeen her lead
" Heav'n's wrath to ſtay, and expiate our crimes:
" When omens ſad foretold unhappy times!
" And when ſurrounded by her virgin train
" The golden needle doth her hand ſuſtain;
" *Minerva*'s ſelf incarnate doth ſhe ſeem,
" All arts inſpiring which deſerve eſteem.

NOTES.

Verſe 505, *Like her expert the ſilver bow to bend*—*Diana*, who was one of the twelve Gods Majorum Gentium, was the peculiar patroneſs of ſportſmen; and was therefore deſcribed with a bow in her hand. Her Prieſts were all Eunuchs. The original ſtatue of this Goddeſs at *Epheſus* was made of ebony, and was believed to have fallen down from heaven at the command of *Jupiter*.

Verſe 510, *And bear the ſacred baſket*—It was cuſtomary at the heathen ſacrifices, beſides other baſkets filled with fruits and flowers, to have one particularly in which was concealed the ſacred knife that was to cut the throat of the victim. This was covered over with a mixture of flour and ſalt.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 504, *Hom. Odyſſ.* 6.
Verſe 519, *Ovid. Met.* 6.

" Her

" Her fair example animates the reſt,
" Excites, enlivens, when with toil oppreſt.
" Etherial ſweetneſs to her voice belongs,
" And heav'n thus prais'd may liſten to her ſongs.
" No hand like her's th' embroider'd loom can paint,
" Picture to this were languiſhing, and faint.
" Thrice happy youth whom *Hymen* hath ordain'd
" With her t' aſſociate in the nuptial band!
" One only cauſe of fear can he perceive;
" Such charms to loſe, ſuch excellence ſurvive.
" Hear, *Mentor!* hear me ev'ry Pow'r above!
" Prepar'd I ſtand and ready to remove.
" Long as I live, and draw this vital air,
" Will I be conſtant to the charming fair.
" Yet not a moment ſhall my love delay,
" Or ſtop to *Ithaca* my deſtin'd way.
" But ſhould ſome happier mortal find acceſs
" And in my ſtead the beauteous maid poſſeſs;
" No conſolation will my grief aſſwage,
" In ſighs, and tears, I'll paſs my wretched age.
" I leave her now, am reſolute to go:
" Though all my hopes that abſence may undo.
" Of love no ſingle accent ſhall ſhe hear,
" Nor to her ſire will I that love declare:

NOTE.

Verſe 527, *Thrice happy youth whom* Hymen—The ſon of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, and God of Marriage.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 527, *Ovid. Met.* 8. and *Hom. Odyſſ.* 6.

" To

" To you alone I'll truſt this great concern,
" Till Great *Ulyſſes* to his realm return:
" Nor will I take *Antiope* to wife,
" Till he conſent to whom I owe my life.
" Hence, deareſt *Mentor*, may you clearly find
" How diff'rent this from that affection blind
" Which in *Calypſo*'s iſle you juſtly blam'd:
" When all my ſoul fair *Eucharis* inflam'd."
" I ſee," replied his venerable friend,
" I ſee the diff'rence and muſt needs commend.
" Fair is *Antiope*, diſcreet, and wiſe:
" No taſk ſo mean the courteous Nymph denies.
" Prudence, and foreſight, to that maid belong:
" Compos'd, yet briſk; and miſtreſs of her tongue.
" At all times active nought can diſcompoſe:
" She the fit ſeaſon for all duties knows.
" Her ſire's well-order'd Court her glory ſpeaks
" Thence ſhe more honour than from beauty ſeeks.
" Though great the burthen ſhe's compell'd to bear,
" To curb, refuſe, and rule with frugal care:
" (A taſk invidious which diſſention ſows
" And to contempt all others would expoſe)
" Yet lives ſhe ſtill belov'd, by all careſt:
" No raging paſſions diſcompoſe her breaſt,
" No female levities engroſs her heart,
" Capricious humour, or diſſembling art.
" Her looks obey they, her diſpleaſure fear,
" Her ev'ry order is diſtinct, and clear;
" Nought hard impoſing as ſhe nought neglects,
" With mildneſs charms ev'n then when ſhe corrects.

" Bleſs'd

" Bleſs'd in a daughter, and a faithful friend;
" Safe on her prudence can the King depend;
" As on the tender graſs ſecurely laid,
" The ſun-burnt traveller enjoys the ſhade.
" You chuſe, *Telemachus*, a worthy bride:
" Purſuit deſerving through the world ſo wide.
" For here no tinſel ornaments we find;
" Plain, unadorn'd in body, and in mind.
" Her fancy lively, tho' reſerv'd her air;
" Nor knows a thought but what the world may hear.
" But when ſhe ſpeaks what ſoft perſuaſion flows,
" What genuine grace in ev'ry period glows!
" All ſtand attentive, ev'ry voice is huſh
" What time prevented by the riſing bluſh,
" Scarce to thoſe truths an utt'rance can ſhe give
" Which all around are eager to receive.
  " Recall you not, when on a certain day
" She came her father's ſummons to obey?
" What time we ſaw this modeſty prevail
" Her eyes on earth and hid beneath her veil?
" What beauteous arguments ſhe brought t' aſſwage
" The furious Monarch, and to calm his rage;
" What time a ſlave tranſgreſs'd his high command
" And there for puniſhment was held enchain'd?
" At firſt, to ſoften, part ſhe took with him:
" Then offer'd much t' extenuate the crime,
" Without upbraiding with his tranſport rude,
" To juſtice, mercy, all his ſoul ſubdu'd?

IMITATION.

Verſe 577, *Virg. Eclog.* 5.

" More ſoothing counſel *Tethys* never gave
" *Nereus* to calm and ſtill the troubled wave.
" So ſhall *Antiope* (without pretence
" To charms uncommon, or ſuperior ſenſe)
" Reign one day miſtreſs of her huſband's heart:
" Recall his reaſon, ſhould it e'er depart,
" Skilful to calm, and concord ſweet inſpire;
" As when her hand now ſweeps th' harmonious lyre.
" Once more, *Telemachus*, your choice I praiſe;
" The Gods deſign her for your dear embrace.
" A love ſo rightly plac'd ſhall nought prevent,
" But firſt *Ulyſſes* muſt afford conſent.
" Juſt was the thought your ſentiments to hide:
" To me reveal them, and to none beſide:
" For know, were ſhe of your deſign appriz'd,
" Your ſuit had fail'd: yourſelf had been deſpis'd.
" No mortal breathing can engage her love,
" But whom her Royal father ſhall approve.
" To one that's perfect will her hand be giv'n,
" Juſt to all human kind, and true to Heav'n.
" Both you and I her baſhfulneſs diſcern,
" How rarely ſhe appears ſince your return:
" She knows the glory which your arms obtain'd,
" A full account too of your birth has gain'd;

NOTE.

Verſe 603, *More ſoothing counſel* Tethys—Daughter of Heaven and *Veſta*, and mother of the Sea Nymphs and Rivers.

IMITATION.

Verſe 621, *Plautus*.

" The toils you bore, the wonders heav'n hath wrought!
" Her great reserve's the consequence of thought.
" Away, and with the first propitious wind
" Once more attempt we *Ithaca* to find!
" Here ends my charge: nor ought desire I more,
" But you to dear *Ulysses* to restore;
" And put you in a state that bride to hold
" Of virtues equal to the age of gold.
" Fed she, a shepherd's girl, her fleecy care,
" Compell'd the frosts of *Algidus* to bear;
" Not born a Princess;---yet of her possest
" Were you indeed superlatively blest!"

NOTE.

Verse 636, *Compell'd the frosts of* Algidus—A mountain of *Italy*, about twelve miles from *Rome*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 636, lib. 1. Od. 21. and lib. 3. Od. 23.

END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

BOOK XXIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus *under great concern left his two Guests should leave him, proposes to* Mentor *many Affairs of an intricate nature: assuring him of his utter inability to settle them without his assistance.* Mentor *shews him in what manner he ought to demean himself, and continues firm in his determination to conduct* Telemachus *back to* Ithaca. Idomeneus *attempts once more to detain them, by exciting the passion of this last for* Antiope: *in order to this, he engages them in a hunting party, at which he directs that his Daughter shall be present. She was there in great danger of being torn to pieces by a wild Boar, had not* Telemachus *protected her. He feels great reluctance at the thoughts of quitting her, and taking leave of the King her Father: but animated by* Mentor, *he gets the better of his anxiety, and embarks for his native country.*

SALENTUM's Monarch, who with grief of heart
Perceiv'd his friends now ready to depart,
All means employ'd their voyage to delay,
And raise some new obstruction in their way;
To *Mentor* urg'd, without his counsel kind
Ne'er could he hope to settle to his mind,

Or *Heliodorus'* difcontent remove,
With *Diophanes*, Prieft of mighty *Jove*.
Each practis'd diff'rent, his divining art,
By flight of birds, and by the victim's heart.
" Wherefore fhould you," faid *Mentor*, "why fhould Kings
" Officious interfere in facred things?
" Leave to th' *Etrufcans* thefe---to whom is giv'n
" The dark decrees to know, and will of Heav'n:
" Be then your high authority content
" With ftifling early, what you can't prevent.

NOTES.

Verfe 10, *By flight of birds*, &c.—Among the ancients there were three forts of Diviners, the Arufpices, the Aufpices, and the Augures. The bufinefs of the firft, was to foretell things to come by the obfervation of the entrails of beafts flain in facrifice. The fecond made a difcovery of the will of the Gods, by means of the different flight and number of the birds which then appeared to them. And the Augures did the fame by the chirping and chattering of thefe birds. The *Roman* Augurs had ftill another method which was called tripudium, viz. very early in the morning they threw crumbs of bread to fome chickens. If they came eagerly to the bread and eat greedily of it, this was a token of fuccefs: if not, the contrary. This cuftom is thought to have been derived from the *Lycians*, who ufed to repair in the fame manner to a fountain which was dedicated to *Apollo*, and throw in baits to the fifh. As the fifh received, or refufed thefe baits, they formed their judgment of the good or ill fortune of the intended enterprize.

Verfe 13, *Leave to th'* Etrufcans—The *Etrufcans*, who were a very ancient nation, and fuppofed to be defcended from the *Phœnicians*, were early famous for their religious obfervances, and became to the *Romans* the great authors of moft of that fuperftition which obtained among them. This is plainly afferted by *Tully*, *Livy*, and *Diodorus Siculus*: infomuch that every thing which related to Augury and Divination was emphatically ftiled Difciplina Etrufca.

IMITATION.

Verfe 13, *Cic. Epift. fam.* lib. 6. Ep. 6.

" No partial prejudice muſt you betray,
" But ev'ry circumſtance diſcreetly weigh;
" And when at length the cauſe deciſion gain,
" The firm decree with all your pow'r maintain.
" For know, that Kings are ſtill inferior far,
" And no dominion o'er Religion bear;
" From Heav'n itſelf the glorious Maid deſcends,
" A Prince in vain to model her pretends.
" When buſy Monarchs thus attempt to ſave,
" They curb her freedom, and ſtill more enſlave.
" So vaſt a diff'rence in the pow'r is ſeen
" Of mighty Kings, compar'd with other men,
" That all Religion is in danger brought,
" If chang'd, and alter'd, as they ſhift their thought.
" And, thus unmindful of their regal ſtate,
" In doubtful points muſt manage the debate.
" From ſuch contentions live you then retir'd,
" Leave them to mortals for this end inſpir'd.
" Enough that you full powers ſhall retain
" The diſobedient fitly to reſtrain."
Again the King his ſad complaint renew'd,
Of ſtrange embaraſſment and private feud;
Of various ſuits which interrupt his reſt,
Where all requir'd to be by him redreſt.
" Decide," ſaid *Mentor*, " ev'ry private cauſe
" Of gen'ral uſe, which may explain your laws:
" But condeſcend not you to take a ſhare
" In little piques, unworthy of your care.
" For endleſs were the taſk, and hard your fate,
" If you alone muſt finiſh the debate.

" Inferior Judges thus were uſeleſs grown,
" And ev'ry trifle would beſiege the throne:
" Your hours of buſineſs thus would trifles ſeize,
" Yet never rightly could you ſettle theſe.
" Beware of this: your dignity ſupport,
" And back remand to ſome inferior Court.
" Your proper taſk perform, but ne'er enlarge,
" Thus you all kingly duties ſhall diſcharge."
" Still am I preſs'd," *Idomeneus* reply'd,
" T' enrich each greedy foll'wer with a bride:
" Thoſe high-born Peers who their aſſiſtance lent,
" And all their ſubſtance in my wars have ſpent,
" Would now be recompenc'd for all their harms,
" By taking each an heireſs to his arms.
" One word from me, they ſay, would fix their fate,
" And in the nuptial band their bliſs compleat."
" 'Tis true," ſaid *Mentor*, " you can aid afford,
" Can fix their fortune by a ſingle word.
" But oh! that word, with reaſon muſt I fear,
" Would make the purchaſe infinitely dear.
" Will you attempt with arbitrary voice,
" The tender parent to deprive of choice;
" Suppreſs at once the conſolation great
" Of worthy ſons, and heirs to their eſtate?
" Too harſh, and cruel, would this uſage ſeem,
" Reducing all to ſervitude extreme.
" Yourſelf muſt anſwer for the dire event;
" Domeſtic jars which riſe from diſcontent.

IMITATION.

Verſe 53, *Plato de Regno.*

" That ſtate already thorns ſufficient knows,
" To greater ſtill 'twere needleſs to expoſe.
" Have you a friend, and would reward his toil?
" A ſhare aſſign him in your barren ſoil.
" Give him precedence, rank, and honours due,
" Proportion'd to the worth you have in view.
" If need require, ſome bounties may you add
" From public funds, and ſavings you have made:
" But aim not thus his friendſhip to reward,
" Subjecting parents to conditions hard."
Another queſtion next the King propos'd,
Which thus to *Mentor* briefly he diſclos'd:
" The *Sibarites,*" ſaid he, " complain of wrong,
" That lands are ſeiz'd which to themſelves belong;
" That we a ſpacious tract to ſtrangers give,
" Where once themſelves could unmoleſted live:
" Shall I, a Sov'reign, thus ignobly bow,
" And each pretence that ſpecious ſeems allow?
" To ſuch conceſſions will no end be found,
" Inceſſant claims will multiply around."
" No juſtice here," ſaid *Mentor*, " can I ſee,
" That theſe as judges for themſelves ſhould be;
" Nor yet will any in your faith confide,
" Should you in favour of yourſelf decide."

NOTE.

Verſe 87, *The* Sibarites—*Sibari* was an ancient ſtate of *Magna Græcia* in *Italy*, which had five-and twenty towns at one time under its dominion. It was conquered by *Crotona*, and its ruins we are told are ſtill to be ſeen.

IMITATION.

Verſe 95, *Sen. in Med.*

" Whom then," replied the King, " ſhall we believe,
" Or who th' impartial juſt award ſhall give?"
" If we," ſaid *Mentor*, " would the truth define,
" To neither party ſhould we ſeem t' incline.
" But from the neighb'ring ſtates an umpire chuſe
" Diſdaining prejudice, and private views.
" Such the *Sipontines* I eſteem to be;
" No intereſt prompts to give th' unjuſt decree."
" Muſt I then ſtoop," return'd th' indignant King,
" Muſt I to ſtrangers my pretenſion bring?
" Anointed Sov'reign ſhall I hold the helm,
" Yet live a cypher in *Salentum*'s realm?"
" Would you," ſaid *Mentor*, " fix a laſting reign,
" Your upright dealings muſt your pow'r ſuſtain.
" The right is their's the *Sibarites* contend,
" Reſolv'd this right undoubted to defend.
" Two ſtates when claſhing intereſts divide;
" Some friend to both the conteſt ſhould decide:
" No medium then. To this you both muſt yield,
" Or truſt the whole to fortune of the field.
" Should Chance conduct you to ſome wretched ſtate,
" Where none had pow'r to finiſh a debate;
" Where all ſhould cauſe for ſad complaint afford,
" And meaſure juſtice by the longeſt ſword;
" How would you then abhor, how juſtly mourn
" Th' unhappy realm by ſuch diſſentions torn!

NOTE.

Verſe 105, *Such the* Sipontines—*Sipontum*, otherwiſe called *Sipus*, was ſituated in *Apulia* near the Mountain *Garganus*; and now makes part of the kingdom of *Naples*.

" Where not a ſingle right was underſtood,
" But each was thirſting for his neighbour's blood!
" And can you think th' Immortal Gods above
" Will ſuch diſorder in the world approve?
" This globe's a ſingle city in their eyes,
" Kingdoms, and ſtates, like private families:
" If ſuch the ſtrife, the violence of all,
" The Gods would hate this univerſal ball.
" No private heir in ſafety can pretend
" Thoſe lands to hold, which from his ſire deſcend;
" Unleſs the Magiſtrates the laws approve,
" And all objections to his claim remove.
" 'Twere penal elſe, to treaſon near allied
" To keep by force what Juſtice had denied.
" Suppoſe you Kings may hoſtile arms employ,
" O'errun their neighbours and mankind deſtroy?
" Ah! no. All lenient methods ſhould they try,
" All kinder arts of ſoft humanity.
" For ſay is Juſtice not more ſacred far
" When large dominions claim a Monarch's care
" Than when a private family demands
" Its ſlender pittance of paternal lands?
" Shall he a robber infamous be nam'd
" That one poor acre hath unjuſtly claim'd;
" An hero he ſuperlatively good
" Who plunders provinces, profuſe of blood?
" In ſmall concerns if prejudice can blind,
" Shall we be ſafe in thoſe of weightier kind?
" Can we our intereſted heart believe,
" When all conſpires to make that heart deceive?

" Shall errors pregnant with a nation's fate
" No apprehenſion in our minds create?
" When greedy Monarchs would engroſs too much,
" Obſerve what ills await their magic touch.
" War, famine, bloodſhed will their ſteps attend,
" With many headed vice which knows no end.
" When fawning ſycophants the throne ſurround,
" Will flatt'ry fail that Sov'reign's breaſt to wound?
" But ſhould he acquieſce in judgement fit,
" To arbitration meet his cauſe ſubmit;
" Soon at his feet will each obſtruction fall,
" His moderation will be known to all.
" O'errul'd by reaſon, prejudice muſt ceaſe,
" And truth not rigour ſhall eſtabliſh peace.
" The fair deciſion which this judge hath made
" With def'rence heard is quietly obey'd.
" For nought preſcribes he with imperious nod,
" For fair accommodation ſmooths the road;
" To either party he'll propoſals make
" Small claims to wave for ſweet compoſure' ſake.
" If in deſpight of his paternal care
" This Prince be threaten'd with impending war,
" Yet ſelf-approv'd, reſpected ſhall he reign
" And heav'n itſelf his righteous cauſe maintain."
Touch'd with theſe words *Idomeneus* appear'd;
To the *Sipontines* he his cauſe referr'd.
Perceiving now that all his efforts fail'd,
And to protract their ſtay no means avail'd;
He form'd a ſtill more intricate deſign,
And aim'd to hold them by a ſtronger line.

He

He ſaw *Telemachus* his growing love,
And to his purpoſe hop'd that flame t' improve.
Oft to the feaſt he call'd th' unwilling Fair
With warbling voice to captivate his ear;
She all ſubmiſſive readily obey'd,
But ſad reluctance in her looks betray'd.
To captivate him more would oft enjoin
The Nymph to celebrate in notes divine
With ſounds melodious, and all muſic's charms,
Adraſtus' fall, by his victorious arms.
Yet thus conſtrain'd with caution would ſhe ſhun
To chant the praiſes of *Ulyſſes'* ſon.
Graceful declin'd ſo delicate a theme,
Nor durſt her father drive to that extreme:
That melting voice, that captivating ſound,
In chains of love the blooming Hero bound.
This ſaw the King, intent on all that paſs'd,
With ſecret joy the omen he embrac'd.
Meanwhile *Telemachus*, alert and free,
The deep deſign pretended not to ſee;
Though all unable to elude the ſtroke,
His tow'ring ſoul diſdain'd the ſervile yoke;
No more that eaſy victim was he ſeen
Which in *Calypſo*'s iſland he had been.
Thus while the nymph with extaſy he heard,
Still ſilent and unmov'd the youth appear'd.
And when ſhe finiſh'd, with a cold neglect
To diff'rent ſubjects would the talk direct.
The King who now deſpair'd his ends to gain,
A chace propos'd upon the extended plain,

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

To pleaſe *Antiope*. The lovely maid
Reluctant wept, but ſtill her ſire obey'd.
High on a foaming ſteed behold her ſit!
Swift as the winds he champs the golden bit:
Such as the ſtud of *Leda*'s warlike ſon,
Great *Caſtor*'s ſelf might not diſdain to own.
With ſkilful hand did ſhe direct his pace,
By nymphs encircled eager for the chace.
Bright as *Diana* in the woods is ſeen
Whoſe heav'nly maids attend their Virgin Queen.
The Monarch ſaw with infinite delight,
Inſatiate gaz'd, tranſported with the ſight:
That darling Maid, ſweet object of his love,
Could all remembrance of paſt grief remove.
The Prince too ſaw, was raviſh'd with the view,
Her modeſt looks his admiration drew:
And fill'd his heaving breaſt with dire alarms,
More than her ſkill and her attractive charms.
The deep-mouth'd dogs a monſtrous boar purſu'd,
Fierce as the dread of *Calydonia*'s wood.
His briſtling hairs like ſpears tremendous riſe,
And blood and fire came ſtreaming from his eyes:
His breath was heard at diſtance far behind,
Loud as the murmur of rebellious wind,
Which *Æolus* in vain attempts t' appeaſe,
And in ſonorous cavern would ſuppreſs.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 223, *Virg. Æn.* 1.
Verſe 235, *Ovid. Met.* 8.

His

His tuſks, incurv'd, of length immenſe appear,
Like ſickles keen that reap the golden ear;
While all around where he indignant roves,
The foreſt bled, and proſtrate fell the groves.
No daring hound began the glorious ſtrife,
But paid the forfeit with his wretched life.
The boldeſt hunters, fearful to o'ertake,
With ſecret horror trembled for th' attack.
Swift as the Weſtern breeze that fans the vale,
Did fair *Antiope* the brute aſſail.
And from her lovely hand a jav'lin threw,
Which purple torrents from his ſhoulder drew.
He high in rage perceiv'd the ſtreaming gore,
And tenfold grew more furious than before.
Revengeful turn'd with all his force t' invade,
And threaten'd ruin to the beauteous maid.
As when ſome vaſt machine is rear'd on high,
The ſtrength of firmeſt battlements to try:
Her fi'ry courſer ſhudder'd at the ſight,
And back recoil'd to ſhun th' unequal fight.
Then ſtumbling fell, and left the trembling fair
Expos'd to all the horrors of the war.
This ſaw *Telemachus* with utmoſt pain,
Diſmounting ſwift as lightning to the plain,
'Twixt her, and danger, interpos'd he ſtood;
The monſter raging for his loſs of blood.
Deep in his ſide the ſpear infix'd a wound,
He roar'd aloud, and grov'ling bit the ground.
This done, the Royal Youth ſtruck off his head,
Th' aſtoniſh'd crowd contemplate it with dread.

With

With bended knee presenting was he seen
To her who reign'd his heart's unrival'd Queen.
She modest blush'd, and to her Father turn'd;
His looks consulted, and his pleasure learn'd.
Transported thus secure the nymph to find,
For whom such terrors late had fill'd his mind,
That instant did the King a signal give
The Nymph th' intended present should receive.
"Grateful," said she, "I take what you bestow,
"To whom my life, far greater gift, I owe."
This said, to earth she turn'd her eyes with speed,
As fearing thus she might too far proceed.
Her strange confusion could the Prince discern,
And only ventur'd on this short return:
"Blest is *Ulysses'* son, who furnish'd aid
"To save the life of so divine a maid;
"Thrice blest indeed would Heav'n his wishes crown,
"And make, in *Hymen's* bands, that maid his own!"
She nought replied, but join'd her virgin train,
Remounted on her steed, and cross'd the plain.
That hour the King his passion had allow'd,
And on *Ulysses'* Son the Fair bestow'd.
But hop'd delay would firmer fix her pow'r,
The chain would rivet, and inflame him more.
That when a prize so fair he should receive,
Still at *Salentum* he content would live.
Such were the thoughts engross'd the Monarch's mind
But heav'n derides the prudence of mankind.
The Prince was hasten'd by that fatal plan,
Which seem'd so well concerted to detain.

From all the ſoft impreſſions which he knew,
Diſtruſtful, dubious of himſelf he grew:
And *Mentor* anxious for his future throne,
With double pains now preſs'd him to be gone.
Would oft for licence to the King reſort,
The bark was mann'd and ready in the port.
Thus virtuous *Mentor* (who with conſtant aim
His ward directed to the heights of fame)
Permitted no where longer to remain
But juſt experience and good ſenſe to gain.
Long ere the Prince victorious left the war,
His taſk had been this veſſel to prepare.
Meanwhile the Monarch with concern beheld
He now to ſad neceſſity muſt yield;
His plaint a breaſt of adamant would move
Theſe friends to loſe ſo worthy of his love.
All bath'd in tears he ſought ſome cloſe receſs
Where he in freedom might his griefs expreſs:
All ſuſtenance refus'd, while doleful cries
Sweet balmy ſleep had baniſh'd from his eyes.
A pining atrophy conſum'd his frame,
No cordial comforts to relieve him came.
So when a branching oak that ſpreads on high
Its beauteous foliage, pointing to the ſky,
With verdant ſhadow ſhelt'ring all around,
Of ſome corroding worm firſt feels the wound;
Which makes thoſe channels delicate its prey
That all its nurture and its ſap convey;
The tow'ring plant that firm for many a year
The boiſt'rous winds and woodman's ax could ſpare,

Which bounteous earth by hydroſtatic laws
Supported long; now pines, nor ſhews the cauſe.
Its fading honours can each eye remark,
Wither'd its branch, and rivell'd is its bark.
So pin'd *Idomeneus* with heart-felt grief,
Nor durſt the Prince adminiſter relief;
Himſelf with horror view'd th' appointed day;
Pretences various furniſh'd for delay.
Long had he thus irreſolute remain'd,
Had *Mentor* leſs authority maintain'd.
" A change like this," ſaid he, " well pleas'd I view:
" Your nature's fierce, intractable, I knew.
" And time has been, when nought your boſom mov'd
" But dear convenience, and the thing you lov'd.
" At length I find an human heart you bear,
" By ſuff'rings taught in other's griefs to ſhare,
" Without that pity, could you ne'er attain
" The virtuous caſt which qualifies to reign.
" Yet not too far ev'n virtue ſhould you ſeek,
" In friendſhip ſunk irrational, and weak.
" Myſelf, in truth, the Monarch's leave would aſk,
" And ſave your modeſty th' unpleaſing taſk;
" But ne'er can I conſent ill-grounded ſhame,
" Or fear, be ſuffer'd to eclipſe your fame.
" In juſt proportion muſt you learn to blend
" A courage firm, with value for your friend.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 346, *Virg. Æn.* 1. and *Ter. Heaut.*
Verſe 347, *Cic. Orat. pro Ligar.*

" None ſhould we torture but in utmoſt need,
" And then ſhould pity in their favour plead.
" Should lighten too, if poſſibly we can,
" The load we lay of neceſſary pain."
" Such," ſaid the Prince, " the point I have in view,
" When I th' ungrateful taſk remit to you."
" Alas! dear youth, you greatly err," he cried:
" Like Heirs of Kings, in purple bred, and pride;
" That all mankind would to their faſhion draw,
" Reverſing Nature's univerſal law;
" And yet, unmindful of their Royal race,
" Want courage to oppoſe, when face to face.
" Not that by native goodneſs they're inclin'd
" Diſtreſs to pity, or to ſpare mankind:
" 'Tis mere convenience, and they cannot bear
" That one approach them with dejected air.
" Beneath all evils may the Subject groan,
" So his complaint approach not near the Throne;
" But in their preſence muſt no grief be found;
" Marr'd is their pleaſure by th' unwelcome ſound.
" To gain their love their paſſions muſt you ſooth,
" All well affirm, and ſtill conceal the truth.
" Sunk in delights, no circumſtance of woe
" To interrupt thoſe pleaſures muſt they know.
" Lives there a man whoſe arrogance and pride,
" Whoſe fraud, or worſe preſumption they ſhould chide?
" Refuſe they cannot, tho' with aſpect bland,
" But leave that work to ſome inferior hand.
" With all demands extravagant comply,
" Howe'er important, they can ne'er deny.

" And

" And artful knaves, that in their preſence live,
" Perceive their foible, at their wiſh arrive.
" 'Tis but to preſs and urge the moving tale,
" And they o'er all impediments prevail.
" At firſt indeed with flatt'ry will they blind,
" Will offer incenſe of the ſweeteſt kind,
" But once to great employment ſhould they riſe,
" In turn they'll govern, and their Prince deſpiſe:
" Unwilling make him drag the ſervile chain,
" No more in life his liberty to gain.
" Though jealous grown of his deſpotic pow'r,
" Their yoke he ſcorns; he feels it every hour:
" Nor can his utmoſt energy employ'd
" This ignominious ſervitude avoid,
" But for aſſiſtance like the feeble vine
" Around ſome trunk more able muſt he twine.
" Ah! deareſt Prince, I cannot bear the thought
" You thus to weakneſs infamous be brought:
" Which all your faculties muſt render vain,
" And wholly incapacitate to reign.
" Though tender now the truth you fear to tell,
" Once ſail'd from hence no trouble will you feel.
" 'Tis not compaſſion for *Salentum*'s head
" But 'tis his preſence which alone you dread:
" Go then in perſon and the King adviſe,
" Shew him what troubles in your breaſt ariſe;
" Th' occaſion ſeize to fortify your mind:
" Be courage firm with ſoft compaſſion join'd.
" Your parting unavoidable declare:
" And urge it to him with determin'd air."

This heard the royal youth and nought oppos'd
But ſtrange reluctance to the taſk diſclos'd.
Aſham'd that fear detain'd him from the Court,
Yet wanting courage proper to ſupport.
Thus fault'ring ſtep by ſtep he took his way,
Then back return'd with reaſons for delay.
But *Mentor* ſilenc'd: on whoſe front began
The gáthering ſtorm, and made pretences vain.
" Is this the Chief," he cried, " we late beheld
" The *Daunians* trampling on th' impurpled field;
" Whoſe valiant arm could ſet *Heſperia* free,
" Make lawleſs tyrants bend their ſtubborn knee?
" This great *Ulyſſes*' heir, like him deſign'd
" All *Greece* to govern with diſcerning mind?
" Alas! he trembles now to make it known:
" His ſire, his country force him to begone.
" Ill fated *Ithaca!* how will you grieve
" When ſuch a Sov'reign ſhall your crown receive,
" Who to unmanly fears an abject ſlave,
" For ev'ry trifle will his int'reſt wave.
" Behold! how diff'rent then is martial fire
" From what affairs in common life require.
" *Adraſtus*' arms could ne'er excite your fear,
" *Salentum*'s King can melt you with a tear.
" 'Tis this that greateſt Kings can cloath with ſhame
" When tow'ring high in zenith of their fame;
" The ſelf-ſame ſouls in war heroic ſeen
" In peace inferior are to other men."

IMITATION.

Verſe 443, *Plin. in Paneg.*

Stung with theſe truths *Telemachus* in haſte
Forth from the preſence of his *Mentor* paſt.
But ſcarce arriv'd he where the Monarch ſat,
With languid look contemplating his fate,
When each appear'd with terror great oppreſt,
And ſtifled griefs that rack'd his heaving breaſt:
Each fearful ſeem'd his friend ſhould open firſt
Till into tears unanimous they burſt.
Surcharg'd at length *Idomeneus* exclaim'd:
" Say, why is Virtue through the world ſo fam'd
" When cruel thus, relentleſs ſhe can prove
" To thoſe who labour to deſerve her love?
" My conduct have you ſhewn abſurd, and weak:
" Which done, that inſtant would you both forſake.
" Wretch that I am! my ruin is compleat,
" All former errors ſhall I now repeat.
" Tell me no more of governing aright,
" I cannot learn who loath all human ſight.
" Whither would you, *Telemachus*, retire?
" Alas! in vain you ſeek your honour'd ſire,
" Long ſince deſcending to the ſilent grave,
" While hated foes your *Ithaca* enſlave;
" Who will yourſelf aſſault with deſp'rate hand
" If e'er you venture to your native land.
" Of theſe doth one the Queen, your mother, wed,
" And dares aſpire to Great *Ulyſſes'* bed.
" O ſtay! and fair *Antiope* receive,
" My ſon, mine heir apparent ſhall you live;
" All ſhall be your's ev'n while I fill the throne,
" In you will I confide, and you alone.

“ Should ſuch advantage fail your breaſt to move
“ Yet leave me *Mentor*, leave the man I love.
“ O ſpeak! ſome comfort to my grief impart,
“ Nor ſteel to ſuch diſtreſs your virtuous heart.
“ What, not a word! Too plainly then I ſee
“ The Gods themſelves my miſeries decree;
“ And leſs diſaſtrous was the fate I knew
“ When erſt at *Crete* my deareſt child I ſlew.”
To this *Telemachus* with tender ſigh
And trem'lous voice proceeded to reply.
“ Heav'n knows I live not maſter of my ſtate,
“ But home am call'd by high decrees of fate.
“ And *Mentor*, equal to the Gods in ſenſe,
“ In their dread name hath ſummon'd me from hence.
“ What would you further? Muſt I bid adieu
“ To filial reverence to parents due?
“ Muſt I my native *Ithaca* forego,
“ More dear than thoſe to whom my life I owe?
“ Born to a throne myſelf I muſt not pleaſe:
“ And was not form'd for indolence, and eaſe:
“ Great is *Salentum*,´ fertile are her coaſts,
“ More rich more potent than *Ulyſſes* boaſts:
“ Yet Heav'n ordains the latter ſhall be mine,
“ Preferr'd to all your goodneſs could deſign.
“ Without your realm ſhall I be bleſt indeed
“ If I the fair *Antiope* can wed.
“ But to deſerve her, muſt I needs obey:
“ And chearful go where duty points the way.

IMITATION.

Verſe 479, *Soph. in Phil.*

" The great *Ulyſſes* muſt the maid demand,
" And I receive her from a father's hand.
" Reflect you not you gave your royal word
" That I to *Ithaca* ſhould be reſtor'd;
" And had I not that promiſe in my view
" When I engag'd *Adraſtus* to ſubdue?
" 'Tis time my country ſhould partake my care,
" And I domeſtic evils ſhould repair.
" Th' all gracious will and providence of Heav'n,
" Which me to *Mentor* thus in charge hath giv'n;
" Gave *Mentor* likewiſe to *Ulyſſes*' ſon
" To make him worthy of his father's throne.
" And think you, ſtript of ev'ry good beſide,
" I calmly ſhall renounce this virtuous guide?
" No wealth do I poſſeſs, no ſafe retreat,
" No tender parent, and no certain ſeat.
" Nought have I but this wiſe, this virtuous friend,
" A treaſure great as *Jupiter* can ſend.
" Judge then yourſelf if I can him reſign,
" Or give conſent he be no longer mine:
" No, take my life: for that is little worth,
" But take not him whom moſt I prize on earth."
In juſt proportion as the Prince went on,
His voice grew ſtronger and his fears were gone.
The Monarch knew not what reply to make,
And tacitly confeſs'd the truths he ſpake.
Yet though he nought could offer to diſprove,
His looks, his geſtures would compaſſion move.

IMITATION.

Verſe 502, *Racine.*

That inſtant *Mentor* in his ſight appear'd
Who ſalutary counſel thus preferr'd.
" Permit not grief dominion to obtain
" But baniſh far anxiety and pain;
" Depart we muſt---but wiſdom which above
" Heav'n's counſels guides, ſhall not with us remove:
" This truth be alway preſent to your mind;
" That *Jove* then acted with indulgence kind,
" When he to us the fair commiſſion gave
" Your errors to correct, your realm to ſave.
" Again you worthy *Philocles* poſſeſs,
" A faithful friend to help you in diſtreſs,
" Who ſtill ſhall firm in Virtue's cauſe endure,
" Whoſe breaſt ſhall melt with pity for the poor.
" Whoſe actions ne'er will inconſiſtent prove
" With heav'nly duties, or his country's love.
" In all affairs his prudence be your guide,
" In him without reſerve may you confide:
" Permit, for hence will greateſt profit riſe,
" He point out ev'ry fault without diſguiſe.
" Nought ſhews the heart of him that governs well
" Like chuſing friends that will his faults reveal.
" This courage gain, and you indeed are bleſt:
" Nor need our abſence diſcompoſe your breaſt.
" But, oh! ſhould flattery, that ſerpent ſmooth
" Which glides unſeen and carps at honeſt truth;
" Should this admiſſion to your heart procure
" Adieu to bliſs! your ruin will be ſure.
" Yield not to grief, at godlike Virtue aim,
" Purſue her cloſe and ſhe ſhall lead to fame.

" I counſell'd *Philocles*, this very hour,
" To eaſe, aſſiſt you, not abuſe his pow'r.
" Will undertake as far as mortals may,
" That he ſhall ne'er your confidence betray.
" The Gods your guardian *Philocles* decree:
" To guide *Ulyſſes'* ſon have ſever'd me.
" Each then ſhould chearful run his deſtin'd race,
" To weep and wail were uſeleſs, as 'twere baſe.
" If, in the courſe of ſome revolving years,
" My poor aſſiſtance requiſite appears;
" When firſt this royal youth I ſhall reſtore
" To his loſt parents, and his native ſhore;
" Glad will I come: for what more joy can give?
" What greater pleaſure can I e'er receive?
" No wealth, no power do I ſeek on earth,
" My ſole deſire to ſuccour men of worth.
" Can ought your friendſhip from my mem'ry blot,
" Can love like your's be poſſibly forgot?"
Theſe healing words *Idomeneus* appeas'd,
His grief ſubſided and his heart was eas'd.
So *Neptune*'s Trident ſtills the boiſt'rous wave
When bluſt'ring winds and ſtorms tempeſtuous rave.
No ſorrows felt he but of milder kind
Such as can ſoften, not tranſport the mind;
In room of theſe was reſignation giv'n,
A virtuous courage and firm truſt in heav'n.
" Dear *Mentor*," ſaid he, " 'tis the Will Divine
" That loſing all we muſt not yet repine:

IMITATION.

Verſe 577, *Accius in frag.*

" Yet when at length of *Ithaca* poſſeſt,
" (Which worth like your's ſhall make compleatly bleſt)
" On poor *Idomeneus* one thought beſtow:
" Think on *Salentum* which to you I owe.
" Think on the wretched Prince that fills her throne
" Whoſe hopes all centre in yourſelf alone.
" Go, worthy offspring of the wiſeſt man,
" Forbid it heav'n I longer ſhould detain!
" No longer dare I with the Gods contend,
" Who ſuch a treaſure only deign'd to lend.
" Go, *Mentor*, greateſt, wiſeſt of mankind
" (If man be grac'd with ſuch exalted mind)
" Who ſeem, by wonders which theſe eyes have ſeen,
" Some God diſguis'd, t' inſtruct us feeble men:
" Go, lead *Ulyſſes'* ſon; more bleſt in you
" Than that he fierce *Adraſtus* could ſubdue.
" Together go, and ſeek your native ſhore!
" Forgive my parting ſighs---I can no more.
" United thus long happy may ye live!
" To me the world has nothing left to give.
" Nought but the ſad remembrance of the paſt,
" Thrice happy days! I knew not how to taſte.
" O days too quickly flown! which now I mourn,
" No glimpſe of hope that they ſhall e'er return.
" *Idomeneus*, alas! muſt ſee no more
" The dear, dear objects he beholds this hour."
Mentor this juncture took to quit the court,
And lead his pupil to th' intended port.

IMITATION.

Verſe 606, *Cic. Orat. pro Mil.*

He *Philocles* embrac'd, who on his neck
Shed floods of tears; aſſay'd, but could not ſpeak.
Meanwhile the Prince had ſeiz'd his *Mentor*'s hand
In hope the King no more would have detain'd:
He bath'd in tears ev'n to their bark attends,
And ſep'rate kept his ever honour'd friends.
He ſigh'd, he look'd, in converſe would detain,
Sobs interrupted, and th' attempt was vain.
  And now a cry confus'd the welkin tore,
The buſy mariners had throng'd the ſhore;
They ply the cordage, and diſtend the ſail,
Which ſoon unfurl'd now caught the proſp'rous gale.
Diſſolv'd in tears the parting heroes ſtood
And claſp'd the King on margin of the flood;
Long time he held them, bid a laſt adieu,
Still gazing fond till waves obſtruct the view.

IMITATION.

Verſe 632, *Ovid. Met.* 9.

END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

BOOK XXIV.

BOOK XXIV.

The ARGUMENT.

While they are under ſail, Telemachus *prevails on* Mentor *to explain to him many difficulties, in regard to governing aright the People committed to his charge; among others that of diſtinguiſhing mankind; in order to employ thoſe only who are worthy, and avoid being deceived by the unworthy. Toward the end of this converſation, the ſea being becalmed obliges them to put into the harbour of a certain Iſland, where* Ulyſſes *had lately landed. There* Telemachus *obtains a ſight of, and diſcourſes with him without knowing him. But after ſeeing him again embark, he is ſenſible of a ſecret anguiſh which he can by no means account for.* Mentor *clears up that matter to him, adminiſters comfort on the occaſion, aſſures him he ſhall very ſpeedily rejoin his Father; and puts his Piety and Patience to a very ſevere proof, by delaying his departure till he has offered Sacrifice to* Minerva. *At length that Goddeſs, ſo cloſely concealed under the appearance of* Mentor, *reſumes her proper form; and in the fulleſt manner reveals herſelf: gives* Telemachus *her laſt inſtructions, and diſappears. After which* Telemachus *arrives at* Ithaca, *and finds* Ulyſſes *his Sire with the faithful* Eumæus.

WITH ſails expanded to the riſing breeze,
And anchors weigh'd, they launch'd into the ſeas.
Back fled the land, and ſoon with piercing ſight
The experienc'd Pilot ken'd *Leucate*'s height;

Majeſtic

Majeſtic hoary hill, that ſeem'd to bow
Beneath a venerable head of ſnow.
Next on thoſe hills *Acroceraunian* gaz'd,
Which high to Heav'n their front terrific rais'd,
Although for ages paſt condemn'd to prove,
The lightning's rage and thund'ring arm of *Jove.*
As thus they ſail'd, *Telemachus* expreſs'd
Some ſcruples new, and *Mentor* thus addreſs'd:
" At length, methinks, by your inſtructions kind
" Thoſe weighty truths are printed on my mind;
" Thoſe maxims which may lead to govern well,
" And form a Prince that's likely to excel.
" At firſt appear'd they as an empty dream,
" I find them now incorp'rate with my frame.
" So when *Aurora* from her gilded horn
" Pours forth her glories, and illumes the morn,
" Obſcure at firſt all objects ſeem to view,
" Then as from Chaos riſe with ſplendour new;
" When growing light th' effect of ſolar rays
" Their various colours, and their forms diſplays.

NOTES.

Verſe 4, *Th' experienc'd pilot ken'd* Leucate's *height*—A promontory of *Epirus.*

Verſe 7, *Next on thoſe hills* Acroceraunian—Theſe were likewiſe in *Epirus*, in the diſtrict of *Chaonia*, and are ſuppoſed to have taken their name from their tops, being ſo frequently blaſted with thunder and lightning. Their modern name is *Monti della Chimera.*

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 7, *Hor.* lib. 1. Od. 3.
Verſe 10, *Hor.* lib. 2. Od. 10.

" This

" This point material now convinc'd I learn;
" A worthy Prince mankind ſhould well diſcern.
" By this be influenc'd his choice to make,
" Their talents ſuit, and all his meaſures take.
" How with ſucceſs th' enquiry to purſue,
" Is yet a ſecret to be taught by you."
" Study," ſaid *Mentor*, " is alone the thing
" Of ſubjects worth can ſatisfy a King.
" Full oft ſhould Monarchs from their State deſcend,
" And with inferiors treat as friend with friend.
" Conſult, and prove their ſtrength in ſmall affairs;
" Hence learn how qualified for weightier cares.
" Say, by what rules to you, dear Prince, were known
" Defects, or beauties, in the ſculptur'd ſtone,
" Which oft at *Ithaca* engag'd your ſight;
" Inform me how diſtinguiſh'd you aright?
" 'Twas viewing oft with ſome experienc'd friend,
" That taught you firſt to cenſure or commend.
" The ſelf-ſame rule in human life obtains;
" Mark you the breaſt where vice or virtue reigns;
" Thus fairly drawn, the character be ſhewn
" To men of ſenſe, who longer may have known;
" And you at length inſenſibly ſhall find
" Th' abilities and parts of all mankind.
" Say whence that juſt diſcernment you acquir'd
" Twixt wretched Songſters, and the Bard inſpir'd?
" You read, reflected; and with men of ſkill,
" Not unacquainted with th' *Aonian* hill.
" For ſounds how gain'd you elegance of taſte,
" But thoſe obſerving who the moſt ſurpaſt?

"How then ſhall any fitly fill a throne,
"How hope to govern whom they ne'er have known?
"Say, from what ſource this knowledge we derive
"But thoſe with whom we ſhall converſe and live?
"In fact, nor live we, nor converſe with men
"Who but in public, and in form are ſeen;
"Who then but trifle, and diſguiſe with art,
"And ſeldom ſpeak the language of the heart.
"Their ſecret ſprings of action muſt we gueſs,
"From what they practice in their cloſe receſs.
"There muſt we try, and bring their ſouls to view;
"And learn the diff'rent maxims to purſue.
"Yet if mankind we juſtly would diſcern,
"Firſt what they ſhould be muſt we ſtrive to learn;
"Of ſolid worth muſt form a judgment clear,
"Ere we can tell who have it, or who err.
"All talk of Virtue, and of Worth Divine,
"But few preciſely can thoſe terms define.
"Mere empty names unleſs we know their force,
"Which only ſerve as topics for diſcourſe.
"To know the prudent, and the virtuous man,
"'Tis fit we argue on ſome certain plan:
"To reaſon, virtue, muſt we firſt repair:
"Then ſee if theſe, and juſtice, be his care.
"Seek you what talents make an empire great,
"What frauds, and ſubtilties, ſubvert a ſtate?
"Some certain maxims muſt you firſt lay down,
"By which an upright Government is known.
"To meaſure magnitude of ev'ry kind,
"Some ſtandard fix'd 'tis needful be aſſign'd.

"Juſt

" Juſt ſo of genius would you judgment make?
" From principles allow'd your ſentence take.
" Of human life firſt learn the proper end,
" How far the views of Government extend:
" Hence will you find the grandeur of a throne
" Not worth deſiring for ourſelves alone.
" That were to chuſe ambition for a Guide,
" The Tyrant's reaſon to ſupport his pride.
" But virtuous Princes ſacrifice their eaſe,
" In pure benevolence Mankind to bleſs.
" Who ſeeks not this, in error's path muſt ſtray,
" In hazard all his life to miſs his way:
" As when ſome bark doth on the billows ride,
" No ſtars to lead her, and no helm to guide.
" Nor knows how ſoon ſhe on the rocks ſhall break;
" But ſoon, or late, muſt certain ſhipwreck make.
" Full oft do Kings to Virtue ſtrangers live,
" And cannot ſearch for what they can't conceive.
" Too independent ſeems ſhe for a Court,
" Her look affrights them, and her awful port:
" Diſguſted, ſick of that they ſhould revere,
" To adulation they reſign their ear.
" But godlike Truth, and Virtue, thus diſdain'd
" Thenceforth are loſt, and never to be gain'd.
" Then ſprings the phantom Vanity to view,
" And Glory falſe unfits them for the true.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 87, *Sen. Epiſt.* 72.
Verſe 90, *Eraſm. Adag.*

" Deceiv'd by cuſtom, by illuſion vain,
" They think no virtue can on earth remain.
" For worthy men their fellows can perceive:
" The bad no goodneſs ſee, or will believe.
" Such Kings all mortals think alike unjuſt,
" Still harbour jealouſy, and foul diſtruſt:
" In forts, and caſtles, ſafety ſeek to find;
" And live in fear, the dread of all mankind.
" What tho' they fly the light, contented well
" The native ſplendours of a Prince to veil,
" Yet ſtill, againſt their mind, with curious eye
" Will Malice keen into their actions pry:
" And while themſelves no mortal can diſcern,
" The ſecret cauſe of their retirement learn,
" Deſigning knaves that on their rights encroach
" Exult, if none be ſuffer'd to approach.
" Once baniſh ſubjects from the regal throne,
" Truth too's excluded; and her hopes are gone.
" Foul Obliquy will reign, and far remove
" The ſole advice could ſalutary prove.
" Monarchs like theſe in ſavage ſtate may reign,
" Fierce as the monſters which the woods contain:
" Fearing deceit, yet conſtantly deceiv'd;
" Who pity thoſe no counſels have retriev'd?
" The few admitted will corrupt their mind,
" Inſtilling prejudice of ev'ry kind;
" For ev'n the good too often may we ſee
" Not quite from faults, and prejudices free.

IMITATION.

Verſe 122, *Plin. Panegyr.* 83.

" At mercy live they of detractors base,
" Malicious, profligate, abandon'd race:
" Whose breath infects, who poison make their food;
" With magic touch perverting all that's good.
" These ev'ry trifle magnify for gain,
" Inventing mischief rather than refrain:
" Sport with the pangs their cred'lous master bears,
" His sad presages, and unmanly fears.
" My dearest Prince, in earnest bend your mind
" To study well the genius of mankind.
" Examine, prove, and by degrees invite
" And call their hidden merit forth to light.
" Hear them each other's excellence describe:
" But live not slave to one of all the tribe.
" Let error's self improve and make you wise,
" More cautious grown by judging once amiss.
" For err you must: then be no judgment past
" On good, or bad, too rashly and in haste.
" Dissembling hypocrites will oft disguise
" Their secret purpose, and the good surprise:
" But you from past miscarriages with ease
" Your faults shall mend, your oversights redress.
" When but a single subject you shall find,
" That bears a virtuous, and exalted mind;
" In him your trust repose: for worthy men
" Are alway pleas'd to have their merit seen.
" Prefer, entrusted and esteem'd to live,
" Before all treasures which the world can give.

IMITATION.

Verse 151, *Isocrat. de Princip.*

" Yet

" Yet ſpoil them not, nor make their merit vain
" By ſuff'ring pow'r exorbitant to gain.
" The man perhaps whoſe virtues now decay
" Had blooming kept them to his dying day,
" But that his Lord unſeaſonably kind,
" His pow'r, his wealth, within no bounds confin'd.
" Bleſs'd is the Prince to whom by gracious heav'n
" An handful only of true friends is giv'n!
" Their faith and prudence ſhall diſcover more
" To fill each poſt ſubordinate of pow'r.
" By truſting merit is that worth diſcern'd,
" Which from yourſelf you never could have learn'd."
" But muſt we," ſaid the Prince, " as oft I hear
" Deſigning knaves when qualified prefer?"
" You muſt," ſaid *Mentor*, " ſhould they ſo aſpire:
" For thus will ſad neceſſity require,
" When faction reigns, and diſcord tears the ſtate,
" Theſe may be maſters of each poſt of weight.
" Nor can you theſe conveniently remove,
" When firmly ſeated in their party's love.
" Againſt your will muſt you their ſervice uſe,
" Leſt they, through malice, ſhould the whole confuſe.
" A while you needs their inſolence muſt bear:
" Uſeleſs you'll make them by degrees appear.
" Till then proceed with circumſpection juſt:
" Admit them not to confidence, and truſt.
" They may abuſe the liberty you gave,
" Your ſecrets knowing may yourſelf enſlave.

IMITATION.

Verſe 194, *Juven.* Sat. 3.

" Alas!

" Alas! your freedom vainly will you ſeek:
" No chain of adamant ſo hard to break.
" Yet you may uſe their temporary aid,
" Engage their paſſions; and be well obey'd.
" Their paſſions, int'reſts, are alone the things
" Can make them faithful to the beſt of Kings.
" But ne'er to ſecret council be they brought:
" Nor riſque before them to diſcloſe your thought.
" Have alway ſome expedient in your pow'r,
" Whene'er you pleaſe to quit them at an hour.
" Nought of importance venture to impart,
" Nor let them hold one corner of your heart.
" In ſettled peace when Miniſters preſide
" Of worth confeſs'd, in whom you can confide;
" Though once conſtrain'd no longer need you own
" The treach'rous band, but gently let them down.
" Yet kindly treat, nor be ungrateful ſeen:
" Ingratitude's a crime to worſt of men.
" And when their former ſervice you reward,
" To mend their morals be your chief regard.
" Some faults you muſt forgive, ſome lewd deſires;
" This the frail nature of mankind requires.
" Still may you make the pow'r you gave them leſs,
" Correct their baſeneſs, and thoſe crimes ſuppreſs;
" Which, if by Monarchs they were ne'er reſtrain'd,
" Bare-fac'd, and open, would o'errun the land.
" But after all ſome evils will enſue,
" Ev'n from the good which wicked men ſhall do.

IMITATION.

Verſe 212, *Tull. Offic.* 1. 15.

" No pow'r can hinder but this muſt arrive:
" Though by degrees to check it muſt we ſtrive.
" The Prince who wiſely regulates his ſtate,
" Will find a time this evil to defeat:
" Bad ſervants to diſcard, and better gain;
" For numbers ſtill well qualified remain.
" Nor is't enough he ſome ſhall worthy find,
" More will he raiſe and model to his mind."
" Hard taſk indeed!" *Telemachus* replies,
" Few Kings if any can ſo perfect riſe."
" No taſk at all," ſaid *Mentor*, " do but uſe
" The ſelf-ſame art, by which the firſt you chuſe;
" And you with eaſe ſhall multitudes excite
" Poſſeſs'd of talents, to direct them right.
" All will endeavour at preferment ſweet:
" How many languiſh in obſcure retreat;
" Yet bleſs'd with ſouls of moſt heroic frame,
" Should emulation kindle up the flame?
" How many vile, and deſpicable live
" At virtue's height deſpairing to arrive?
" If then for virtue, and for genius rare,
" You fit rewards, fit honours ſhall prepare;
" What tribes in all your cities ſhall ariſe,
" By application made diſcreet, and wiſe!
" How ſhall yourſelf thoſe numbers too enhance,
" When ſtep by ſtep you ſhall them all advance:
" When from the meaneſt office at the gate,
" They mount to firſt employments in the ſtate!

IMITATION.

Verſe 243, *Plut. de fort. Alex.*

" Meanwhile

" Meanwhile their various talents ſhall you prove,
" Shall try their faith, capacity, and love.
" Your greateſt miniſters ſhall then be thoſe
" You form'd, preferr'd; from ranks inferior choſe.
" Yourſelf through life ſhall all their ſteps attend,
" Shall know the faithful, and the truſty friend;
" Not from the zeal that each in words diſplays,
" But conſtant tenor of their well ſpent days."
Diſcourſing thus, a ſail appear'd in view:
Which, from her ſtructure, they *Phæacian* knew.
Cloſe on a ſmall deſerted iſle ſhe ſtood,
Whoſe craggy rocks o'erhung the ſpacious flood.
Huſh'd were the winds, the zephyrs ſcarcely breathe;
Smooth as a mirror was the ſea beneath.
Her canvaſs-wings no more the bark could move,
Th' o'erlabour'd rowers vain their efforts prove;
Here muſt they land, though frightful was the ſcene,
A perfect rock: no dwelling fit for men.
Th' attempt were death, when leſs ſerene the ſky;
When *Ocean* threaten'd, and his waves ran high.
Both crews impatient waited here for wind,
In haſte to proſecute their courſe deſign'd.
Upon the margin of this coaſt unknown
With eager pace advanc'd *Ulyſſes'* ſon:
And from the foremoſt mariner he ſaw,
Now hop'd ſome ſure intelligence to draw.
With great *Alcinoüs* if haply he
Ulyſſes, Lord of *Ithaca*, might ſee.
It chanc'd the perſon whom he thus addreſt
Was no *Phæacian*, but a foreign gueſt.

With all the ſigns of majeſty was clad,
But ſeem'd dejected, ſpiritleſs, and ſad.
Wrapt up in thought, contemplative appear'd,
And anſwer'd brief to what he ſcarce had heard.
" *Ulyſſes*, as you think, hath late been here,
" Receiv'd, as fit, by thoſe that heav'n revere:
" Welcom'd by thoſe that fear almighty *Jove*,
" And practice hoſpitality, and love.
" He now hath left them and your ſearch were vain
" For he's embark'd for *Ithaca* again;
" If Heav'n appeas'd in pity will reſtore
" His loſt *Penates*, and his native ſhore."
He finiſh'd here, and to a wood retir'd,
Where high to Heav'n a precipice aſpir'd:
Thence view'd the main diſconſolate, alone
All converſe fled uneaſy to be gone.
Him with attention fix'd the Prince ſurvey'd,
Grief and amazement in his looks betray'd.
" See, *Mentor*," he exclaim'd, " the wretched Man!
" His anſwers ſpeak his miſery and pain.
" Diſtreſs'd myſelf his woes extort a ſigh,
" My ſoul feels pity, and I know not why.
" Ill doth he all this tenderneſs requite,
" Scarce would he anſwer, or endure my ſight.
" Yet ſtill I burn with great deſire to know
" His hapleſs fate, the ſeries of his woe."
To this did *Mentor* with a ſmile return;
" Hence you th' advantage of misfortunes learn;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 294, *Odyſſ.* 5. and *Virg. Æn.* 1.

" Which can to Princes moderation give,
" And thus incline th' unhappy to relieve.
" When nought but ſweet Proſperity they know,
" That baneful poiſon whence their Vices flow,
" At Godhead aim they; nothing muſt controul
" The tow'ring views of their aſpiring Soul.
" The hills muſt then be level'd for their pride,
" O'er necks of fellow mortals would they ride:
" Fondly they hope to keep the world in awe,
" And ſport with Nature's univerſal law.
" Of ſuff'rings ſpeak, they know not what you mean;
" Mere dreams to them, and things they ne'er have ſeen.
" They have not felt nor can the diff'rence gueſs
" 'Twixt ſmiles of fortune and the worſt diſtreſs.
" Adverſity alone can melt the mind,
" Change ſtony hearts to thoſe of ſofter kind.
" Then that themſelves are mortal they reflect,
" And ſhould their fellows treat with due reſpect.
" If thus a ſtranger can your heart ſubdue,
" Becauſe an exile, and expos'd like you;
" How then ſhould *Ithaca* diſturb your breaſt,
" In time to come perhaps ſtill more oppreſt:
" That realm the Gods your proper charge declare,
" And give as ſheep into the Shepherd's care;
" Yet by ambition may it be undone,
" Beneath your pride, your folly may it groan,
" From theſe, alas! to ſtates deſtruction ſprings,
" And kingdoms ſuffer for the faults of Kings.

IMITATION.

Verſe 323, *Soph. Oed. Colon.*

" Kings who, as paſtors, on their flocks ſhould wait;
" And hourly watch, t' avert impending fate."
So *Mentor* reaſon'd, when with grief ſurcharg'd
The Prince embitter'd grew, and thus enlarg'd:
" If this the caſe, a Monarch ſure is curſt;
" Slave in a realm where he ſhould ſeem the firſt.
" Not rais'd ſo high his people to command,
" But only form'd for ſervice of the land.
" In ev'ry ſubject's bus'neſs muſt he ſhare,
" Muſt public, private inconvenience bear:
" Muſt act the Father, muſt correct and aid;
" 'Till all his Sons be wiſe and happy made.
" Th' authority he holds is not his own:
" He lives a mere appendage of the throne.
" No ſchemes of glory can he e'er purſue,
" No joys indulge, but all with public view.
" His pow'r confin'd, by laws he muſt receive,
" And due obedience for example give.
" In ſtrictneſs, Guardian only of the law,
" To give it force, and keep the world in awe.
" For this muſt trouble night, and day, ſuſtain,
" The wretched'ſt Slave of all where he ſhall reign;
" Tamely give up each comfort of his ſoul
" For public freedom, and to bleſs the whole."
" I grant," ſaid *Mentor*, " what you ſay is true,
" A King's anointed with this only view;
" To guard his people as the ſwain his ſheep,
" And as a Father diſcipline to keep.

IMITATION.

Verſe 337, *Sall. Bell. Cat.*

" But

" But think you, deareſt Prince, a King like this
" Contempt deſerves, who thus diſpenſes bliſs?
" No, as th' Immortal Gods ſhould he be view'd;
" He curbs the Vicious, and rewards the Good.
" The hidden charms unveils of Virtue's face,
" And leads to happineſs all human race.
" Wants he then glory who preſerves the laws?
" Falſe is that fame which your attention draws.
" Thoſe laws to trample none can ſure deſire;
" Contempt and horror, does that thought inſpire.
" A wicked Prince muſt wretched be indeed,
" No joys from vice and vanity proceed.
" But he that's worthy, will not fail by choice
" To follow real and ſubſtantial joys;
" And ſtill in Virtue's cauſe will labour hard,
" Expecting from the Gods a ſure reward."
  Such inward ſorrows diſcompos'd his frame,
The Prince ſeem'd ſtranger to this virtuous fame:
Though oft his breaſt its influence had known,
And he to others all its charms had ſhewn.
This gloomy diſcontent ſo pow'rful wrought;
T' oppoſe the truth new arguments he ſought.
  And firſt th' extreme Ingratitude of man:
" Wherefore," ſaid he, " muſt Princes ſuffer pain;
" Of impious mortals to deſerve the love,
" Who yet their conduct never may approve?
" Say, why the bad thus merit our concern,
" Who to our harm thoſe benefits may turn?"
Mentor compos'd ſtill lent a patient ear,
And to th' objections gave this anſwer clear.

" Prone is mankind ingratitude to ſhow
" Nor muſt we be ſurpris'd at what we know.
" Yet to oblige them muſt you ne'er refrain:
" Not for their ſakes: but ſo doth heav'n ordain.
" Fair Virtue fails not of a juſt regard,
" If men forget, th' Immortal Gods reward.
" Should the raſh multitude ungrateful ſeem,
" The virtuous few will rev'rence, and eſteem.
" Nay vulgar ſouls that moſt capricious live,
" To virtue, ſoon or late, due honours give.
" Would you extirpate this ungrateful breed?
" Attend, I'll tell you how you ſhall ſucceed.
" By wealth, and pow'r, to win, be ne'er your aim:
" By ſoft delights, or military fame.
" All theſe but more contaminate the mind,
" And make them more to wickedneſs inclin'd.
" Hence more unthankful are they ever found:
" For tempting poiſons ſhall you deal around.
" Endeavour you their morals to amend,
" To rules of juſtice make them well attend:
" Be faithful, true; be modeſt, and humane,
" Devout to heav'n, and foes to ſordid gain.
" Thus piouſly diſpos'd they cannot err:
" Their benefactor will they all revere.
" Whoſe kind paternal hand could virtue give;
" The greateſt boon which mortals can receive.
" Be that but ſolid, and they muſt admire
" The friend, who firſt that virtue could inſpire.

IMITATION.

Verſe 400, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

" Thus

" Thus giving to mankind the greateſt good,
" Your own advantage is no leſs purſu'd:
" Henceforth, no further reaſon will appear,
" Their ſpleen or foul ingratitude to fear.
" Can any with ſurpriſe behold, that men
" Oft times to Princes are unthankful ſeen;
" When they themſelves to crimes have led the way,
" Ambition boundleſs, jealouſy betray;
" When proud, and faithleſs, neighbours they o'erreach:
" And ſcorn what ſoft humanity ſhould teach.
" No King, howe'er exalted be his throne,
" Muſt hope for harveſts where he hath not ſown.
" But if a conduct right he hath purſu'd,
" And train'd his ſubjects to be juſt, and good;
" Their worth ſhall prove his labour was not vain,
" And amply recompence for all his pain.
" At leaſt whate'er diſcouragement he find
" The Gods befriend, and he hath peace of mind."
Ulyſſes' ſon, when this diſcourſe was o'er,
Sought the *Phæacians* on this deſart ſhore:
(Who windbound like himſelf impatient grew
Till they their deſtin'd voyage could purſue;)
Addreſs'd an aged ſailor that he found
To learn their ſtate, and whither they were bound?
Some news of great *Ulyſſes* to enquire,
If haply they had ſeen his honour'd ſire?
" Our ſail," ſaid he, " we from *Phæacia* made,
" Bound to *Epirus*; for the ſake of trade.

IMITATION.

Verſe 425, *Xenoph. Cyropæd.*

" *Ulyſſes,*

" *Ulyſſes*, as you hear, hath bleſs'd our ſtrand,
" But now is ſail'd to ſeek his native land."
" Say, who," replied *Telemachus*, " is he
" Whom thus diſconſolate and ſad we ſee?
" And who compell'd the riſing gale to wait,
" Is ever ſeeking ſome obſcure retreat?"
" To us," he cried, " a ſtranger he appears:
" But *Cleomenes* is the name he bears.
" From *Phrygia*, we are told, his birth he drew:
" His tender mother, ere the light he knew,
" By *Phœbus* ſacred Oracle was told;
" That he the reins of Government ſhould hold,
" On this condition---that he travell'd far,
" And ne'er continu'd in his native air.
" That if he ſtay'd, the Gods would plagues decree,
" From which the *Phrygians* ſhould be never free.
" His parents ſent him, when with infant ſmile
" He firſt drew breath, by ſea, to *Leſbos'* Iſle.
" There was he nouriſh'd at the ſtate's expence,
" Whoſe int'reſt prompted them to keep him thence.
" Robuſt, and fair, to manhood he attain'd:
" In manly exerciſe experience gain'd.
" A taſte diſcover'd, and uncommon parts;
" Maſter of ſcience, and the lib'ral arts.
" But yet all realms beheld him with diſmay,
" And none permitted that he long ſhould ſtay.
" The prophecy grew riſe, by all was heard:
" Soon was he known wherever he appear'd.
" All Monarchs dreaded fortune's fav'rite ſon,
" Leſt he themſelves ſhould venture to dethrone.

" Thus

“ Thus from his youth an exile doth he live;
“ No nation upon earth will e'er receive;
“ Altho' remoteſt regions hath he known,
“ By leagues immenſe diſparted from his own.
“ For ſcarce a ſingle city can he ſee,
“ But all his birth diſcern, and Heav'n's decree.
“ In vain retiring would he ſeek repoſe,
“ Spight of himſelf ſuch parts doth he diſcloſe;
“ In weight'eſt matters ſhewing genius rare,
“ Maſter alike of ſcience and of war.
“ In ev'ry ſtate ſome ſtrange occurrence new
“ Calls forth theſe latent qualities to view.
“ His fate it ſeems to be by all belov'd,
“ In ev'ry country have his acts approv'd;
“ Yet not continue where he moſt deſires,
“ Undone by merit which the world admires.
“ Grey hairs approach; and tho' he ne'er could find
“ In *Aſia*, or in *Greece*, one climate kind,
“ Which to his toils would ſome refreſhment give,
“ Where unmoleſted he ſecure could live;
“ Yet no ambition hath he e'er betray'd
“ For wealth, for honour; no deſigns hath laid.
“ Bleſt! had that Oracle been never known,
“ Which ſo unkindly promis'd him a crown.
“ No proſpect has he of that regal pow'r,
“ Or reſtoration to his native ſhore;
“ But knows his preſence would diſtract the ſtate,
“ And ſore affliction would to all create.
“ This royalty, the ſource of all his pain,
“ Appears a thing he wiſhes not to gain.

“ Againſt

" Against his will, by heav'n's supreme command,
" This phantom he pursues from land to land:
" Which, as a vision, still before him flies
" Till worn with trouble, and with age, he dies.
" O dreadful present! by the Gods bestow'd
" His bloom of life with endless care to load!
" His ev'ry hope of comfort to defeat,
" When feeble man most needs a calm retreat!
" He now gives out that he intends for *Thrace*,
" To seek some savage, and unpolish'd race;
" Whom he to cities from their wilds may draw,
" Rule as their Sov'reign, and dispense his law.
" To this attempt when some few years are giv'n,
" When thus accomplish'd seems the Will of Heav'n;
" No further reason thinks he can appear,
" Why potent kingdoms should suspect and fear,
" To *Caria* thence proposes to remove,
" Some spot obscure by tillage to improve:
" Some refuge sweet in close of life to find,
" Pursuing toils most grateful to his mind.
" His conduct sober seems discreet, and wise:
" The fear of heav'n is still before his eyes.

NOTES.

Verse 519, *He now gives out that he intends for* Thrace.—The ancient *Thrace* was a country of great extent, and by no means so barbarous as has been represented, having given birth to the poets, *Orpheus*, *Linus*, *Musæus*, and others. It had on the North the Mountain of *Hæmus*, on the South the *Ægean* Sea, on the East the *Euxine* and *Hellespont*, and on the West *Macedon*.

Verse 527, *To* Caria *thence*—In *Asia Minor*, its inhabitants were great warriors, and like the modern *Swiss*, would fight for any body that would pay them.

" His knowledge of the world diſtinct, and clear;
" Would peaceful live with thoſe he can't revere.
" Such is the ſtranger whom you ſeek to know:
" And ſuch th' encomiums which mankind beſtow."
  Diſcourſing thus, the Prince beheld the ſeas
Which now were ruffled by the riſing breeze.
All white with foam the turgid billows roar,
Beat on the rocks; and laſh the ſounding ſhore.
" Adieu!" exclaim'd the wrinkled ſage, "adieu!
" My crew attends, my courſe muſt I purſue."
He ſaid, nor further converſe would afford,
Ran to the beach; was inſtantly aboard.
Th' impatient mariners exulting riſe,
And ſhook the ſhore with their repeated cries.
  Long in the midſt of this deſerted iſle,
This ſtranger ſtrove the moments to beguile:
The rocks aſcending from whoſe deſp'rate height
Vaſt ſeas preſented to his mournful ſight.
Th' admiring Prince ne'er loſt him from his view,
But ſtep by ſtep would curiouſly purſue.
His ſoul was ſoften'd by th' unheard of woes
Of one, who virtues could ſo rare diſcloſe;
Who thus an exile from his home muſt wait,
Deſign'd for crowns, and yet the ſport of fate.
" Alas!" ſaid he, "'tis poſſible for me
" At length my deareſt *Ithaca* to ſee:
" But *Cleomenes* muſt for ever mourn,
" To *Phrygia* never can expect return."
Diſtreſs ſo much ſuperior to his own
Aſſwag'd the ſorrows of *Ulyſſes'* ſon.

Soon as the ſtranger ſaw the bark prepar'd
Swift from the rocks deſcending he appear'd.
So flies *Apollo* through the *Lycian* groves
When on the chace intent he nimbly moves:
His ringlets gather'd in a knot behind
(Thoſe beauteous locks that wanton'd in the wind.)
O'er craggy rocks, and precipices goes,
The boars transfixing, and the bounding roes.
The bark receiv'd him, and her courſe purſu'd,
With joy the ſhore and leſs'ning hills they view'd.
'Twas then a ſecret anguiſh fill'd the breaſt
Of young *Telemachus* with grief oppreſt.
Yet why he knew not: but as tears diſtill'd,
The ſweeteſt comfort to his ſoul they yield.
He look'd, and lo! around him on the green,
Faſt lock'd in ſleep were his *Salentines* ſeen.
Fatigu'd with watching, and with toil oppreſs'd,
A balmy ſlumber all their members ſeiz'd:
Minerva's hand had in the midſt of light,
Show'r'd all the poppies of the dewy night.
Amaz'd he ſaw this gen'ral ſloth prevail,
While the *Phæacians* profit by the gale:
Yet more attentive ſeem'd that bark to view,
Than from their ſlumbers to awake his crew.

NOTE.

Verſe 565, *So flies* Apollo *through the* Lycian *groves*—*Apollo* was particularly worſhipped at *Patara* in *Lycia.*

IMITATION.

Verſe 576, *Soph. Elect.*

Bounding

Bounding he ſaw her o'er the ruffled main,
Scarce, now and then, a glimpſe could he obtain,
Save what th' expanded ſails at diſtance gave,
Which white were ſeen above the azure wave.
He rag'd, he burn'd, nor heard what *Mentor* ſpake,
Unuſual tranſports all his members ſhake;
So on the banks of *Hebrus*' ſilver ſtream,
The ſottiſh *Bacchanals* tranſported ſeem;
When ev'ry Prieſteſs bears her ivy rod,
Her ſacred Thyrſe, in honour of the God;
What time the *Thracian* ſhores, the hills around
Hæmus, and *Rhodope*, with cries reſound.
Releas'd at length, he from the charm appears,
Again diſſolving in a flood of tears.
When *Mentor* thus:---" I view without ſurprize
" This kind concern diſcover'd in your eyes.
" The ſecret cauſe indeed you cannot ſee,
" Long ſince perceiv'd and underſtood by me.
" 'Tis Nature ſpeaks, 'tis ſhe tranſports your heart,
" And burns within till ſhe the truth impart:
" The Foreigner who thus your pity mov'd,
" Is Great *Ulyſſes*, is your Sire belov'd;
" And all that old *Phæacian* could reveal
" Of *Cleomenes*, was an empty tale:

NOTE.

Verſe 593, *So on the banks of* Hebrus—A noted river in *Thrace*, which riſes in Mount *Hæmus*, and runs into the *Ægean* Sea, near the iſland of *Samothrace*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 593, *Ov. Met.* 10.

" A fiction coin'd in Great *Ulyſſes'* brain,
" The more ſecure his *Ithaca* to gain.
" Straight ſails he hither, and ev'n now at hand
" Sees the wiſh'd Port, the long expected ſtrand,
" Your eyes beheld him, yet you have not known:
" *Salentum*'s Prieſt had that event foreſhewn.
" The time draws near when you again ſhall meet,
" Embraces mutual ſhall your bliſs compleat;
" But till you both at *Ithaca* arrive,
" The Gods refuſe this happineſs to give.
" His ſoul hath felt the ſame afflicting wound,
" The ſelf-ſame anguiſh which yourſelf have found.
" Too much in prudence doth your ſire excel,
" His perſon here ſo raſhly to reveal:
" And tempt his ruin from the barb'rous crew
" That ſtill perſiſt *Penelope* to woo.
" Great is *Ulyſſes*, wiſeſt of mankind,
" No line can fathom all his depth of mind;
" Which, like a well profound, will mock your pains;
" None e'er can draw the ſecrets it contains.
" Fair Truth he loves: nor harbours word or thought,
" By which that truth in peril may be brought.
" Yet ev'n in this, will cautiouſly proceed,
" Nor e'er divulge, but when he finds the need.
" His lips doth Wiſdom as a ſeal confine
" From uſeleſs prate, and talk without deſign.
" Alas! what pangs, what agonies he knew
" When thus diſcourſing in diſguiſe with you!

NOTE.

Verſe 616, Salentum's *Prieſt*, &c, vid. Book ix.

" At ſight ſo ſtrange how wretched was he made!
" Hence that appearance, and dejection ſad."
At this the Prince no longer could refrain,
Of tears a torrent pour'd he forth again.
Long time in vain his ſilence ſtrove to break,
Sighs interrupted; and at length he ſpake.
" Ah! *Mentor*, I perceive this gueſt unknown
" Had pow'r magnetic to attract his ſon.
" Some ſtrange inchanting force could he diſcloſe
" My vital frame at once to diſcompoſe.
" But ſay, ere yet to diſtance he was ſail'd,
" Say, why *Ulyſſes* have you thus conceal'd?
" If you diſcern'd, why ſuffer'd you to go;
" Ere I ſome ſemblance made at leaſt to know?
" Strange, and myſterious, is your conduct ſeen:
" Still muſt I live the moſt forlorn of men?
" Th' offended Gods like *Tantalus* have us'd
" By flying ſtreams inceſſantly abus'd.
" Is dear *Ulyſſes* then for ever gone!
" Henceforth perhaps no more ſhall he be known.
" My mother's ſuitors may his death decree,
" Trapp'd in the ſnares which they have laid for me.
" Oh! had I follow'd, I with him had died:
" Nor life, nor death, ſhould e'er again divide.
" Alas! my father! ſhould the tempeſt ſpare;
" (For ſtill from fortune have I all to fear)
" Yet muſt I dread that *Agamemnon*'s fate
" On your return to *Ithaca* ſhall wait.

IMITATION.

Verſe 646, *Accius in frag.*

" But wherefore ſhould the man whom moſt I love,
" Ah! why ſhould *Mentor* thus invidious prove?
" Ev'n now in port *Ulyſſes* had I ſeen,
" Embrac'd, aſſiſted, to relieve his Queen.
" With him uniting would I take the field
" Nor ſheath the ſword till ev'ry foe ſhould yield."
Here *Mentor* with a ſmile, "Dear Prince, you find
" What trifling turns can diſcompoſe mankind:
" You now diſconſolate, and ſad are grown,
" Have ſeen a father, whom you have not known.
" Before, what ſums had you refus'd to give,
" Had any but aſſur'd your ſire could live?
" This day your eyes beheld him on the ſhore,
" Unlook'd for comfort which you now deplore.
" So wretched mortals when poſſeſs'd of bliſs,
" Eſteem it nought; and wantonly deſpiſe.
" Ingenious ſtill ſome troubles new to raiſe,
" And bleſs'd with happy, pine for happier days.
" Th' indulgent Gods do but ſuſpend your joy,
" Your ſtrength to prove; your patience to employ.
" Loſt ſeems this time to you, excites your grief:
" Yet hence the greateſt profit of your life.
" By this alone thoſe virtues you attain,
" Which fit a Prince with dignity to reign.
" Yourſelf or others would you fitly rule?
" Firſt learn you Patience, and frequent her ſchool:
" Th' impatient ſoul may vigour ſeem to ſhow,
" But all is weakneſs, impotence below.

IMITATION.

Verſe 686, *Tull. Off.* 1.

" Who ſmall delays, and ſuff'rings cannot bear,
" Reſembles thoſe who ſecrets blab in air:
" Alike infirm, unſteady, are they found,
" Alike unable to maintain their ground.
" As when ſome driver in the rapid race
" Would guide the chariot through the duſty ſpace;
" Whoſe feeble hand makes all endeavours vain
" His fi'ry courſers timely to reſtrain;
" The mettled ſteeds no more the rein obey,
" But o'er the rocks impetuous urge their way.
" In vain, alas! aſſiſtance would he call
" Daſh'd in ten thouſand pieces by the fall:
" So fares it ever with th' impatient mind,
" Whoſe paſſions all are of rebellious kind:
" Inducing troubles, infinite diſtreſs;
" Which in proportion to its pow'r increaſe.
" No proper ſeaſon will impatience wait,
" No time allow its judgment to compleat:
" By force, and violence, would all procure
" And break the branches ere the fruit's mature.
" Would burſt the valves its paſſage to prepare
" Nor deign to ſtay till any ſhall unbar.
" And fain would *Ceres'* golden ſheaves obtain,
" When wiſer huſbandmen but ſow their grain.
" But ev'ry project which it thus purſues
" Ill tim'd, and haſty, diſappoints its views.
" Unfix'd, and volatile, it ſoon retires:
" Juſt as its own extravagant deſires.
" Such are the ſchemes of each imprudent man,
" Who ſeeks by pow'r pre-eminence to gain.

" To paſſions wild ſurrenders all his ſoul,
" And by abuſing would the world controul.
" My dear *Telemachus*, 'tis heav'n's deſign
" By patient toil your virtues to refine;
" For this in exile they ſo long detain,
" Uncertain keep, and ſeem to mock your pain;
" For this each fancied proſpect of delight,
" Swift as a viſion ſtill eludes your ſight.
" That hence by juſt experience may be known;
" The goods we have, we cannot call our own,
" When fondly we ſurmiſe we hold them faſt,
" We graſp a ſhadow; and our joys are paſt.
" The wiſeſt lectures of your virtuous ſire,
" Could never prudence like to this inſpire.
" His tedious abſence and the griefs you've known
" Have moſt conduc'd t' improve *Ulyſſes'* ſon."
  A thought now enter'd into *Mentor*'s breaſt
To put his patience to a ſtronger teſt
Far more ſevere and which ſhould crown the reſt.
Juſt in that inſtant when his youthful heart
On fire appear'd, and eager to depart;
When zeal unuſual in his eyes was ſeen,
To rouſe the ſailors ſlumb'ring on the green;
At once he ſtopp'd him, interpos'd his pow'r;
Till on the beach *Minerva* he adore.
Though great the ardour which the Prince diſplay'd,
'Twas *Mentor*'s order; and he ſoon obey'd.

IMITATION.

Verſe 723, *Soph. Aj.*

Two altars fair of grassy turf they rais'd,
There bled the victims and the incense blaz'd.
A tender sigh breath'd forth *Ulysses*' son,
And bow'd devout *Minerva*'s pow'r to own.
The rites scarce ended, *Mentor* led the way
Where gloomy thickets half exclude the day.
Here on a sudden alter'd was his face,
His form assum'd a more majestic grace:
His wrinkled forehead, and his silver hairs,
Fled like the shadows when the morn appears;
Whose rosy hand unbars the Eastern gate,
To chear th' horizon with her glorious heat.
Those hollow eyes that late so sternly frown'd,
Cerulean now, of heav'nly hue were found:
Etherial lustre issu'd in a stream,
And ev'ry glance was as devouring flame.
His grisly beard uncouth no more was seen,
Sublime and noble was his air and mien:
Such wondrous sweetness and such grace unite;
The Royal Youth was dazzled with the sight.
Yet features soft, and female he survey'd:
The fair complexion of this heav'nly Maid
Surpass'd th' enamel of the tender flow'r
That opens to the Sun at early hour.
The lily's white her features all disclose,
Join'd with the crimson of the blushing rose.
Eternal Youth erected there her throne,
With unaffected Majesty she shone.
Ambrosial dews perfum'd the ambient air,
Effluvia sweet of her dishevel'd hair.

Her radiant garb with vivid colours glow'd
Bright, as when *Phœbus* paints the morning cloud;
What time from *Thetis'* boſom he is driv'n,
And riſing gilds th' etherial vault of Heav'n.
No more on earth the Goddeſs' feet appear,
Light as a bird ſhe cut the marble air:
And in her hand a ſpear tremendous held,
Might ſcare the ſtouteſt warriors in the field.
Great *Mars* himſelf invincible in war,
A ſight ſo dreadful would behold with fear.
Harmonious ſweetneſs on her accent hung,
She conquer'd all with her perſuaſive tongue;
Her ev'ry word was like a fi'ry dart,
That ſweetly pain'd, and pierc'd the Prince's heart.
Th' *Athenian* bird upon her helmet ſat,
Mournful and ſad, the harbinger of fate.
And on her breaſt th' immortal Ægis ſhone,
Sacred to *Pallas*, and to her alone:
Such were the enſigns, ſhe expos'd to view,
By which *Minerva* he diſtinctly knew.
"O Goddeſs," he exclaim'd, "are you the friend,
"Who thus have deign'd *Ulyſſes'* ſon t' attend?

NOTE.

Verſe 797, *Th'* Athenian *bird*—The owl was ſacred to *Minerva*, and was borne by the *Athenians* in their enſigns. Whenever this bird appeared to them, they looked upon it as a ſure omen of victory.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 780, *Virg. Æn.* 1.
Verſe 707, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

"That,

" That, on his head ſo many bleſſings pour,
" Induc'd by love you to his father bore?"
More would he: but his voice defective prov'd;
Alas! in vain his trembling lips he mov'd.
So ſwains, extended on their downy bed,
Sad dreams diſturb, from indigeſtion bred;
Breathleſs they ſtrive the magic charm to break,
But organs fail, and they no more can ſpeak.
  At length *Minerva* affable began:
" Attend thou offspring of the wiſeſt man!
" Attend, and hear th' inſtructions I ſhall give:
" The laſt from *Pallas* you ſhall e'er receive!
" No mortal lives there whom with ſo much care
" For virtuous fame I labour'd to prepare.
" Through wrecks, and ſtorms, I led you by the hand;
" The bleeding battle, and the foreign land;
" In ev'ry danger, and diſtreſs, was near,
" Great as infirm mortality could bear.
" Have ev'ry maxim pointed out to view;
" Which Kings ſhould know; th' erroneous and the true.
" Your very faults and failings were deſign'd,
" Your ev'ry ſuff'ring, to improve your mind.
" For ſay what Sov'reign e'er can govern well,
" If he no pangs of adverſe fortune feel;
" If he from error no experience gain,
" Nor wiſely learn to profit by his pain?

IMITATION.

Verſe 811, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

" Your toils are now like thoſe *Ulyſſes* bore,
" Through ev'ry region fam'd, and diſtant ſhore.
" Courageous then proceed, his worthy heir,
" And ſkill'd like him adverſity to bear.
" Your paſſage ſhort to *Ithaca* remains,
" Of which, this moment, he a ſight obtains.
" Go, fight with him; his glorious ſteps purſue,
" And as his vaſſal give th' allegiance due.
" Let your example ev'ry breaſt inſpire,
" With juſt eſteem, and honour for your ſire.
" Then ſhall the fair *Antiope* be led,
" Himſelf approving, to your nuptial bed;
" And you be bleſt that your diſcerning eyes
" Could virtuous wiſdom more than beauty prize.
" When high in Regal State the crown you wear,
" The Golden Age t' eſtabliſh be your care!
" Hear ev'ry plaint, benevolent and kind,
" Let few be privy to your ſecret mind.
" That treach'rous heart be ne'er too much believ'd!
" Nor fear to own that you have been deceiv'd.
" Be Father of your Realm, by all belov'd,
" In earneſt aim to have your acts approv'd.
" When fails affection, and the ſubjects' will;
" Then fear becomes a neceſſary Ill.
" But uſe it with regret; ſmall good it brings;
" A dang'rous weapon in the hand of Kings.
" Whate'er the ſchemes to which your views you bend,
" To ev'ry diſtant conſequence attend.

IMITATION.
Verſe 852, *Sen. in Oct.*

" To all contingencies extend your care,
" Conceive the worſt, and for the worſt prepare.
" For know; true courage doth conſiſt in this,
" Dangers to ſee; and when they come deſpiſe.
" Who will not ſee them can be never brave,
" He dreads the proſpect like the meaneſt ſlave.
" But he whoſe piercing ſight diſcerns them all,
" And, to his pow'r, avoids what may befall;
" Who bears unmov'd what prudence can't abate,
" Alone is wiſe, magnanimous, and great.
" Fly wanton eaſe, extravagance, and pride,
" And make to fame, ſimplicity the guide.
" Let ev'ry virtue of moſt godlike ſort
" Adorn at once your perſon, and your court.
" Be theſe the guards that in your preſence wait,
" And teach the world that this is Regal ſtate.
" One truth permit not to eſcape your mind,
" That Monarchs were not for themſelves deſign'd:
" No ſelfiſh views muſt be by them purſu'd,
" But all ſhould centre in their people's good.
" The fair effects of their paternal love,
" To children yet unborn may uſeful prove.
" But future times their vices may deplore,
" Their infl'ence feel till time ſhall be no more.
" One wicked reign may like contagion rage,
" And ſpread th' infection on from age to age.
" Still, more than all, this conſtant rule purſue
" Your headſtrong will to curb and to ſubdue.
" That foe conceal'd which in your breaſt will lie
" A conſtant ſure attendant till you die.

" In ev'ry counſel will it ſeek to ſway,
" And, if obſerv'd, infallibly betray.
" By frantic humour great deſigns are croſt,
" And many a precious moment may be loſt;
" From hence thoſe childiſh inclinations ſpring,
" Diſguеſts and piques, unworthy of a King.
" All talents are obſcur'd when theſe prevail,
" In grand debates will trifles turn the ſcale:
" Then droops his courage, thus unſteady found
" He grows contemptible to all around.
" Beware of this! And, oh! with upright heart
" To ev'ry God due reverence impart:
" For know the wealth which piety can give,
" Is greateſt far that mortals can receive.
" Joy, peace, and pleaſure, form her ſmiling train:
" True wiſdom thus, true liberty you gain.
" Unſullied glory ſhall that Goddeſs yield
" While jocund health and plenty crown the field.
  " This hour my dear *Telemachus* I leave,
" But take not hence, the wiſdom which I gave:
" Still hold you that! while humbly you confeſs
" Without her aid you nothing could poſſeſs.
" Mature of years, to perfect manhood grown;
" 'Tis time you now attempt to walk alone.
" For this I left you on th' *Egyptian* ſhore;
" For this, your abſence at *Salentum* bore:
" T' inure you by degrees the loſs to bear
" Of that ſupporting hand, you held ſo dear.
" So weans the parent fond her babe belov'd,
" When ſtronger food befits his age improv'd."

The Goddeſs ended here: then ſoaring high,
Scorn'd the dull province of mortality.
A beauteous azure cloud befring'd with gold
Her glories veil'd: nor more could he behold.
Ev'n to deſpair *Telemachus* was driv'n,
Devout he kneel'd; and ſpread his hands to Heav'n.
Then haſted to his crew that ſlumb'ring lay,
And quickly rais'd to proſecute their way.
With gales propitious reach'd his native ground
And Great *Ulyſſes* with *Eumæus* found.

NOTE.

Verſe 927, *And Great* Ulyſſes *with* Eumæus—This was the faithful herdſman of *Ulyſſes*, whoſe fidelity to his maſter is greatly celebrated by *Homer*.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

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